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PSALMIST.

COMPRESSED SCORE

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THE
Congregational Psalmist:

A COMPANION TO

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PROVIDING

TUNES, CHORALES, AND CHANTS

FOR

THE METRICAL HYMNS AND PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE
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FIRST SECTION. TUNES AND CHORALES.

Compressed Score Edition.

EDITED BY

✓✓
THE REV. HENRY ALLON,

✓ AND

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

EIGHTH THOUSAND.

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P R E F A C E .

THE rapid sale of fifty-two thousand copies of the "Congregational Psalmist" is a gratifying indication of the interest felt in popular Psalmody, as well as of the adaptation of this work to meet the want which occasioned its compilation.

The object of the Editor was to render available for worshipping use the finest chorals of every age and of every section of the Church. Gifts of poetry and of song have been bestowed upon every generation, and upon none, perhaps, more richly than our own. Hence the canon of Church song can never be completed; additions will continuously be made to the richness of the worship of the Church, and to the joy of its spiritual life. It were, therefore, an egregious folly and loss, either to refuse the precious inheritance of the past, or to exclude ourselves from the fresh contributions to it that from time to time are proffered. The past is commended to us by the test of successive generations, the present by contemporary form and feeling; the old that remains to us has filtered out of much that has perished, and the new that is proffered to us is doubtless destined to undergo the same process. It is simple pedantry to restrict the music of the Church to either any particular age or any particular school. Like a hymn-book, a tune-book should provide for various tastes and degrees of capacity; the ruling canon of its compilation should be, not conformity to dogmatic rules, but practical fitness for devotional use. Whatever contributes to worshipping reverence and joy—so long as it is free from incongruous associations—is both legitimate and desirable. In the "Congregational Psalmist," both tunes and harmonies of various periods, and of various schools, will be found; of the chorals of the Latin Church, from Ambrose to Luther, it contains twenty-five; from the rich choral

treasures of the German Protestant Churches, ninety-five have been selected; the limited Psalmody of the French Protestant Church has furnished seven; from the English and Scottish Psalters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, thirty-four have been taken; living composers of various churches and schools have contributed seventy-six; the rest have been gathered from various writers of the last two centuries. It is scarcely too much to say that no existing English compilation contains so large and so Catholic a representation of the worship-song of "the Holy Church throughout the world."

The varying capacities of congregations have also been considered; while the great bulk of the tunes are such as the least advanced may use, some tunes are inserted which only the cultured can sing.

To the Catholic character of the book, to the imperishable qualities of the grand chorals which have come down to us from past generations, and to the variety of taste and capacity for which it provides, its large success is doubtless owing.

The present Edition contains fifty-three additional tunes. These are added, partly, to supply such deficiencies as the practical use of the book had revealed, partly, to add some tunes of unquestionable excellence which had been overlooked, and partly, to enable the use of tunes which have appeared since this work was published, and which, from various causes, have become popular. Permission to use the latter has in every instance been most readily and generously given, and is hereby most gratefully acknowledged.

HENRY ALLON.

Canonbury, April, 1867.

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Thaxted	136	66.66.66.66.		Hanover	103
78.78.77.		Broadlands	364	Houghton	246
Brandenburg	353	668.668.		Werbung	311
77.87.77.87.		Ascalon	126	10 4.10 4.10 10.	
St. Andrew	121	Hilary	316	Oriel	331
64.64.		6684.6684.		11 10.11 10.9 11.	
Nain	108	Leoni	132	Vox Angelica	18
65.65.		67.67.66.66.		11 10.11 10.	
Bemerton	357	Wittenberg	89	Strasbourg	298
Geneva	170	68.64.		11 11.11 11.	
64.64.664.		Holy Cross	15	Hexham	369
Laleham	220	6 10.6 10.		Oldenburg	150
65.65.65.65.		Bethsaida	362	Portuguese	292
Hebron	379	66 10.66 10.		11 12.12 10.	
66.77.77.		Bethabara	370	Heber	123
Ajalon	376	55.88.55.		Monkland	348
66.86.47.		Spire	60	13 11.13 12.	
Highbury	238	55 11.55 11.		Lambeth	258
66.66.88.		Moriah	276		
Burnham	212				
Caernarvon	280				
Ghent	253				
Iona	327				

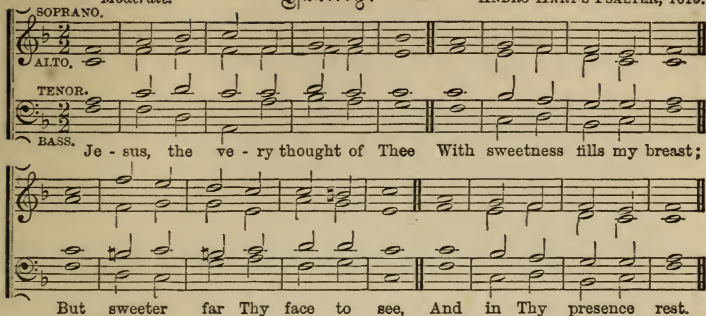
1.

Moderate.

French. C.M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, 1615.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

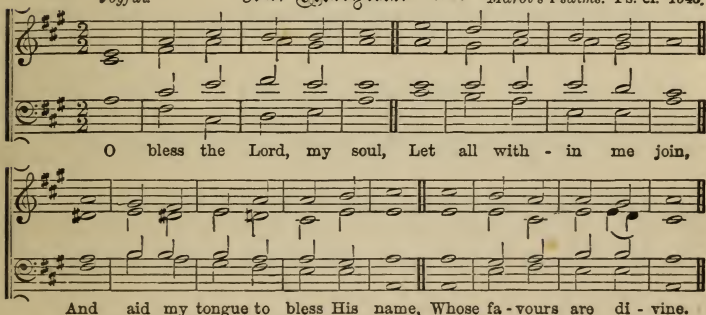


Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

2.

Joyful.

St. Michael. S.M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.
Marot's Psalms. Ps. ci. 1543.


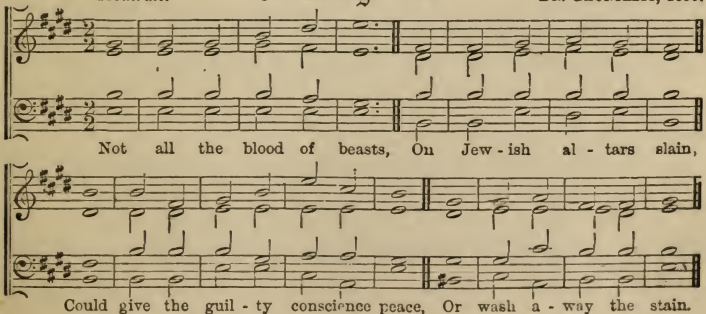
O bless the Lord, my soul, Let all with - in me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose fa - vours are di - vine.

3.

Moderate.

Sonning. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1856.

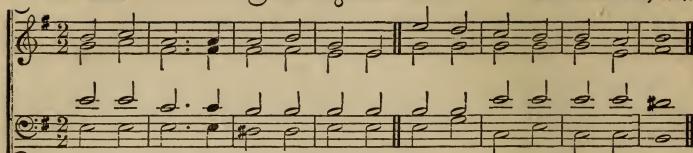


Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
Could give the guil - ty conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.

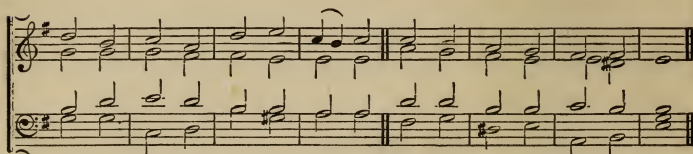
4. *Slow.*

Birkenhead. 8.7.8.7.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1857.



Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

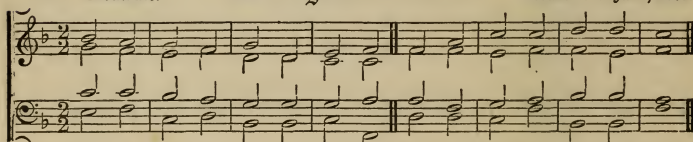


Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.

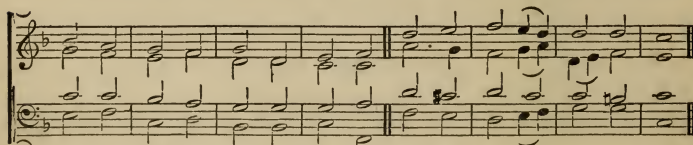
5. *Moderate.*

Eckington. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

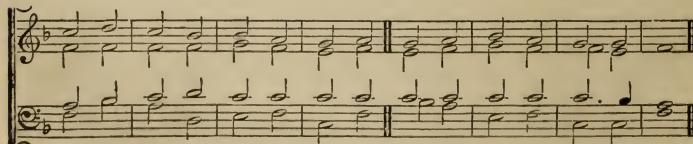
GIOVANNI MARTINI,
Scuola d'Organo, 1804.



Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;



Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty joined with power.



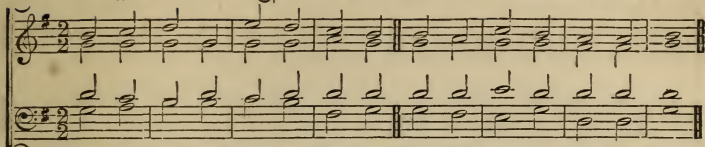
He is a - ble; He is a - ble; He is will - ing: doubt no more.

6. *Joyful.*

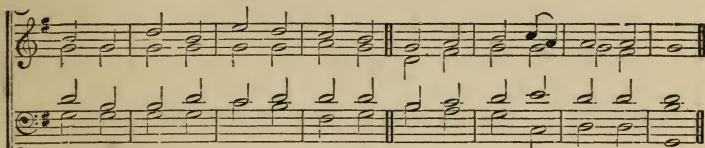
Frankfort.

8.7.8.7.

PETER VON WINTER, d. 1825.



Praise the Lord, ye heavens, a-dore Him; Praise Him, angels, in the height;



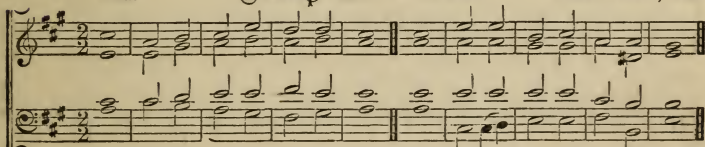
Sun and moon, re-joyce be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

7. *Bold.*

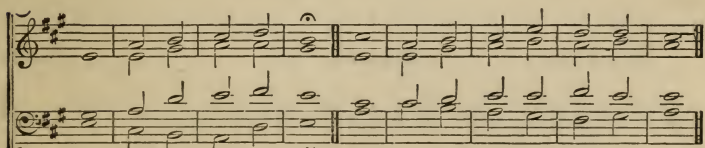
Innsbruck.

886. 886.

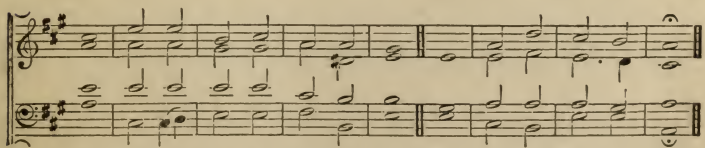
HENRY ISAAC, 1490.



O Love di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my wil-ling heart



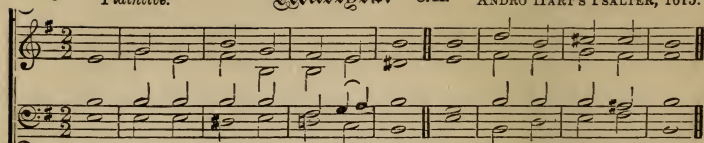
All ta-ken up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove



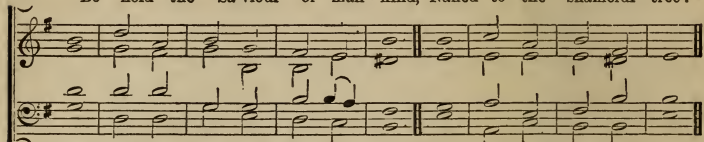
The great-ness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me!

8. *Plaintive.*

Martyrs. C.M. ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, 1615.



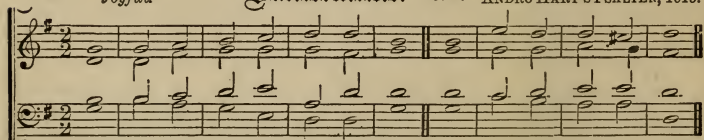
Be - hold the Sa-viour of man - kind, Nailed to the shameful tree!



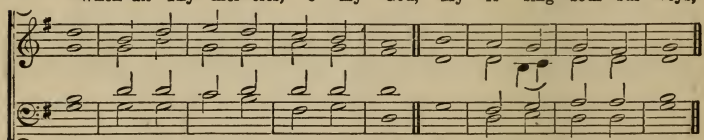
How vast the love that Him in - clined To bleed and die for me!

9. *Joyful.*

Dunfermline. C.M. ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, 1615.



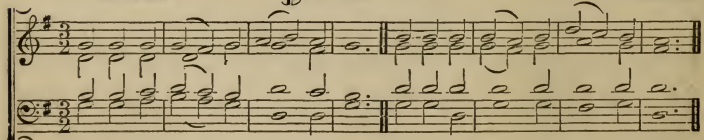
When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys,



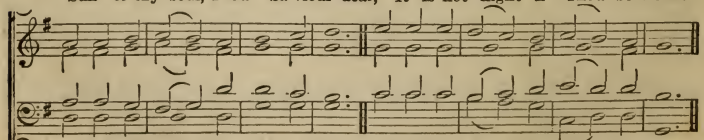
Trans - por - ted with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

10. *Moderate.*

Pascal. L.M. MOZART.



Sun of my soul, Thou Sa-viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:

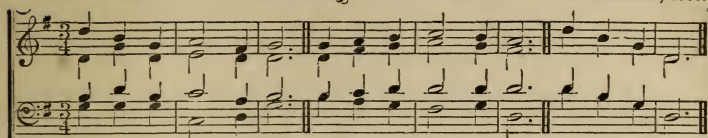


O may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

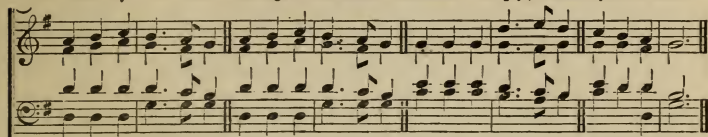
11. *Bold.*

Trinity. 664. 6664.

F. GIARDINI, 1760.



Glo - ry to God on high! Let earth to heaven re - ply; Praise ye His name:

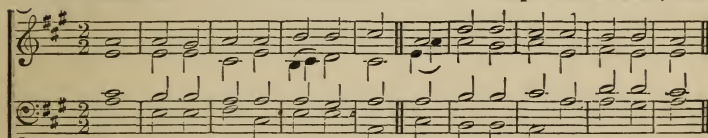


His love and grace a-dore, Who all our sorrows bore; And praise Him evermore; Worthy the Lamb!

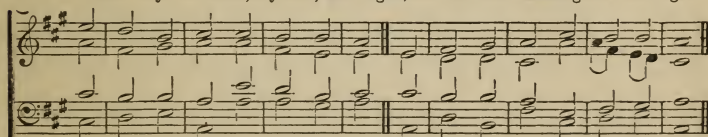
12. *Moderate.*

Canon. L.M.

T. TALLIS.
Abp. Parker's Psalter, 1561.



Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light.

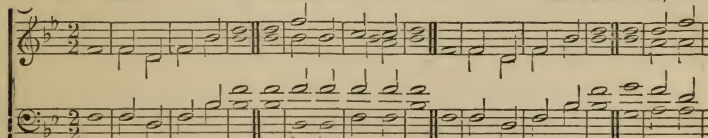


Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own Al-migh - ty wings.

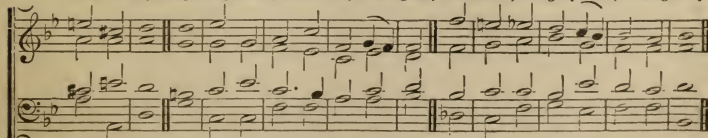
13. *Bold.*

Silsoe. 66. 66. 88.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1857.



Gird on Thy conquering sword, Ascend Thy shining car, And march, Almighty Lord, To wage Thy



ho - ly war. Be-fore His wheels, In glad sur - prise Ye val-leys rise, And sink, ye hills.

14. *Moderate.* Paston, OR Canterbury. C.M.

A musical score for a song titled "The Chase". The score is written for a piano, with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in common time, with a tempo marking of "Moderato". The score consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure of the melody is: B-flat4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The second measure is: B-flat4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass staff accompaniment for the first measure is: F3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2. The second measure is: F3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2.

15. *Slow.* Holy Cross. 68. 64. DR. GAUNTLETT, 1852.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a double bar line. The first measure contains a half note G4 and a half note A4 in the treble, and a half note G2 and a half note A2 in the bass. The second measure contains a half note B4 and a half note C5 in the treble, and a half note B2 and a half note C3 in the bass.

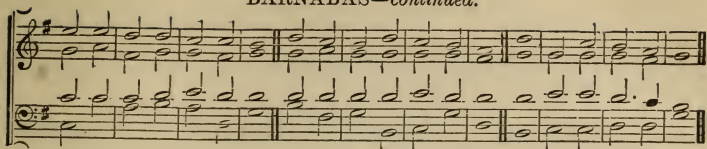
A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is on two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The key signature for the piano is also one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The score begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first staff contains the vocal melody, and the second and third staves contain the piano accompaniment. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

16. *Moderate.* Barnabas. 76. 76. 77. 76. C. DAMANTIUS, d. 1620.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The score includes a repeat sign and a double bar line.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The score includes a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The melody features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The accompaniment consists of simple chords and single notes. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, with repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) indicating repeated sections. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the bass staff.

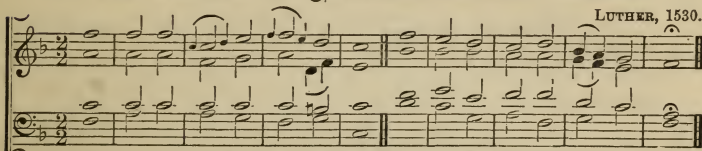
BARNABAS—continued.



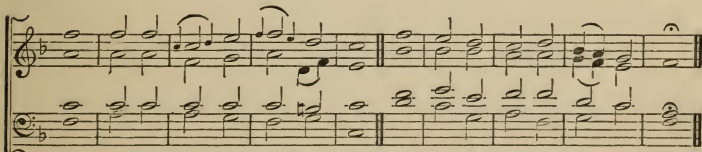
Times shall soon this earth remove : Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a-bove.

17. *Bold.* Worms, OR Fortress. (CHORAL). 8888, 6666, 8.

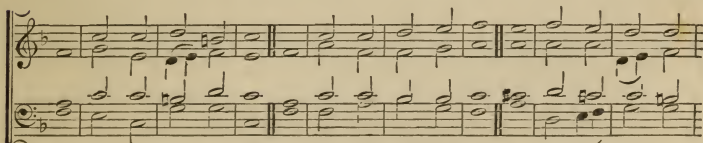
LUTHER, 1530.



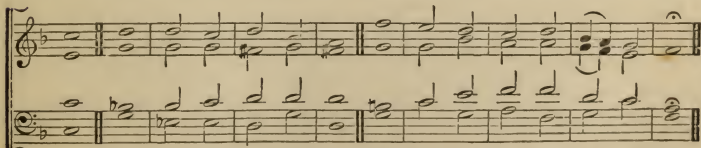
God is our re - fuge in dis - tress, Our shield of hope thro' ev - ery care,
God is our hope and strength in woe, Thro' earth He maketh wars to cease,



Our Shepherd watching us to bless, And therefore will we not des - pair ;
His pow - er break - eth spear and bow, His mer - cy send - eth end - less peace.



Although the mountains shake, And hills their place forsake, And billows o'er them
Then though the earth re - move, And storms rage high above, And seas tem - pestuous



break ; Yet still will we not fear, For Thou, O God, art e - ver near.
prove, Yet still will we not fear, The Lord of Hosts is e - ver near.

Cheerful.

mf.

Hark! hark, my soul; an - ge - lic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling, Of that new

p *cres.*

life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

pp *cres.*

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night, Sing - ing to

pp

wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A - men. A - men.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;" [ringing,

And, through the dark its echoes sweetly
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,

And laden souls by thousands meekly steal-
ing, [Thee,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary, [be past;

The day must dawn, and darksome night
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.] Angels of Jesus, etc.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-
ing;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
The morning's joy shall end the night of weep-
ing, [love,

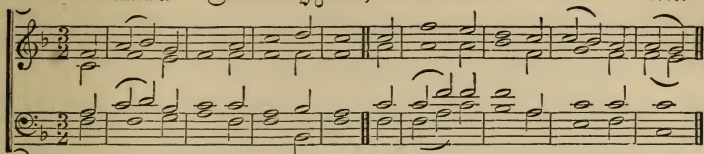
And life's long shadows break in cloudless
Amen. Angels of Jesus, etc. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

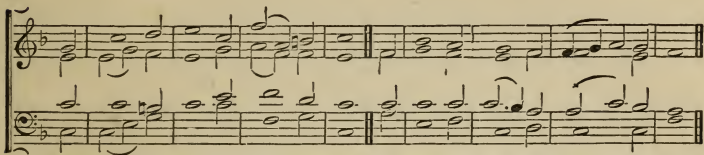
19. *Moderate.*

Rockingham, or Caton. L.M.

DR. MILLER,
1787.



Al-migh-ty King, whose wondrous hand Supports the weight of sea and land:

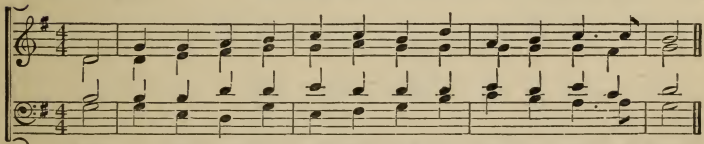


Whose grace is such a bound-less store, No heart in vain shall sigh for more.

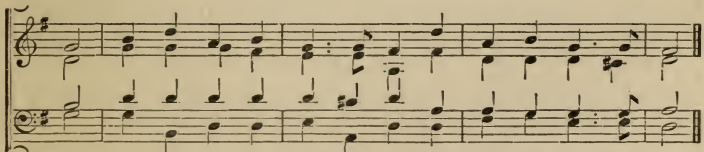
20. *Joyful.*

St. Vincent.

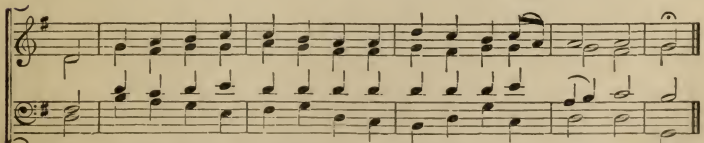
86. 86. 88. DR. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



When I can trust my all with God, In tri-al's fear-ful hour;



Bow, all re-signed, be-neath His rod, And bless His spar-ing power;

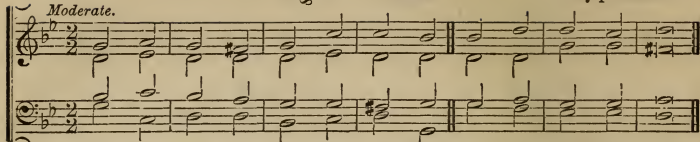


A joysprings up a-mid dis-tress, A fount-ain in the wil-der-ness.

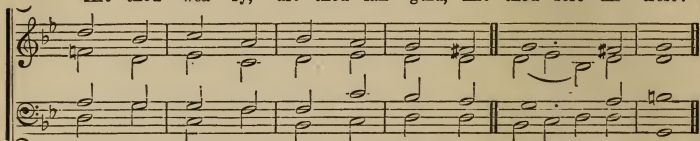
21.

Cyril.

8.5.8.3.

A. R. REINAGLE,
by permission.*Moderate.*

Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?



"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Hath He diadem as monarch

That His brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,

What His guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,

What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive us,

Will He say me nay?

"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is He sure to bless?

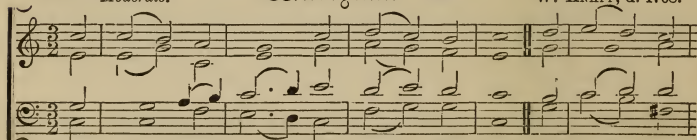
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

22.

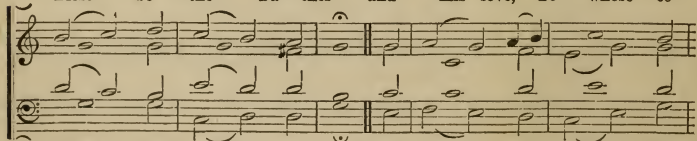
Moderate.

Wareham. L.M.

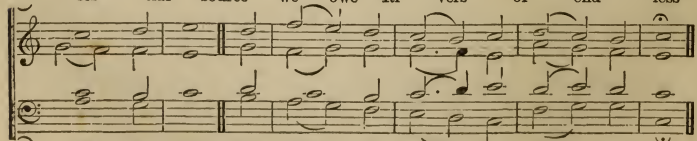
W. KNAPP, d. 1768.



Blest be the Fa - ther and His love, To whose ce -



les - tial source we owe Ri - vers of end - less

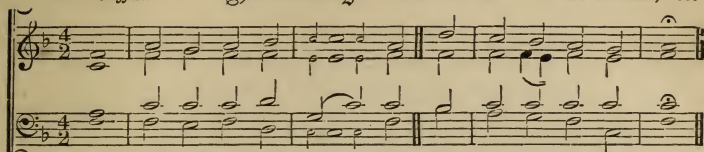


joys a - bove, And rills of com - fort here be - low.

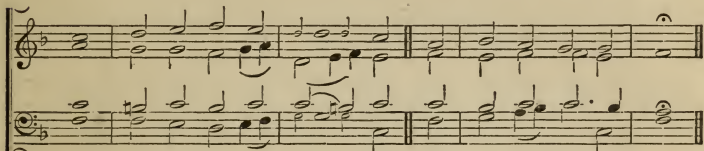
23. *Joyful.*

Heidelberg. 7.6.7.6. or C.M.

M. VULPUS, 1609.



The Lord is King, and wear - eth A robe of glo - ry bright;

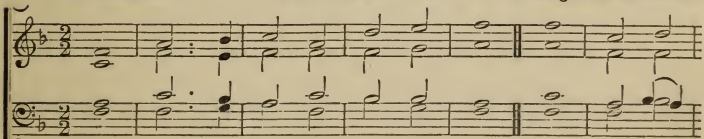


He clothed with strength ap - pear - eth, And girt with powerful might.

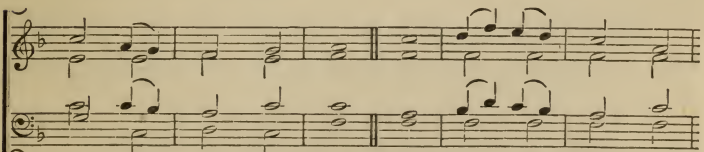
24. *Moderate.*

Samson. L.M.

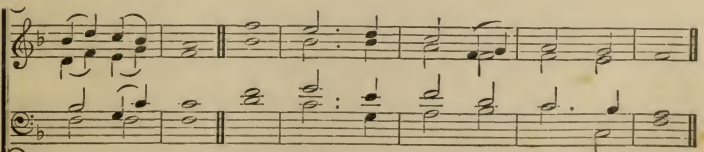
Arranged from HANDEL.



Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the



gos - pel ar - mour on: March to the gates of



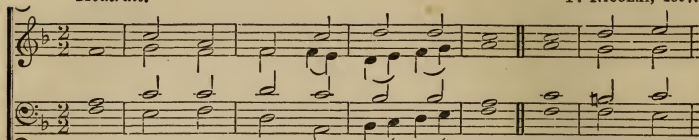
end - less joy, Where thy great Cap - tain - Sa - viour's gone.

25.

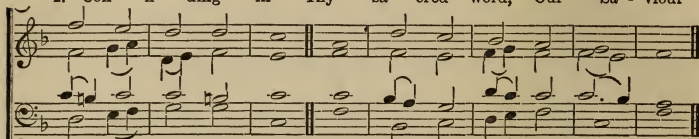
Morning Star. (CHORAL.) 887. 887. 412 8.

Moderate.

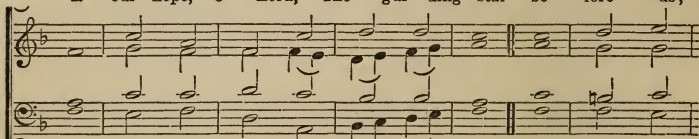
P. NICOLAI, 1597.



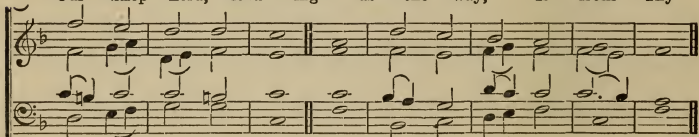
1. Be - hold! how glo - rious is yon sky! Lo! there the
 2. Con - fi - ding in Thy sa - cred word, Our Sa - viour



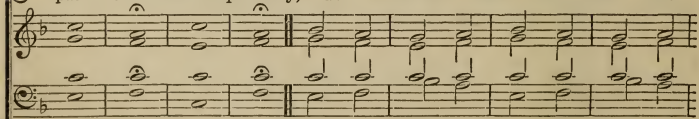
right - eous ne - ver die, But dwell in peace for e - ver;
 is our hope, O Lord, The gui - ding star be - fore us;



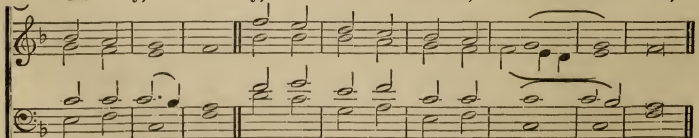
Then who would wear this earth - ly clay, When bid to
 Our Shep - herd, lead - ing us the way, If from Thy



cast life's chains a - way, And win Thy gra - cious fa - vour?
 paths our foot - steps stray, To Thee He will re - store us:



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, O for - give us, And re - ceive us,
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, E - ver hear us, And re - ceive us,

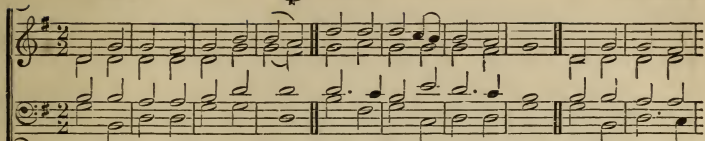


heaven - ly Fa - ther, When a - round Thy throne we ga - - ther.
 while we ga - ther, Round Thy throne, Al - migh - ty Fa - - ther.

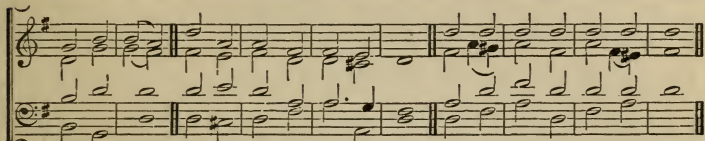
26. *Joyful.*

Praise. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

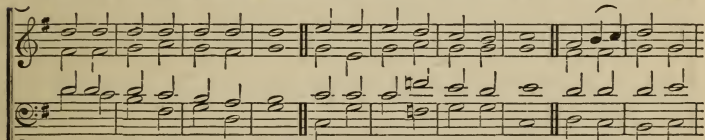
MEDELSSOHN'S
Fest Gesang.



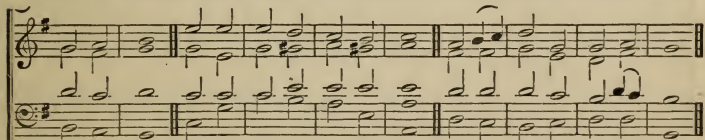
Hark! the he-rald an-gels sing,—Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and



mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners re-con-ciled. Joy-ful all ye nations rise;



Join the tri-umph of the skies: With th'an-ge-lic host pro-claim,—Christ is born in



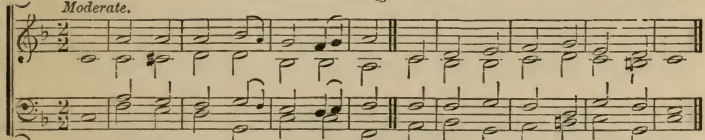
Beth-le-hem. Hark! the he-rald an-gels sing,—Glo-ry to the new-born King.

27.

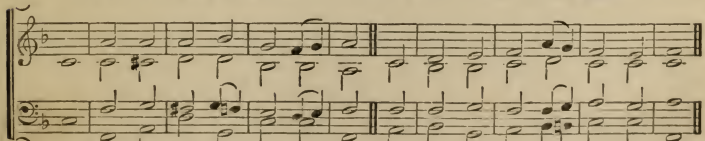
Canonbury. L.M.

R. SCHUMANN.

Moderate.



How do Thy mer-cies close in round! For e-ver be thy name a-dored;

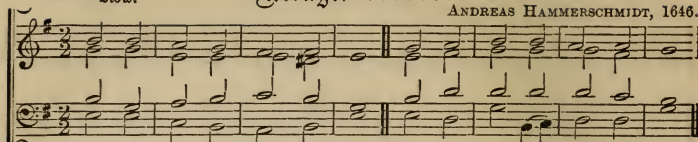


I blush in all things to a bound; The ser-vant is a-bove his Lord.

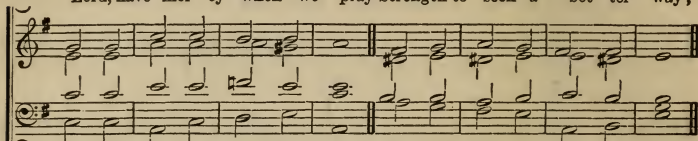
28. *Slow.*

Refuge. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

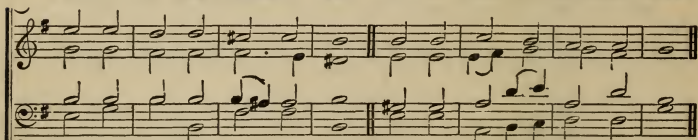
ANDREAS HAMMERSCHMIDT, 1646.



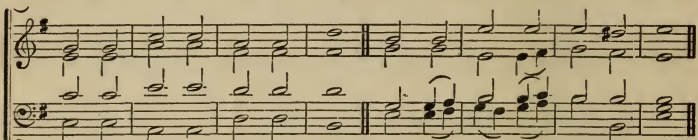
Lord, have mer - cy when we pray Strength to seek a bet - ter way;



When our wak'-ning thoughts be - gin First to loathe our che-rished sin;



When our wea - ry spi - rits fail, And our ach - ing brows are pale;



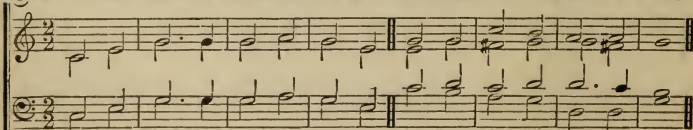
When our tears be - dew Thy word, Then, O then, have mer - cy, Lord!

29. *Bold.*

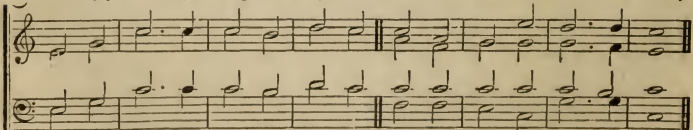
Triumph. 87.87.87.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1852.

[May be sung to 8 lines of the same metre, by repeating the first two lines, or as 8.7.4.]

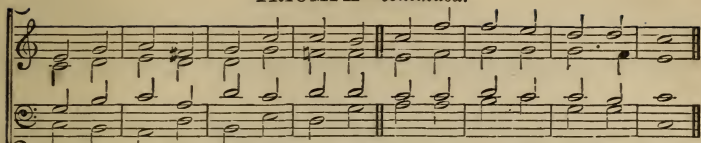


Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious: See the Man of sor - rows now,



From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious; Ev' - ry knee to Him shall bow.

TRIUMPH—continued.

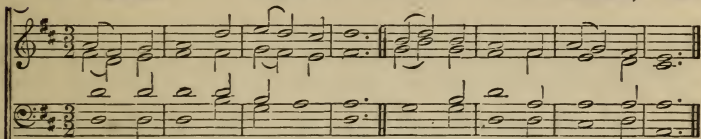


Crown Him, crown Him : Crown Him, crown Him : Crowns become the vic - tor's brow.

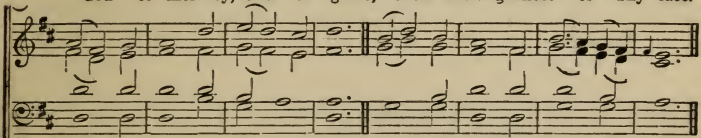
30. *Moderate.*

Wells. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

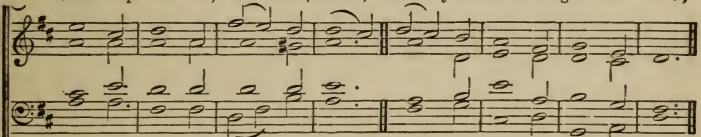
D. BORTNIANSKI, d. 1826.



God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the brightness of Thy face.



Shine up - on us, Sa - viour, shine ; Fill Thy church with light di - vine ;

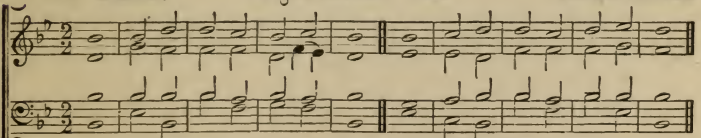


And Thy sa - ving health ex - tend, Un - to earth's re - mo - test end.

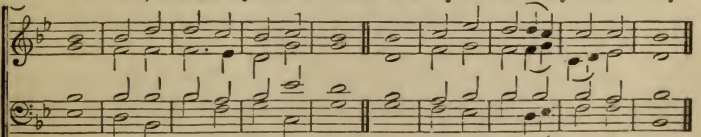
31. *Moderate.*

Sherborne. L.M.

ANCIENT CHURCH.



O God, Thou art my God a - lone : Ear - ly to Thee my soul shall cry :



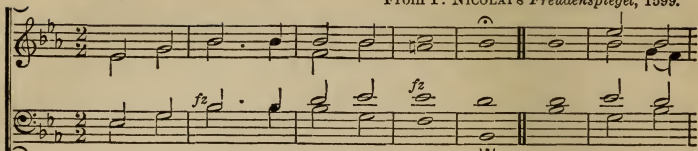
A pil - grim in a land un - known, A thirs - ty land, whose springs are dry.

32. *Bold.*

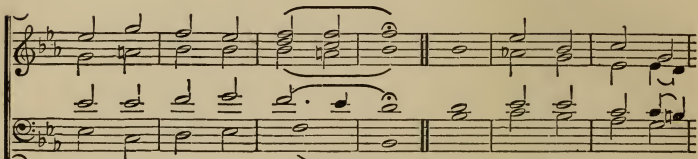
Dumay. (CHORAL.)

LUTHERAN.

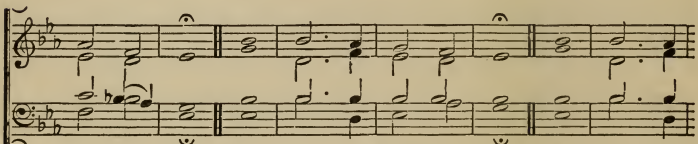
From P. NICOLAI's *Freudenspiegel*, 1599.



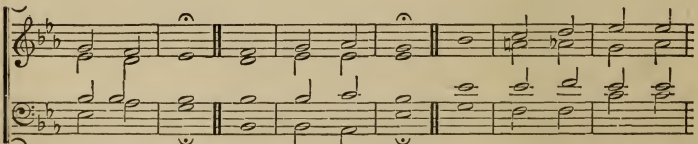
Sleep-ers, wake! a voice is call - ing; It is the



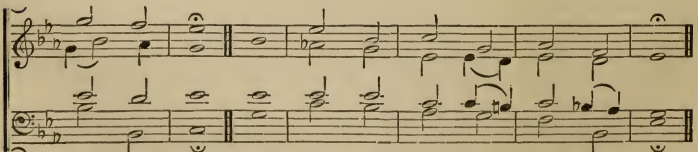
Watch-man on the walls . . . Thou ci - ty of Je -



- ru - sa - lem! For lo! the Bridegroom comes. A - rise, and



take your lamps. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - wake! His king - dom



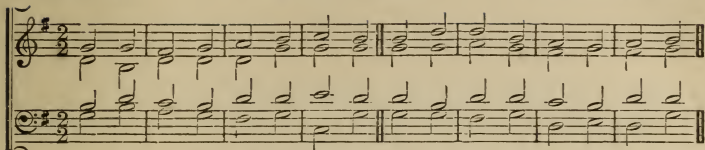
is at hand! Go forth, go forth, to meet your Lord!

25

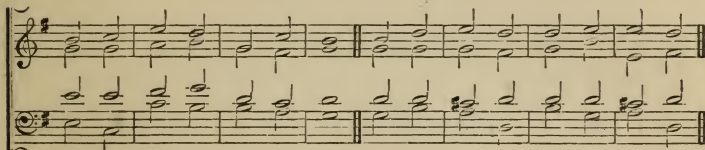
33. *Joyful.*

Sion. 887. 887.

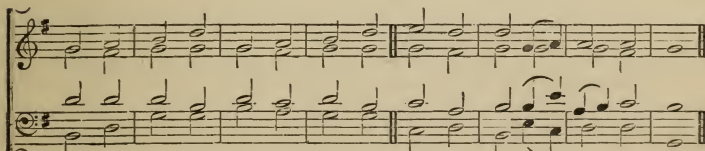
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1857.



Praise Je - ho - vah ! bow be - fore Him ; O be joy - ful ! saints a - dore Him,



E - ver - more His deeds pro - claim. He is migh - ty in cre - a - tion,

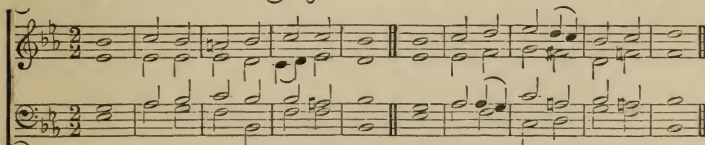


He is good in His sal - va - tion, Ev - er mag - ni - fy His name.

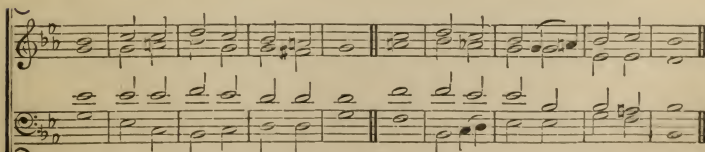
34. *Moderate.*

Bohemian.

L.M.

G. RHAU'S *Gesangbuch*, 1544.

Great Form - er of this va - rious frame, Our souls a - dore Thine aw - ful name,



And bow and tremble while they praise The Ancient of e - ter - nal days.

35. *Moderate.* **Advent Evening Hymn.** L.M. MELODY OF THE 4TH CENTURY.

Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And eve-ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace.

36. *Bold.* **St. Basil.** 8.7.8.7. or L.M. OLD LATIN, "O Lux Beata," 7th Cent.

Fast climbs the sun Heaven's crystal mount, With vest of light un - fold - en;
From him flows fast, as from a fount, A glo - rious flood all gold - en.

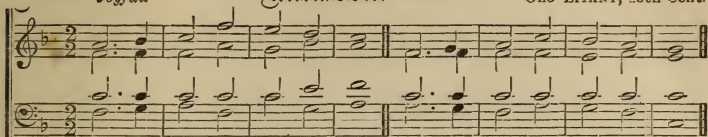
37. *Moderate.* **Croyland.** 888.6. DR. GAUNTLETT, 1852.

O Thou, the con-trite sin-ner's Friend, Who, lov-ing, lov-est to the end,
On this a-lone my hopes do-pend, That thou wilt plead for me.

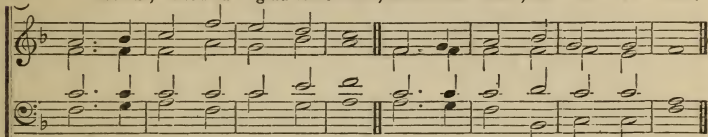
38. *Joyful.*

Ratisbon. 7.7.7.7.

OLD LITANY, 13th Cent.



Let us, with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

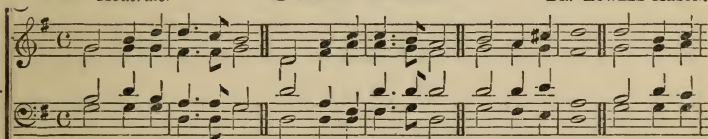


For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

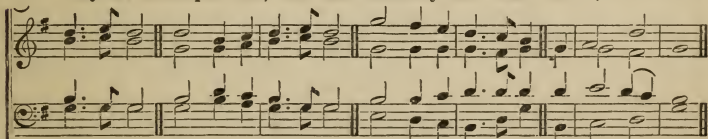
39. *Moderate.*

Olivet. 664.6664.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary: Sa - viour di - vine; Now hear me

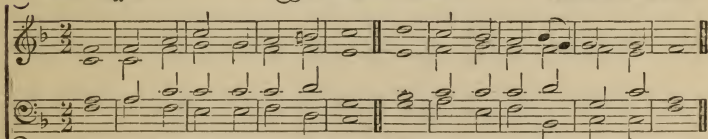


while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.

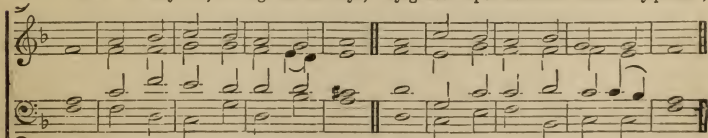
40. *Joyful.*

Modena. L.M.

MEDIEVAL MELODY.



God of my life, through all its days, My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;

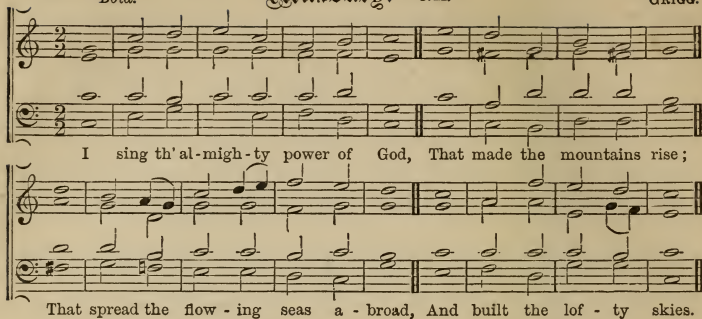


The song shall wake with opening light, And e - cho to the si - lent night.

41. *Bold.*

Masbury. C.M.

GRIGG.

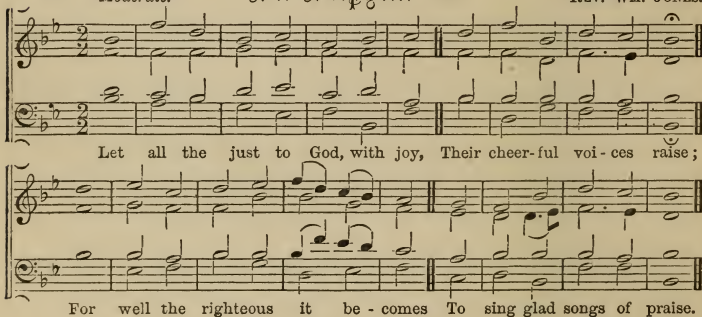


I sing th'al-migh-ty power of God, That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad, And built the lof-ty skies.

42. *Moderate.*

St. Stephen. C.M.

REV. WM. JONES.

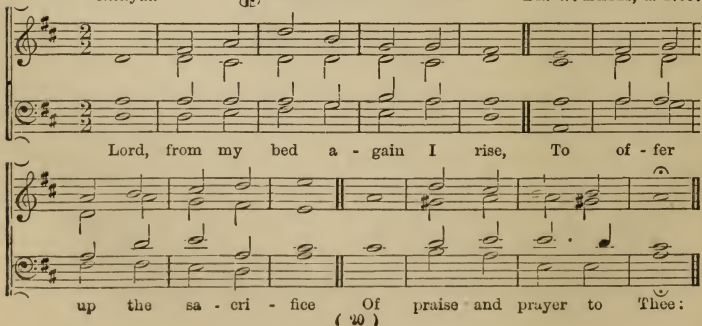


Let all the just to God, with joy, Their cheer-ful voi-ces raise;
For well the righteous it be-comes To sing glad songs of praise.

43. *Cheerful.*

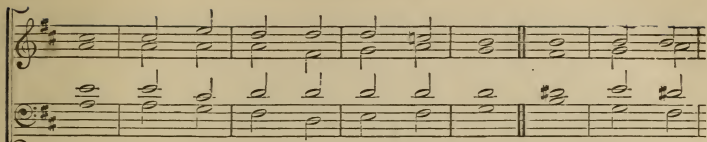
Naderborn. 886.886.

DR. W. HAYES, d. 1799.

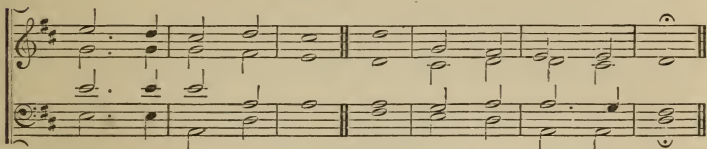


Lord, from my bed a-gain I rise, To of-fer
up the sa-cri-fice Of praise and prayer to Thee:

PADERBORN—continued.



I laid me down to sleep at night; I trust - ed

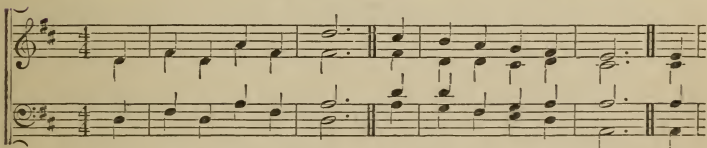


in Thine arm of night; Thine arm pro - tect - ed me.

44. *Bold.*

Olney. 66.66.88.

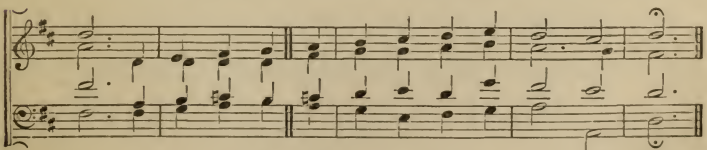
REV. J. DARWELL.



God is gone up on high, With a tri - um-phant noise; The



cla-ri-ons of the sky Pro-claim th'an-gel - ic joys. Join all on

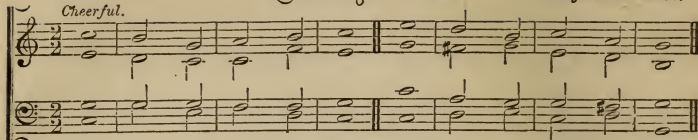


earth, re-joice and sing; Glo - ry as - crite to glo - rr's King.

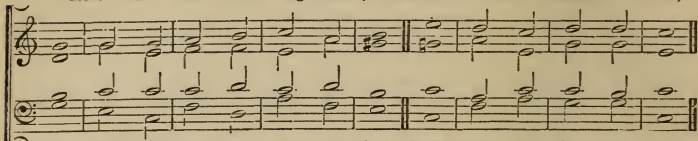
45.

Narenza. S.M.

Cologne Choralbuch.

Cheerful.

Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anxious brow,



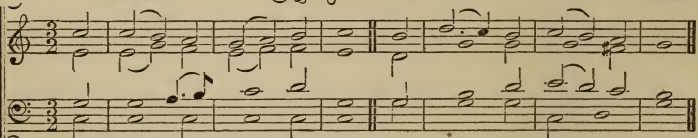
Rest for the wea - ry, way - worn feet, Rest from all la - bour now.

46.

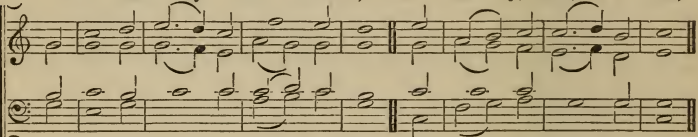
Moderate.

Aynhoe. S.M.

DR. NARES.



To bless Thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline,

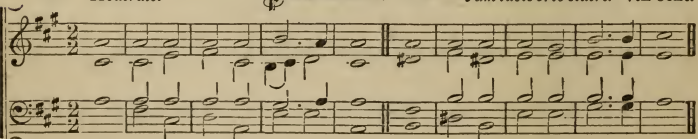


And cause the bright - ness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine.

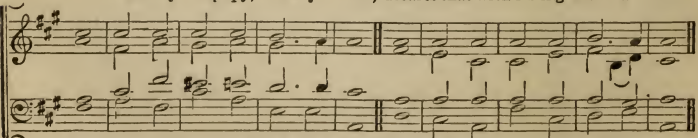
47.

Moderate.

Palestine. L.M.

OLD LATIN.
"Jam lucis orto sidere." 7th Cent.

O time - ly hap - py, time - ly wise, Hearts that with ris - ing morn a - rise.

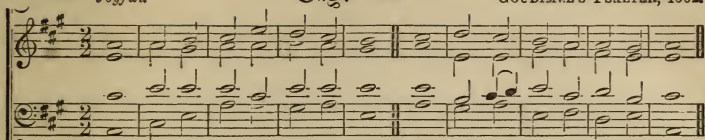


Eyes that the beam ce - les - tial view, Which e - ver - more makes all things new.

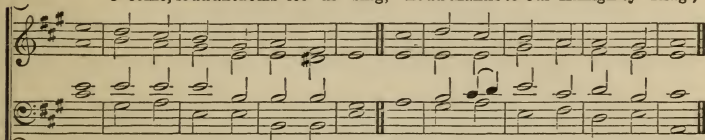
48. *Joyful.*

Ely. L.M.

GOUDIMEL'S PSALTER, 1562.



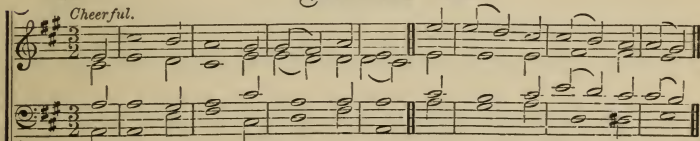
O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almigh-ty King;



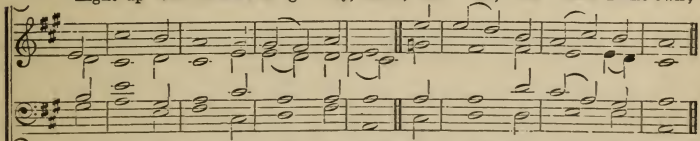
For we our voi - ces high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

49. *Cheerful.*

Belmont. C.M.



Light up this house with glo - ry, Lord; En - ter, and claim Thine own;

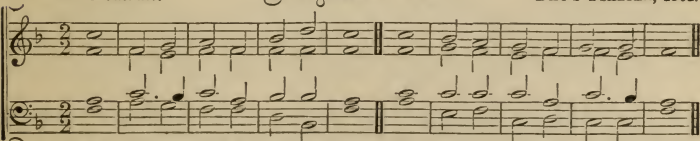


Re-ceive the ho-mage of our souls, E - rect Thy tem - ple-throne.

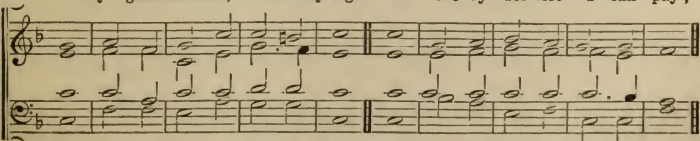
50. *Moderate.*

Rochester. L.M

DAY'S PSALTER, 1562.



My gracious Lord, I own Thy right To eve-ry ser-vice I can pay;

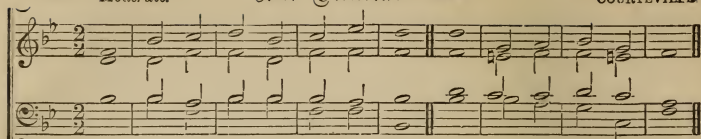


And call it my su-preme de-light To hear Thy dic-tates, and o - bey

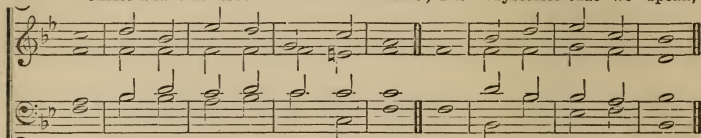
51. *Moderate.*

St. James. C.M.

COURTEVILLE.



Christ and His cross is all our theme; The mysteries that we speak,

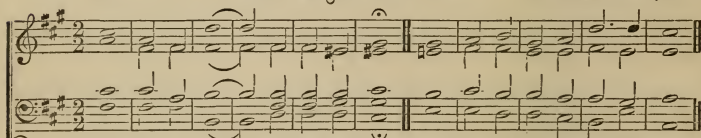


Are scan-dal in the Jew's es-teem, And fol-ly to the Greek.

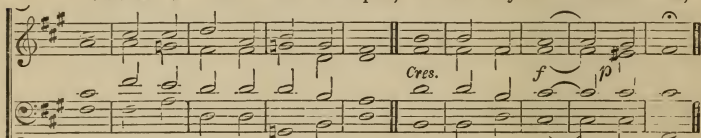
52. *Slow.*

St. Thomas. 888.6.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1858.



Just as I am—without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

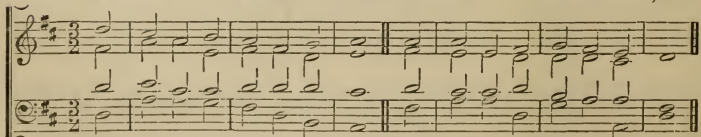


And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

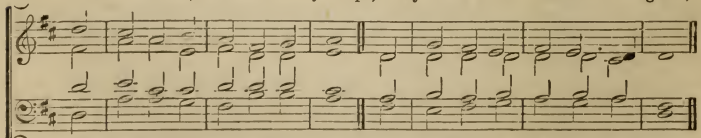
53. *Moderate.*

Welton. 8888. (Anapaestic.)

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1858.



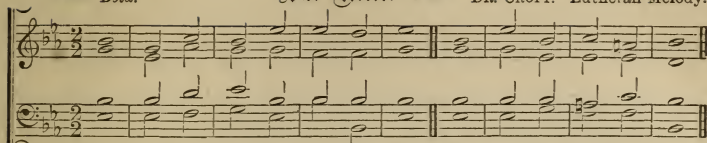
To Je-sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone;



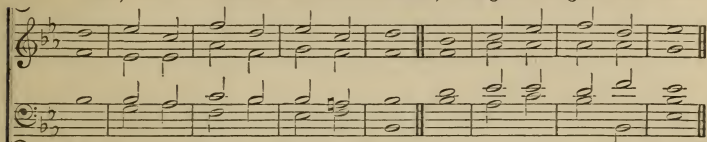
Oh bear me, ye che-ru-bim, up, And waft me a-way to His throne.

54. *Bold.*

St. Ann. C.M. DR. CROFT. Lutheran Melody.



Lord, we con - fess our numerous faults, How great our guilt has been !

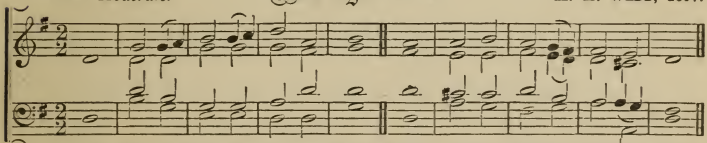


Fool - ish and vain were all our thoughts, And all our lives were sin.

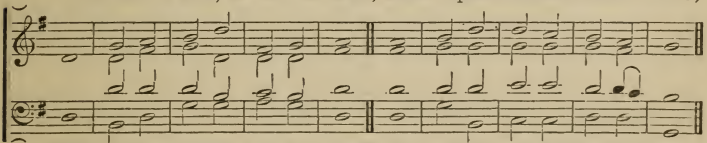
55. *Moderate.*

Malaga. L.M.

H. A. WEDD, 1857.



Au - thor of faith, E - ter - nal Word, Whose Spirit breathes the active flame ;

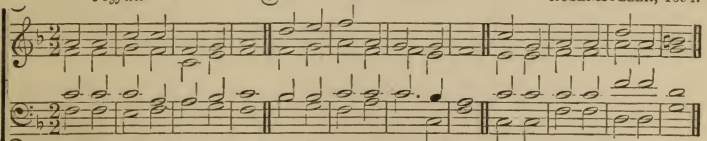


Faith, like its Fi-nish - er and Lord, To - day, as yes - ter - day, the same.

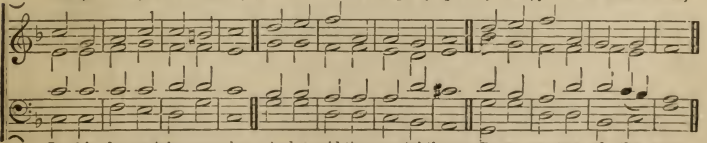
56. *Joyful.*

Nassau. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

ROSENMÜLLER, 1694.



Come, O come, with sacred lays, Sound we God Al-migh-ty's praise ; Come, ye sons of human race,

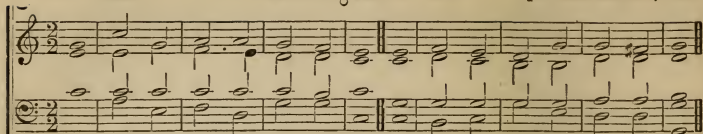


In this cho-rus take your place ; And, a-mid the mor-tal throng, Be ye mas-ters of the song

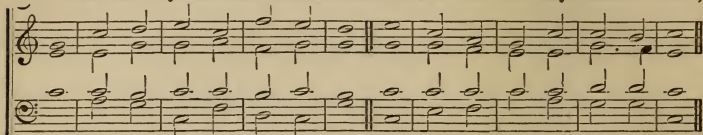
57. *Bold.*

Winchester. L.M.

Spiritual Melodies, 1690.



How do Thy mer-cies close me round! For e-ver be Thy name a-dored;

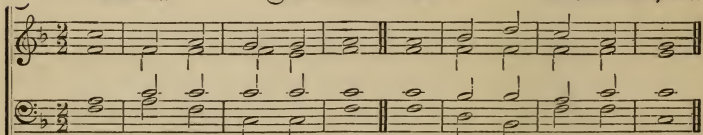


I blush in all things to a-bound; The ser-vant is a-bove his Lord!

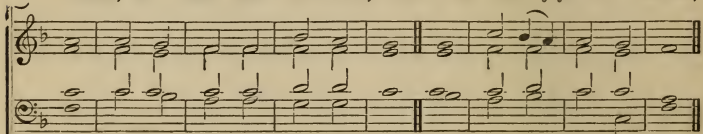
58. *Moderate.*

Newland. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1857.



Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;

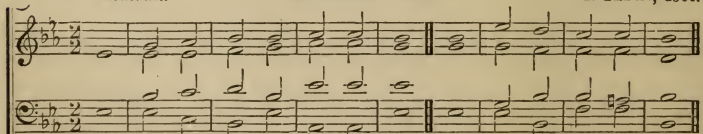


Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

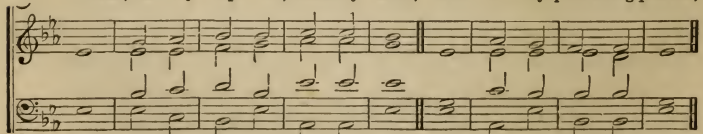
59. *Moderate.*

Tallis. C.M.

T. TALLIS, 1561.



Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;



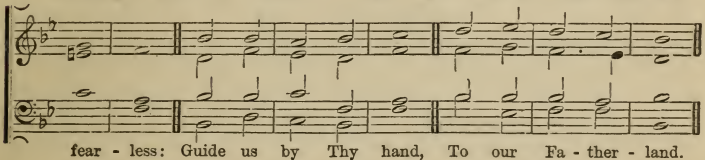
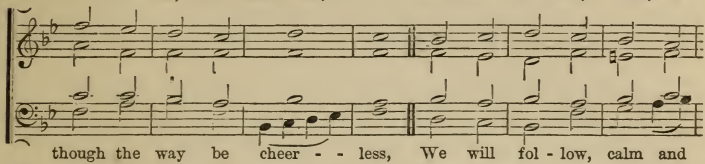
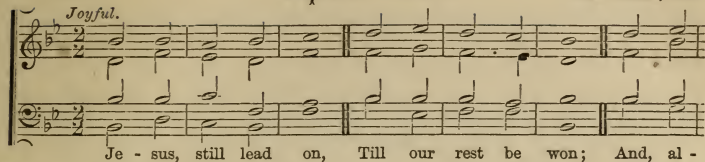
Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

60. ✓

Spire.

55.88.55.

ADAM DRESE, 1680.

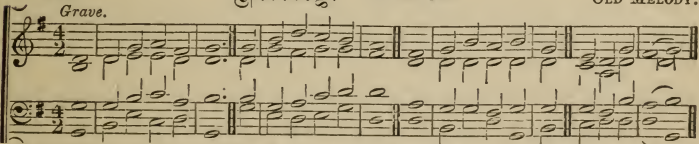
Joyful.

61.

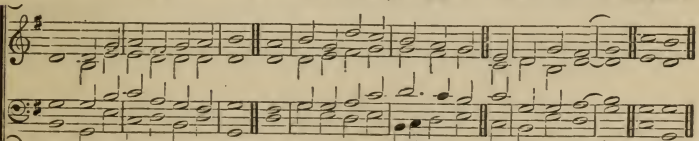
Ferriby.

6.6.6.4.8.8.4.

OLD MELODY.

Grave.

Behold the Lamb of God! O Thou for sinners slain, Let it not be in vain That Thou hast died.



Thee for my Saviour let me take, My on-ly refuge let me make Thy piercèd side. A-men.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood

My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest:

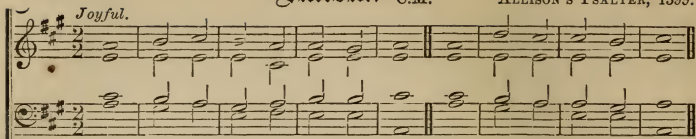
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessèd saints
Eternal rest.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love. Amen.

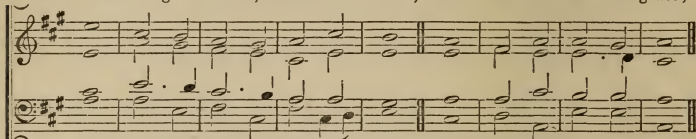
62.

Lincoln. C.M.

ALLISON'S PSALTER, 1599.

Joyful.

We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God, Foun-tain of life and grace;

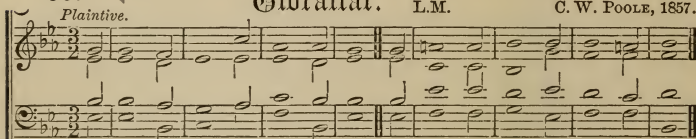


We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood Re-deemed our fal-len race.

63.

Gibraltar. L.M.

C. W. POOLE, 1857.

Plaintive.

God of my life, to Thee I call: Af-flict-ed, at Thy feet I fall.



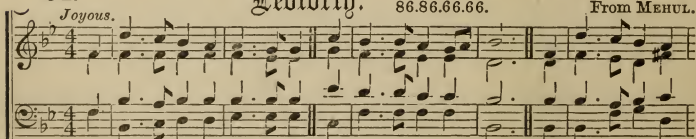
When the great wa-ter-floods pre-vail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

64.

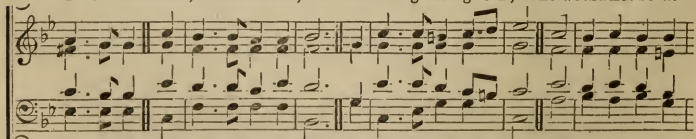
Wedforth.

86.86.66.66.

From MEHUL.

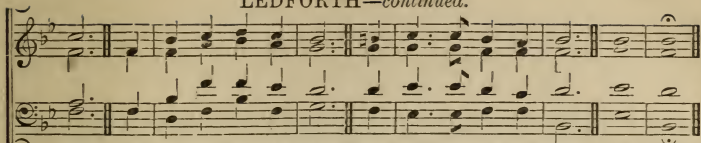
Joyous.

1. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
2. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, The world is growing old; Who would not be at



hap-py land, Where they that love are blest? Where loyal hearts and true, Stand ever in the rest and free Where love is never cold? Where loyal hearts, &c.

LEDFORTH—continued.



light, All rapture through and through, In God's most holy sight. A - men.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;

I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

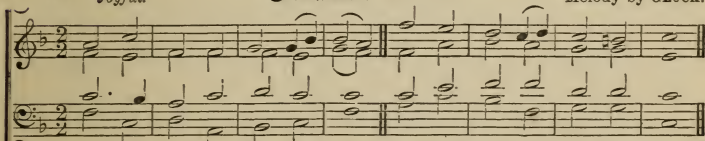
O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

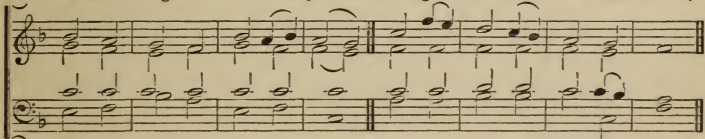
65. Joyful.

Corsica. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Melody by GLUCK.



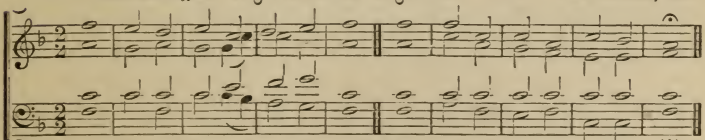
Now be - gin the heav - en - ly theme : Sing a - loud in Je - su's name ;



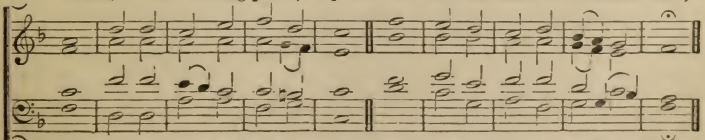
Ye who His sal - va - tion prove, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.

66. Bold and Joyful. Christmas Choral. L.M.

M. LUTHER, 1535.



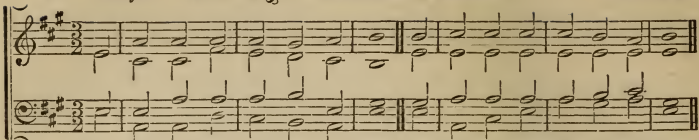
Praise, e - ver - last - ing praise, be paid To Him that earth's foundation laid ;



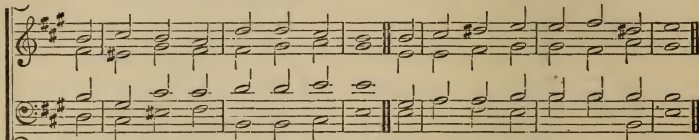
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees Sway the wide realms of earth and seas.

67. *Cheerful.* Saxony. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapaestic.)

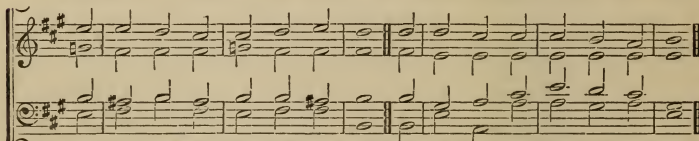
LUTHERAN.



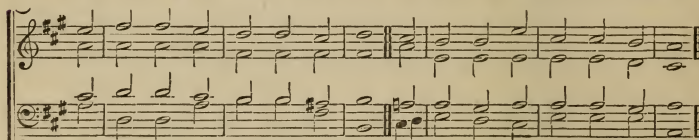
This God is the God we a - dore, Our faith-ful, unchange-a - ble Friend ;



Whose love is as great as His power, And knows neither measure nor end.



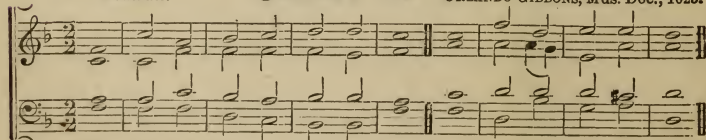
'Tis Je - sus, the First and the Last, Whose Spi-rit shall guide us safe home ;



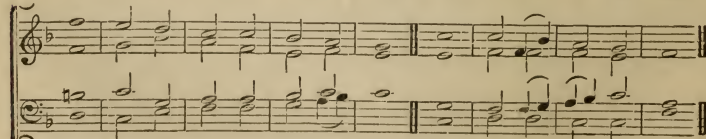
We'll praise Him for all that is past, And trust Him for all that's to come.

68. *Moderate.*

Gibbons. C.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS, Mus. Doc., 1623.



God, my sup - port - er and my hope, My help for e - ver near,

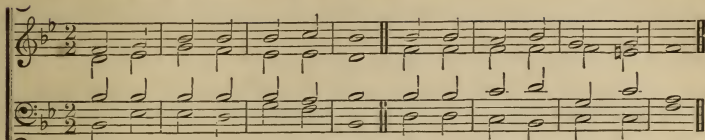


Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, When sink-ing in des - pair.

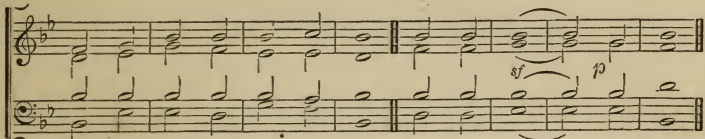
69. *Slow and Moderate.*

Ambrose. 777.5.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of man - kind the life and light,



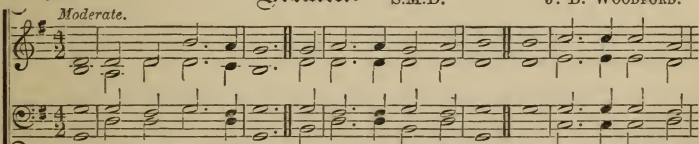
Ma - ker, Teach - er, In - fi - nite; Je - sus, hear and save.

70.

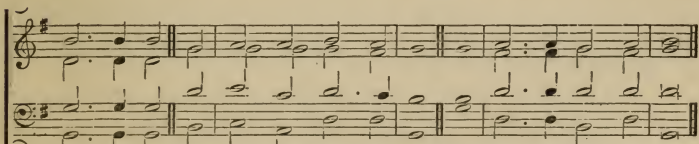
Bremen. S.M.D.

J. B. WOODFORD.

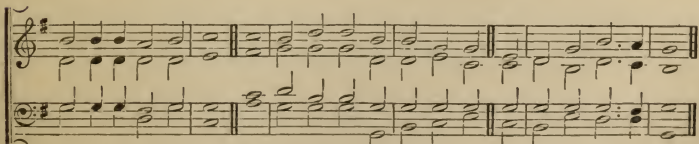
Moderate.



"For e - ver with the Lord!" Amen; so let it be: Life from the dead is



in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here in the bo - dy pent,

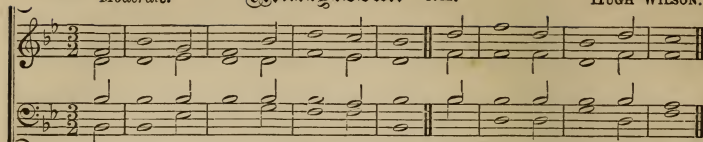


Absent from Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.

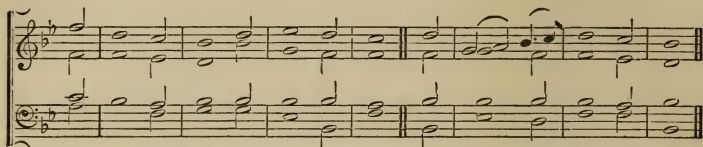
71. *Moderate.*

Martyrdom. C.M.

HUGH WILSON.



O God of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy peo- ple still are fed;

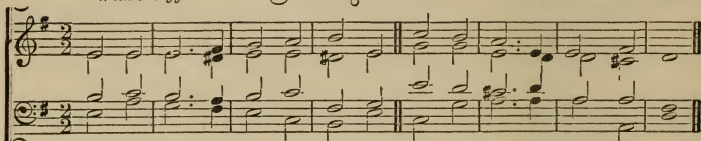


Who through this wea- ry pil- grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led.

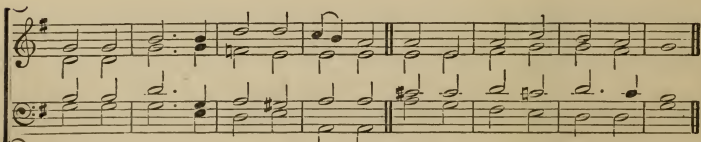
72. *With energy.*

Ramah. 87. 87. 47.

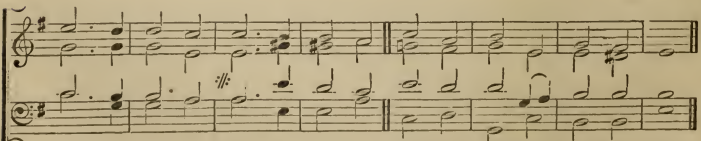
ANCIENT JEWISH MELODY.



Lo! He comes with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa- voured sin- ners slain;



Thou- sand thou- sand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri- umph of His train:

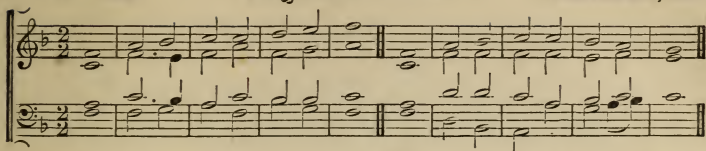


Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes, and comes to reign.

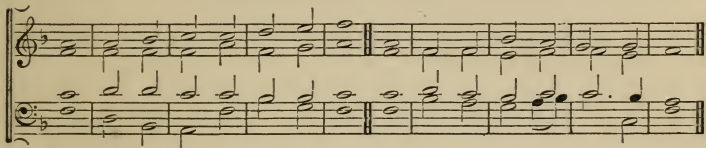
73. *Bold.*

Wycliffe. 88.88.88.

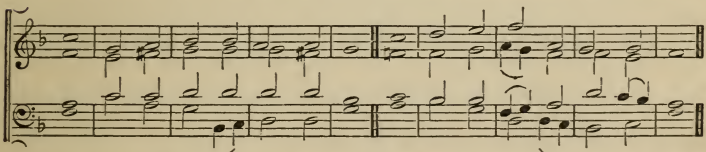
JOHANN SCHOP, 1641.



Now I have found the ground wherein Sure my soul's an-chor may re-main :-



The wounds of Je - sus, for my sin Be - fore the world's foun-da - tion slain ;

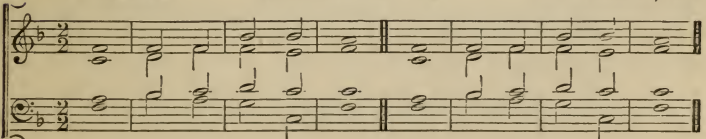


Whose mer-cy shall un - sha - ken stay, When heaven and earth are fled a - way.

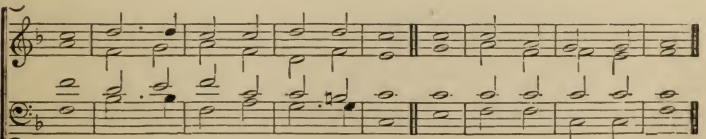
74. *Sustained.*

Swanland. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1857



Be - hold the a-maz - ing sight, The Sa - viour lift - ed high !

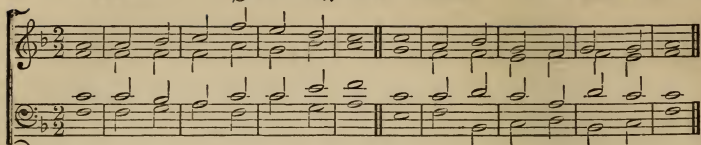


Be - hold the Son, God's chief de - light, Ex - pire in a - go - ny !

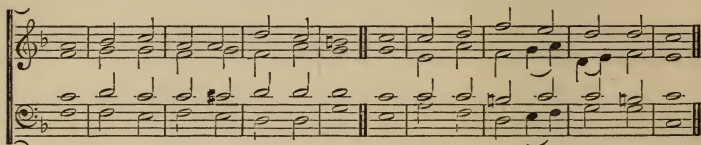
75. *Moderate.*

Huntingdon. 88.88.88.

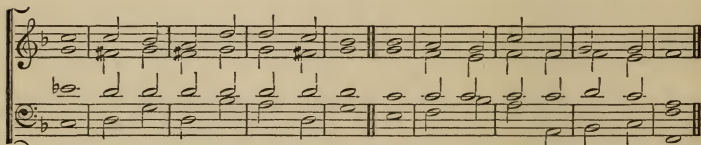
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1857.



The Lord my pas-ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a Shep-herd's care:



His pre-sence will my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye:

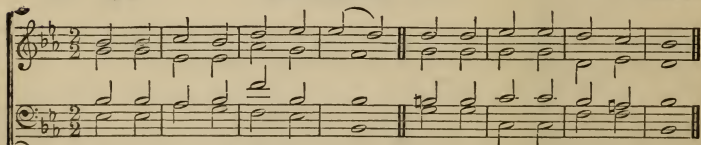


My noon-day walks He will at-tend, And all our mid-night hours de-fend.

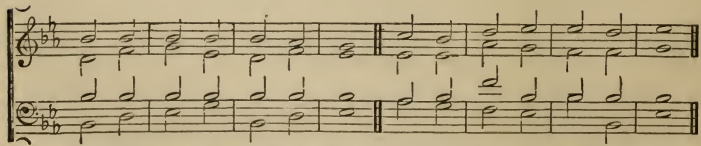
76. *Joyful.*

Solicitude. 7.7.7.7.

J. DANIELL



Oft in sor-row, oft in woe, On-ward, Christians, on-ward go;

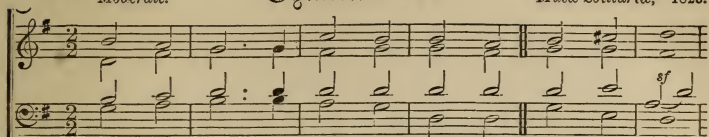


Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthened with the bread of life.

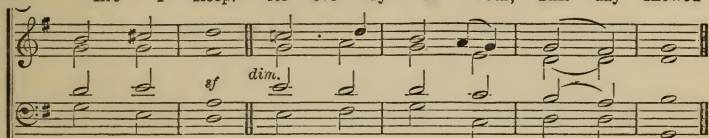
77. *Moderate.*

Chanet. 8. 3. 3. 6.

Rev. J. JOWETT,
"Musæ Solitariae," 1823.



Ere I sleep, for eve - ry fa - vour, This day showed

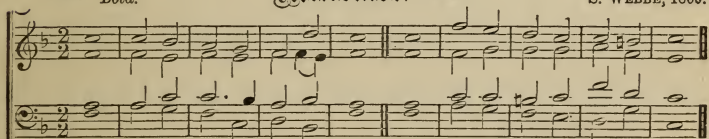


by my God, I will bless my Sa - viour.

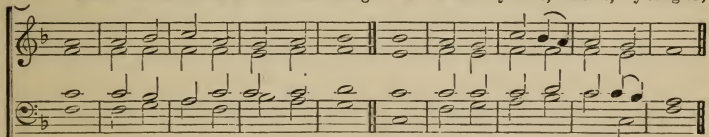
78. *Bold.*

Melcombe. L.M.

S. WEBBE, 1800.



Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake my soul; a - wake, my tongue;

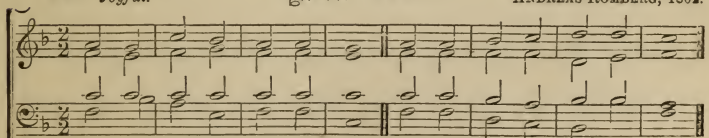


Ho - san - na to th' e - ter - nal Name, And all His boundless love pro - claim.

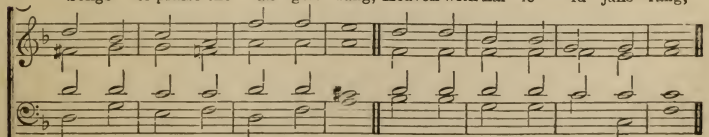
79. *Joyful.*

Kiel. 7. 7. 7. 7.

ANDREAS ROMBERG, 1802.

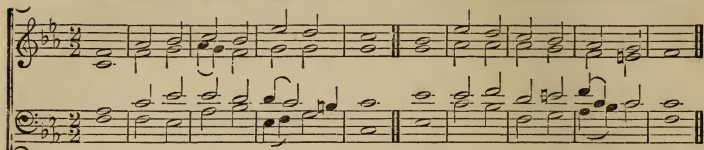


Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,

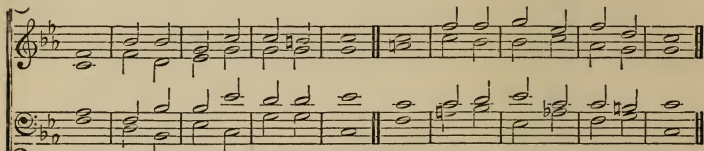


When Jo - ho - vah's work be - gun; When He spake, and it was done.

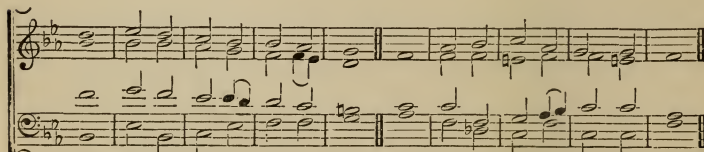
80. *Bold, and rather slow.* Mansfeld. 88. 88. 88. Called the Baptismal Hymn. M. LUTHER, 1525.



Lead - er of faith-ful souls, and guide Of all who tra-vel to the sky,

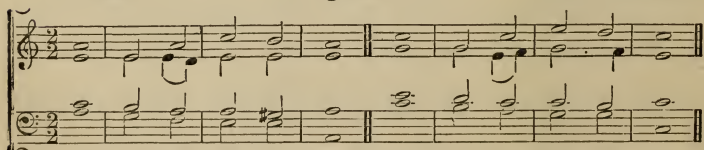


Come, and with us, even us, a - bide, Who would on Thee a-lone re - ly :

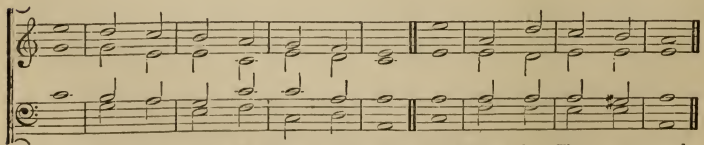


On Thee a - lone our spi-rits stay, While held in life's un - e - ven way.

81. *Slow.* St. Bride. S.M. RILEY'S Psalms, 1762.



To - mor - row, Lord, is Thine, Lodged in Thy sove - reign hand;

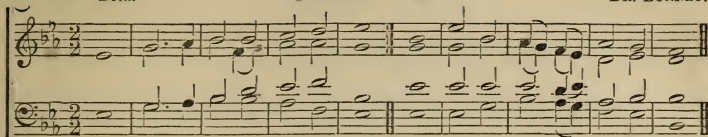


And if its sun a - rise and shine, It shines by Thy com-mand.

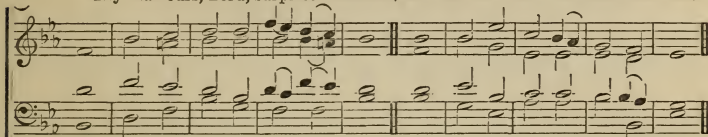
82. *Bold.*

Cruro. L.M.

DR. BURNEY.



Thy fa-vours, Lord, surprise our souls; Will the E - ter - nal dwell with us?

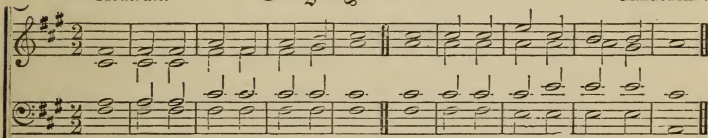


What canst Thou find be-neath the poles To tempt Thy chariot downward thus?

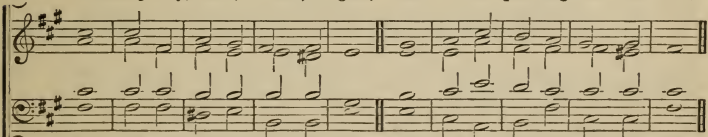
83. *Moderate.*

Gregory. L.M.

GREGORIAN.



Show pi - ty, Lord; O Lord, for-give, Let a re - pent-ing re - bel live;

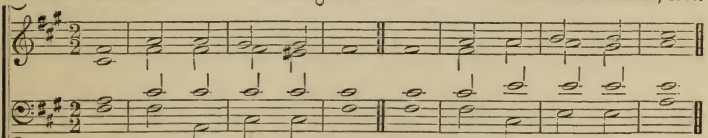


Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?

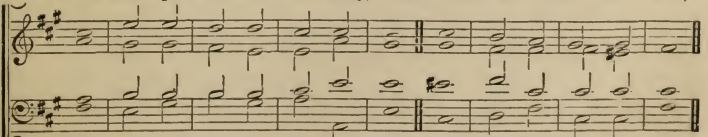
84. *Moderate.*

Southwell. S.M.

DENHAM'S PSALTER, 1588.



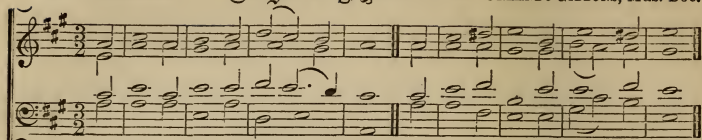
Like sheep we went a - stray, And broke the fold of God,



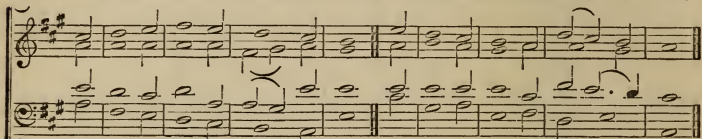
Each wander-ing in a dif-ferent way, But all the down-ward road.

85. *Moderate.*

Angel's Hymn. L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS, Mus. Doc.



E - ter - nal Power—whose high a - bode Be - comes the grandeur of a God ;

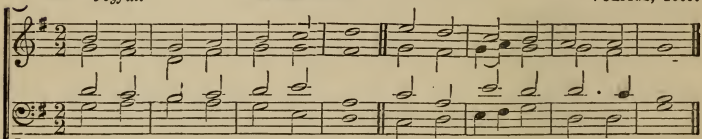


In - fi - nite length be - yond the bounds Where stars revolve their fi - nite rounds.

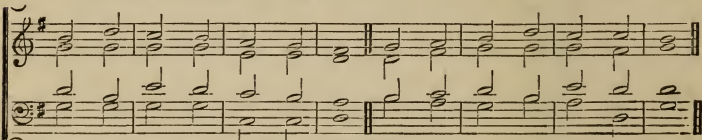
86. *Joyful.*

Weimar. 7.7.7 7.7.7.7.

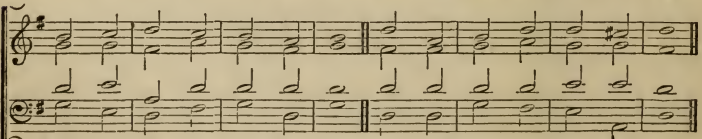
VULPIUS, 1609.



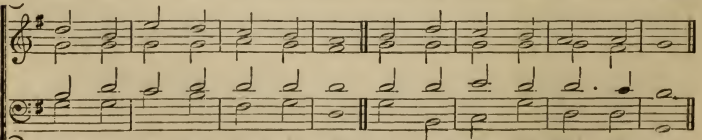
Je - sus, Re - fuge of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.



Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past :

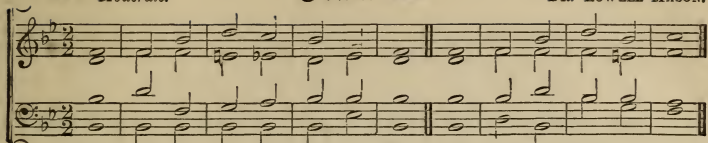


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide : O re - ceive my soul at last.

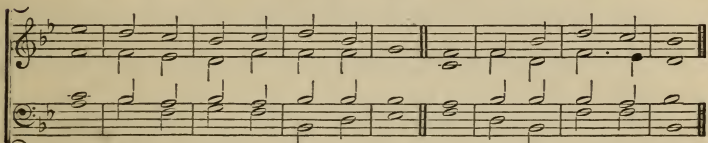
87. *Moderate.*

Eban. C.M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



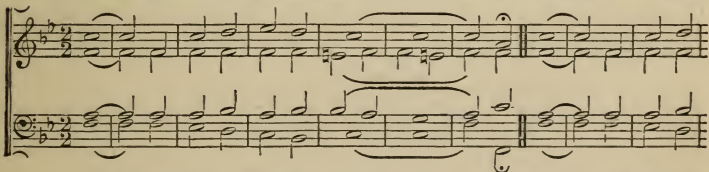
With joy we me-di-tate the grace Of our High Priest a-bove;



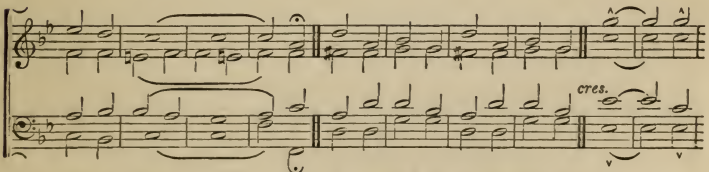
His heart is made of ten-der-ness, His bow-els melt with love.

✓ 88. *Slow and sustained.* Maldon. 888.6. (Trochaic.)

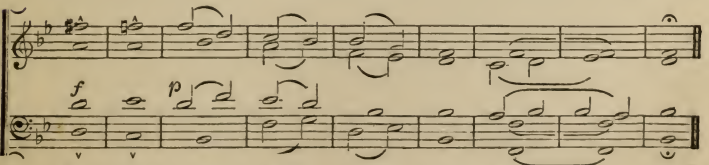
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1858.



Lo! the storms of life are break - ing, Faith-less fears our



hearts are shak - ing; For our suc-cour un-der-tak-ing; Lord and



Sa-viour, Lord and Sa-viour, hear us.

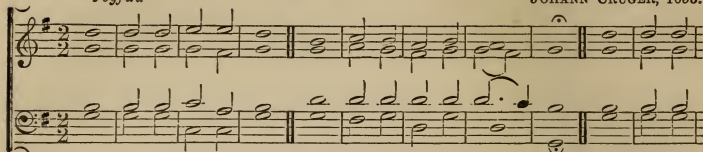
89.

Wittenburg.*

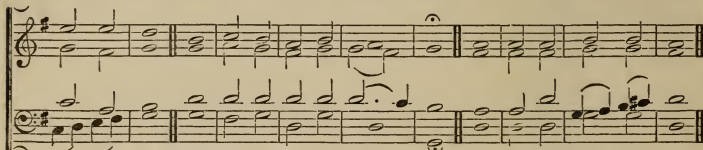
6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.—(CHORAL.)

Joyful.

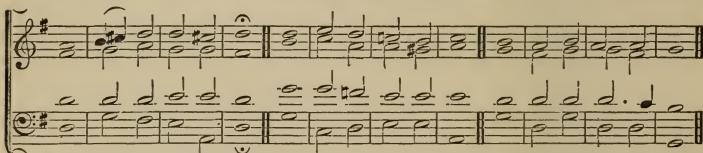
JOHANN CRÜGER, 1653.



1. Let all men praise the Lord, In wor-ship low-ly bend - ing; On His most
2. Glo - ry and praise to God,— To Fa-ther, Son, be giv - en, And to the



ho - ly word, Redeemed from woe, de-pend - ing. He gra-cious is, and just,
Ho - ly Ghost,—On high enthroned in Hea - ven. Praise to the Tri - une God;



From childhood us doth lead; On Him we place our trust And hope, in time of need.
With powerful arm and strong. He changeth night to day; Praise Him with grateful song.

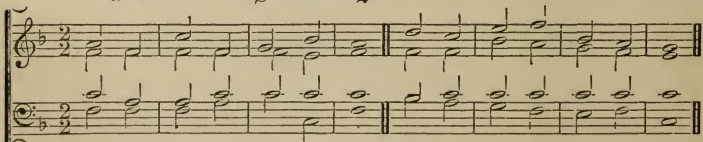
* The 1st verse may be sung in unison, the 2nd in harmony.

90.

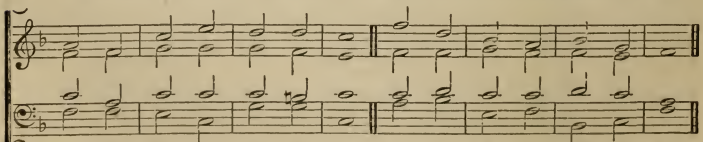
Joyful.

Nettering. 7.7.7.7.

DR. BOYCE.



Wel-come, wel-come! sin-ner, hear; Hang not back through shame or fear.

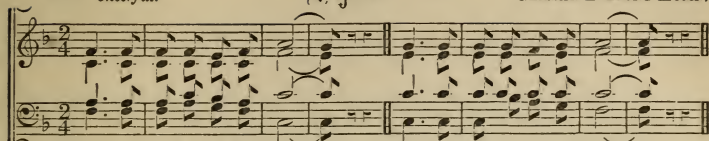


Doubt not, nor dis - trust the call; Mer - cy is pro-claimed to all.

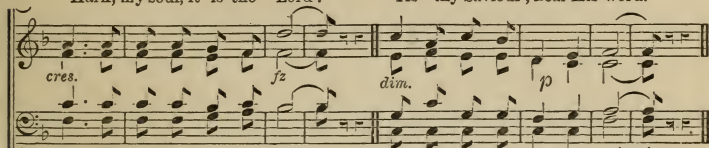
91. *Cheerful.*

Dijon. 7.7.7.7.

GERMAN EVENING HYMN.



Hark, my soul, it is the Lord: 'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word.

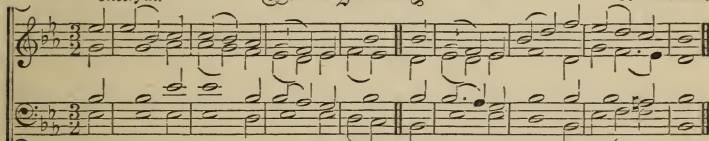


Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee,— Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou Me?

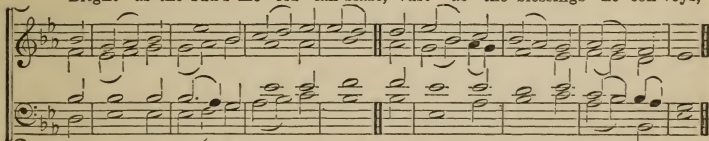
92. *Cheerful.*

Montgomery. L.M.

J. STANLEY.



Bright as the sun's me-rid-ian blaze, Vast as the blessings he con-veys,

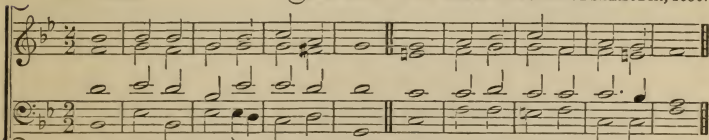


Wide as his reign from pole to pole, And per-ma-nent as his con-trol.

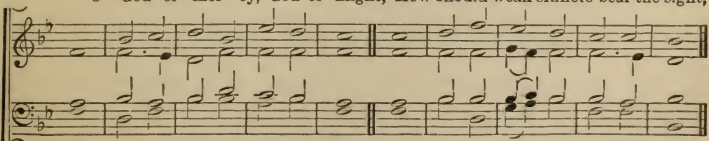
93. *Grave.*

Altona. L.M.

ISRAEL CLAUDER'S PSALMODIA, 1630.



O God of mer-cy, God of might, How should weak sinners bear the sight,

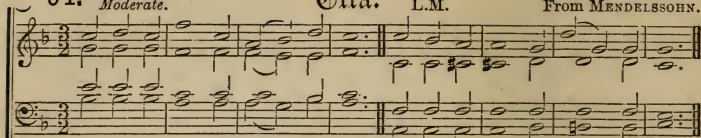


If, as Thy power is sure-ly here, Thine o-pen glo-ry should ap-pear?

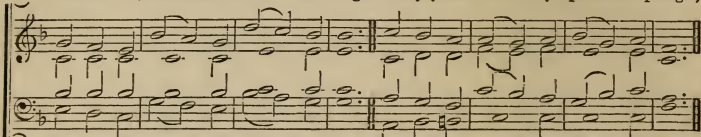
94. *Moderate.*

Ellis. L.M.

From MENDELSSOHN.



Great God, at-tend while Zi - on sings The joy that from Thy presence springs;

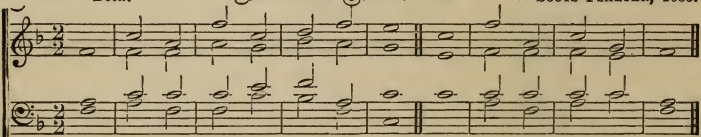


To spend one day with Thee on earth Exceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

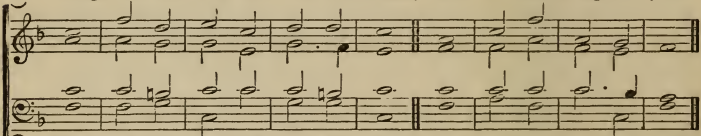
95. *Bold.*

London New. C.M.

SCOTS PSALTER, 1635.



Sing to the Lord Je - ho - vah's name, And in His strength re-joice;

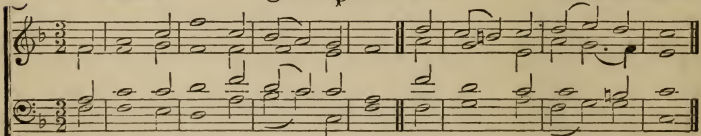


When His sal - va - tion is our theme, Ex - alt - ed be our voice.

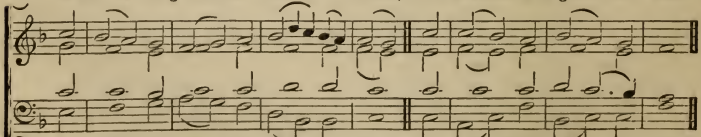
96. *Moderate.*

Liverpool. C.M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.



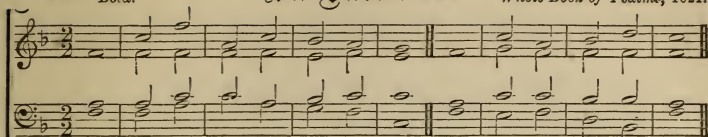
When ri - sing from the bed of death, O'er-whelmed with guilt and fear



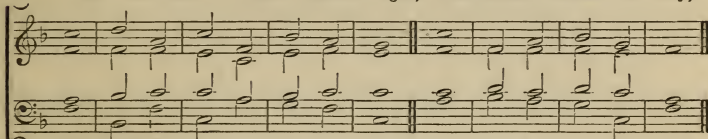
I see my Ma - ker, face to face, O! how shall I ap - pear!

97. *Bold.*

St. David. C.M.

RAVENSCHROFT'S
Whole Book of Psalms, 1621.

Ho - san - nah to the Prince of light, That clothed Him-self in clay,

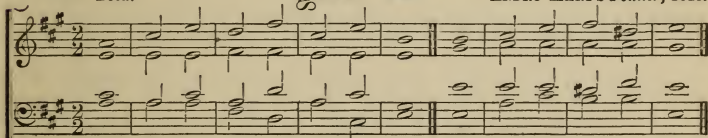


En - tered the i - ron gates of death, And tore the bars a - way.

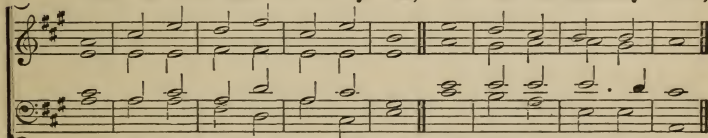
98. *Bold.*

York. C.M.

ANDRO HART'S Psalter, 1615.



The Sa - viour calls: let eve - ry ear, At - tend the heaven-ly sound,

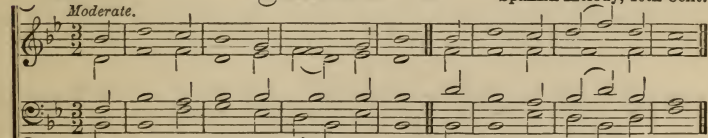


Ye doubt-ing souls, dis - miss your fear; Hope smiles re - vi - ving round.

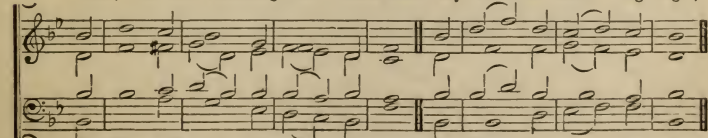
99.

Ballermix. C.M.

Spanish Melody, 10th Cent.

Moderate.

Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;

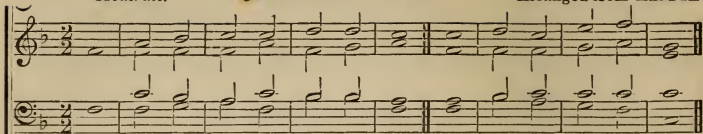


To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.

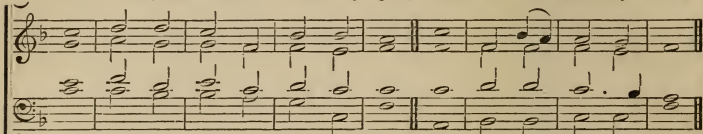
100. *Moderate.*

Solomon. C.M.

Arranged from HANDEL.



Je - sus, the word of mer - cy give, And let it swift - ly run;



Now let Thy min - is - ters be - lieve, And put sal - va - tion on.

101.

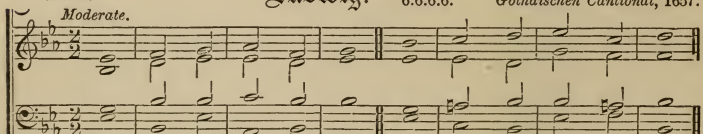
Ludwig.

6.6.6.6.

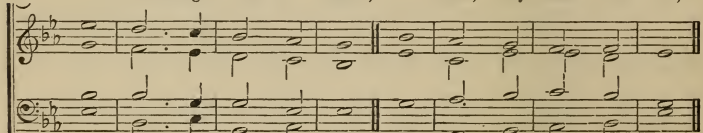
SIGILLUS.

Gothaischen Cantional, 1657.

Moderate.



I hun - ger and I thirst; Je - sus, my man - na be;



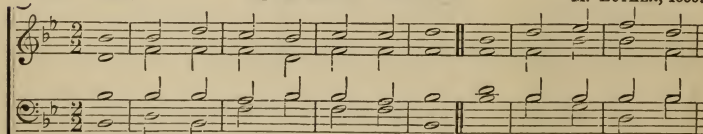
Ye li - ving wa - ters, burst Out of the Rock for me.

102. *Grave.*

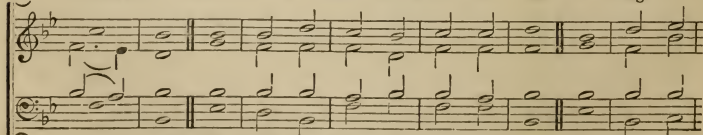
Eisleben.

87.87.887.

M. LUTHER, 1535.



Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre -



- a - ted: Be - hold the Judge of man ap - pear, On clouds of

EISLEBEN—continued.

glo - ry seat - ed! The trum - pet sounds, the graves re - store The
dead which they con - tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him.

103. *Bold and Joyful.* **Hanover.** 10.10.11.11. DR. CROFT, 1699.

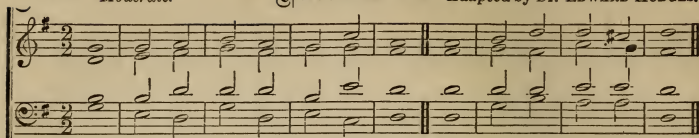
O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In our great Cre-a-tor let Is-rael re-joice, And children of Zi-on be glad in their King.

104. *Bold and Joyful.* **Prague.** S.M. L. WEST, 1795.

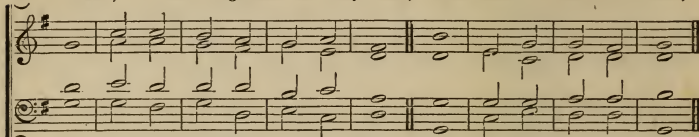
A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
Wake eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue, To praise the Sa - viour's name.

105. *Moderate.*

Farrant. C.M. **RICHARD FARRANT, 1585.**
Adapted by Dr. EDWARD HODGES.



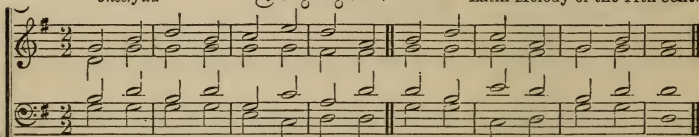
Lord, it be - longs not to my care, Whe - ther I die or live;



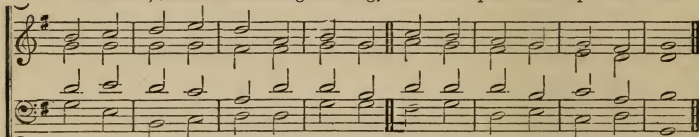
To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.

106. *Cheerful.*

Bethlehem. 8.7.8.7. Latin Melody of the 14th Cent.



Sa - viour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spi - rits seal.

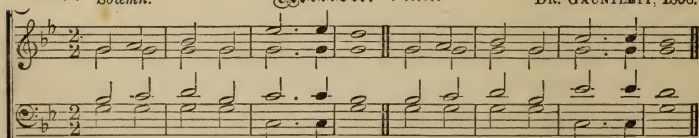


Sin and want we come con - fess - ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal

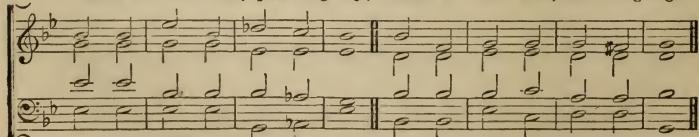
107. *Solemn.*

Melton. 7.7.7.7.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1858.



Time is ear - nest, pass - ing by; Death is ear - nest, draw - ing nigh:

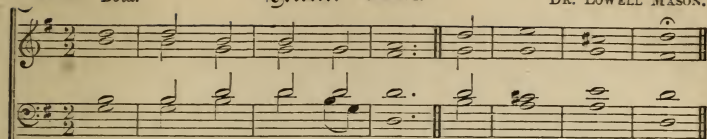


Sin - ner, wilt thou tri - fling be? Time and death ap - peal to thee.

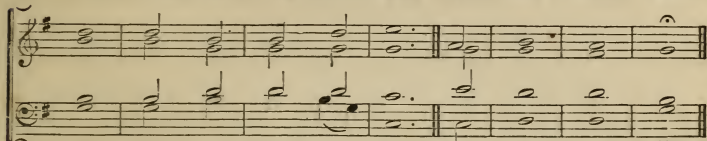
108. *Bold.*

Hain. 6. 4. 6. 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



To - day, the Sa - viour calls Ye, wand - erers, home;

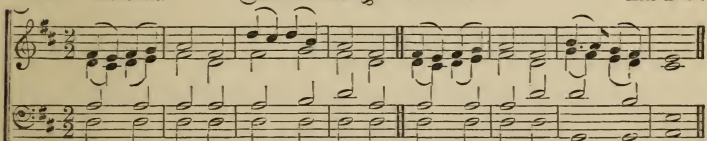


O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?

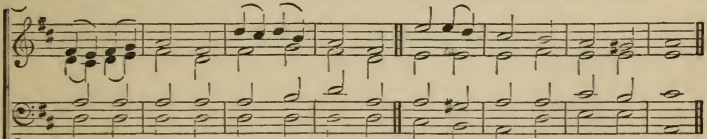
109. *Moderate.*

Normandy. 8.7.8.7 8.7.8.7.

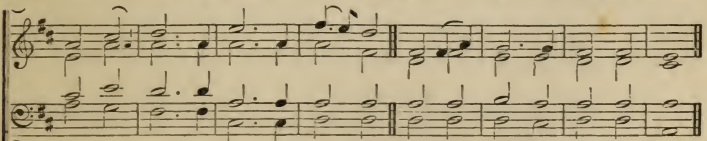
AMI BOST.



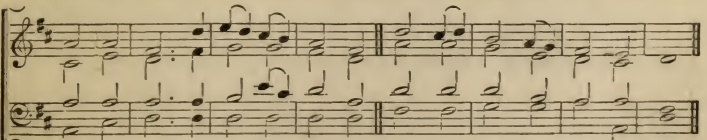
Love di - vine, all love ex - cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;

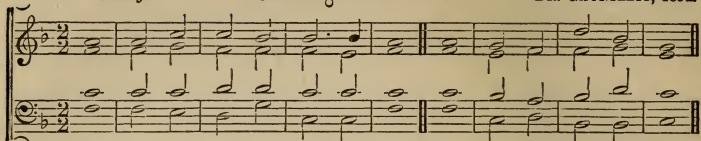


Vi - sit us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter eve - ry long-ing heart.

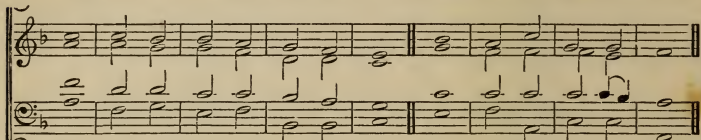
110. *Slowly.*

Southwold. C.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins ;

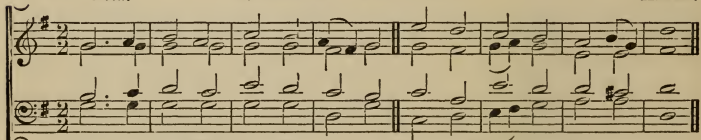


And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains.

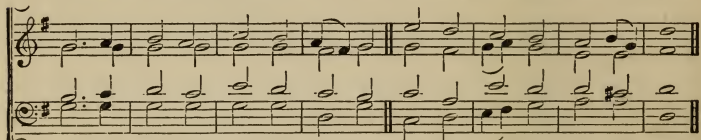
111. *Bold.*

Vienna. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

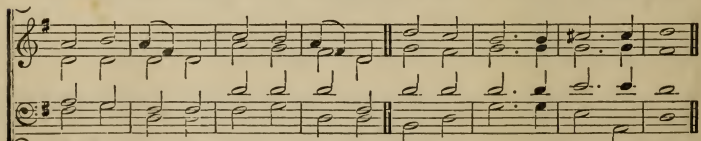
HAYDN.



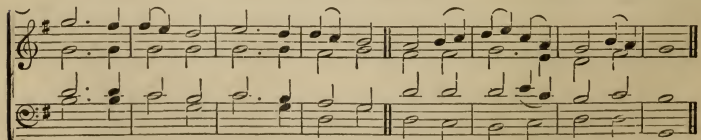
Praise to Thee, Thou great Cre - a - tor, Praise be Thine from eve - ry tongue ;



Join, my soul, with eve - ry crea - ture, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.



Fa - ther, source of all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed grace is Thine :

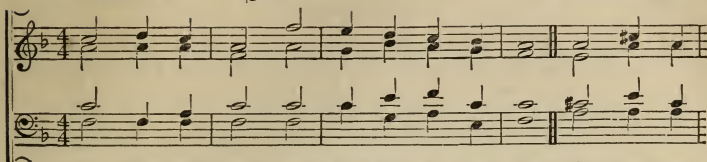


Hail ! the God of our sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His love di - vine.

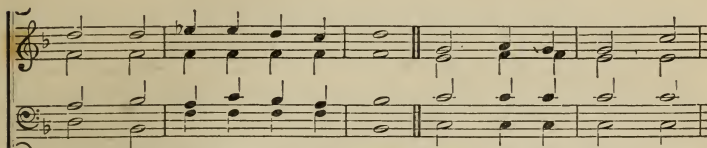
112. *Moderate.*

Nelso. 10.10.10.10.

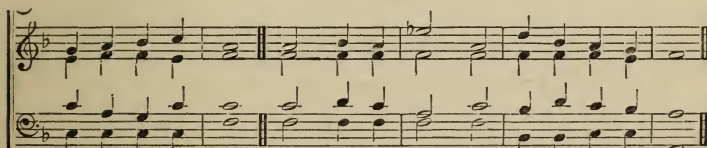
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1853.



A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide: The dark-ness



thick - ens: Lord, with me a - bide: When o - ther help - ers



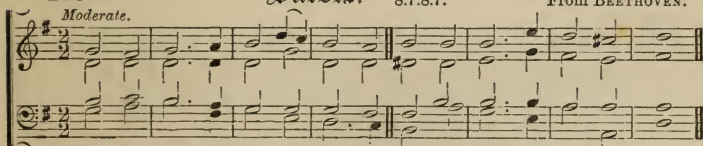
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.

113.

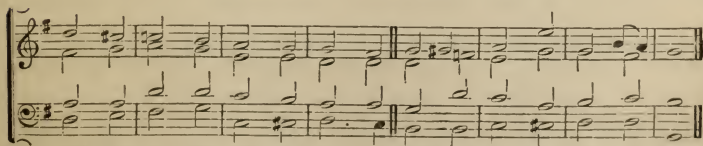
Sardis. 8.7.8.7.

From BEETHOVEN.

Moderate.



Hear my prayer, O heavenly Fa - ther, Ere I lay me down to sleep:



Bid Thy an - gels, pure and ho - ly, Round my bed their vi - gil keep.

114.

Witton, or Rogation. 7.7.7.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1861.

[FIRST TUNE.]

Sustained. *slow.*

dim. *pp*

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day, Ere it wholly pass away, On our knees we fall and pray. Holy Jesu,

faster.

MAJOR.

grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching fears Ere that awful doom appears. Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,

Kneeling low-ly at Thy door; Ere it close for ev-er-more; Ere it close for ev-er-more. A - men.

[SECOND TUNE.]

W. H. MONK,
inserted by permission.

Amen.

115. *Moderate.*

Culross. C.M.

SCOTS PSALTER, 1635.

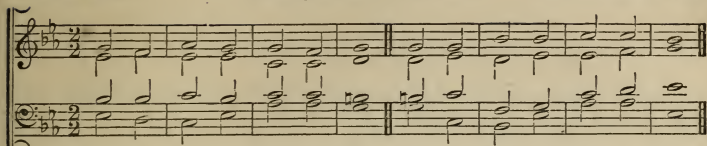
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-given,

So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heaven.

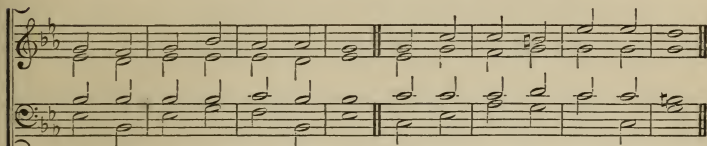
116. *Slow.*

Cuthbert. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

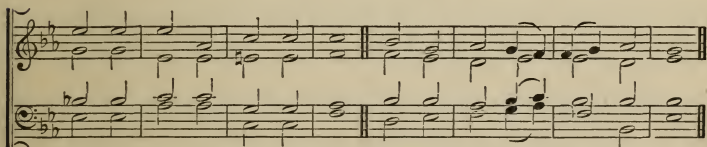
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

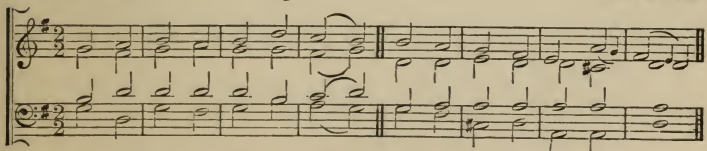


Be of sin the dou - ble cure,—Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

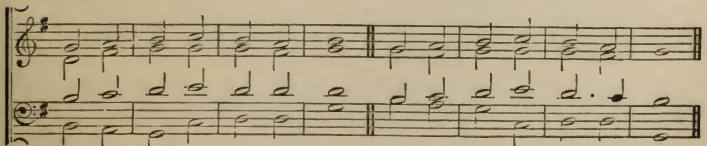
117. *Cheerful.*

Milan. 7.7.7.7.

STABAT MATER.



Day by day the man - na fell; Oh! to learn the les - son well:

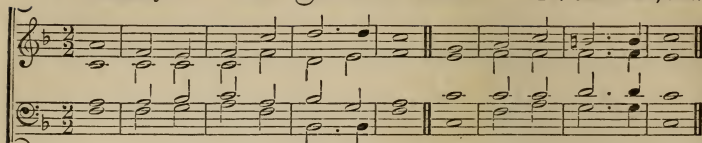


Still by con - stant mer - cy fed, Give me, Lord, my dai - ly bread.

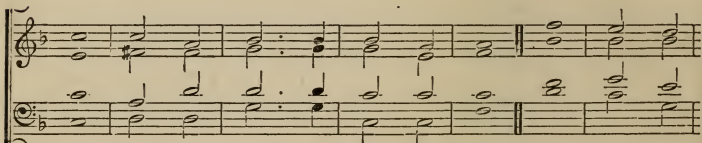
118. *Earnestly.*

St. Bernard. 8.6.8.8.6.

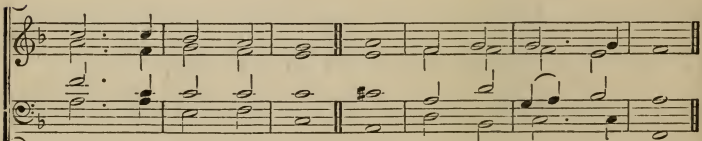
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1855.



E - ter - nal Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be,



When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight, It shrinks not,

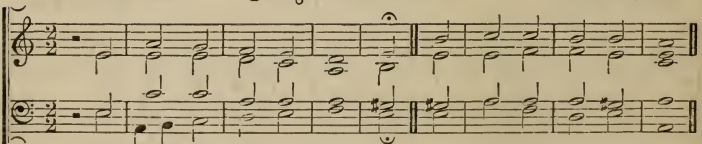


but, with calm de - light Can live, and look on Thee!

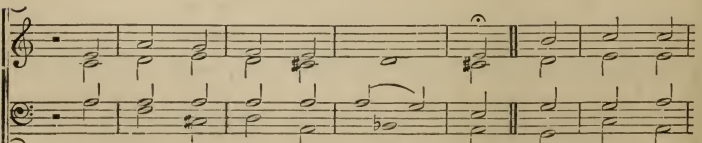
119. *Sustained.*

Lutzen. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

HANS LEO HASLER'S
Lustgarten, 1601.

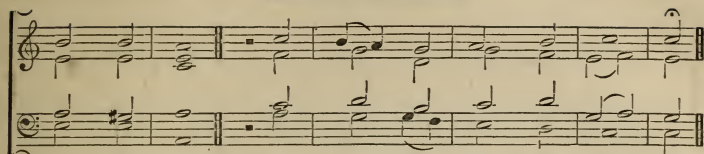


O sa - cred Head, once wound - ed, With grief and pain weighed down,

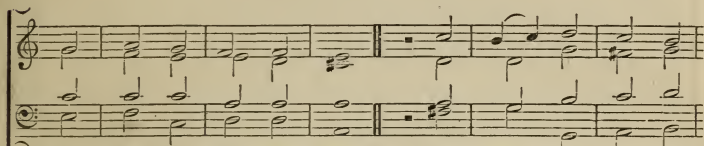


How scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine

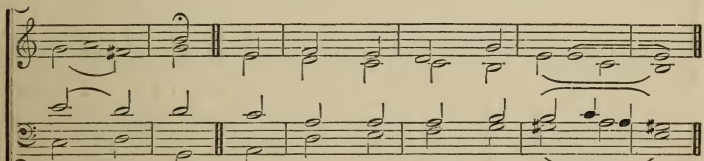
LUTZEN—continued.



on - ly crown! How pale art Thou with an - guish,



With sore a - buse and scorn! How does that vi - sage

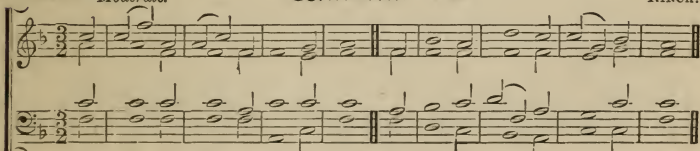


lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn! . . .

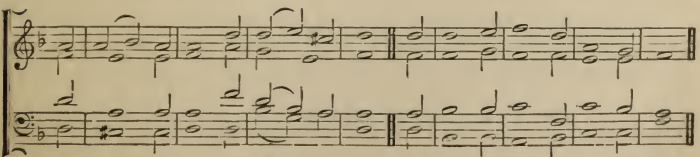
120. *Moderate.*

Waldeck. L.M.

RINCK.



We bless the Lord, the just, the good, Who fills our hearts with joy and food;

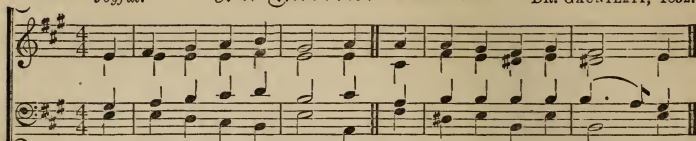


Who pours His blessings from the skies, And loads our days with rich supplies.

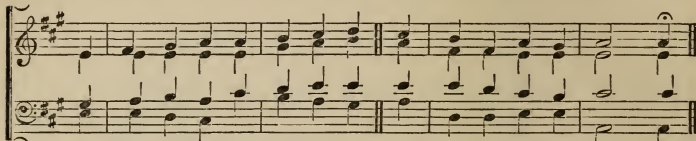
121. *Joyful.*

St. Andrew. 7.7.8.7.7.8.7.

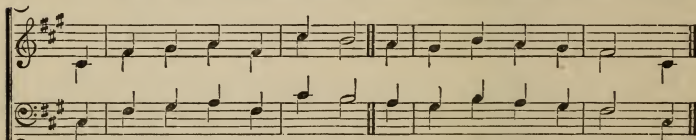
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



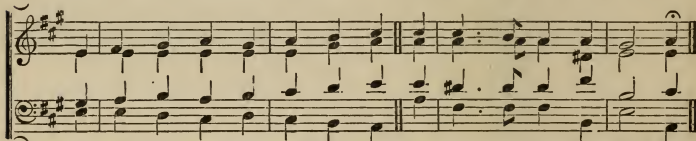
Head of the Church tri-um-phant! We joy-ful-ly a-dore Thee.



Till Thou ap-pear, Thy mem-bers here Shall sing like those be-fore Thee.



We lift our hands and voi-ces In blest an-ti-ci-pa-tion,

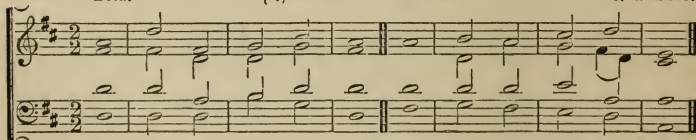


And cry a-loud, and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.

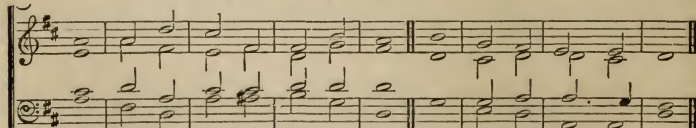
122. *Bold.*

Doncaster. S.M.

S. WESLEY.



Be-hold, the grace ap-pears; The pro-mise is ful-filled:

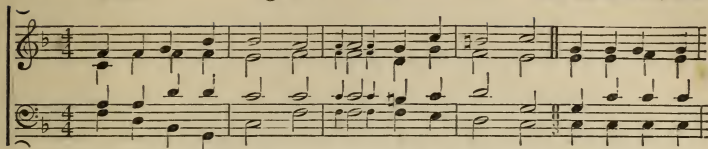


Ma-ry, the won-drous vir-gin, bears; And Je-sus is the child.

123. *Slowly.*

Heber. 11.12.12.10.

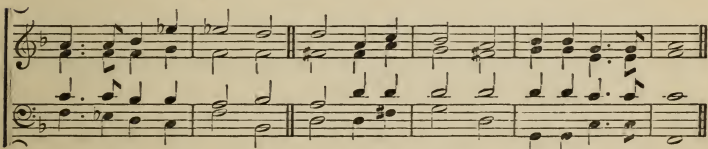
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1858.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - migh - ty! Grate - ful - ly a -



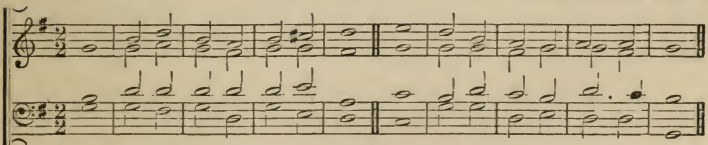
dor - ing, our songs shall rise to Thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



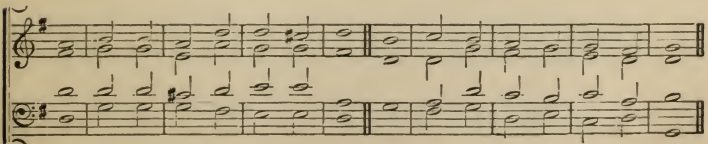
Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty, God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Tri - ni - ty!

124. *Joyful.*

Constance. L.M. GÖTHAISCHEN CANTIONAL, 1651.

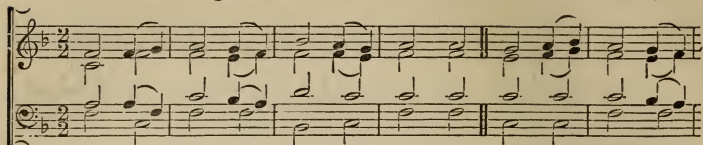


O Spi - rit of the liv - ing God, In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace,

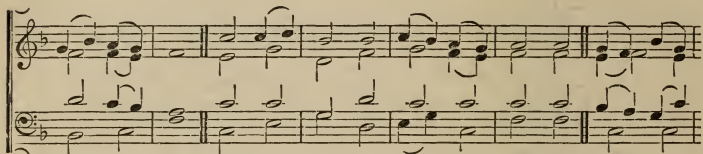


Wher - e'er the foot of man hath trod, Des - cend on our a - pos - tate race.

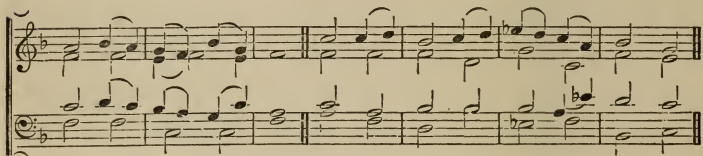
125. *Moderate.* *Alla Trinita.* 8.7.8.7 8.7.8.7. LAUDI SPIRITUALI, 1545.



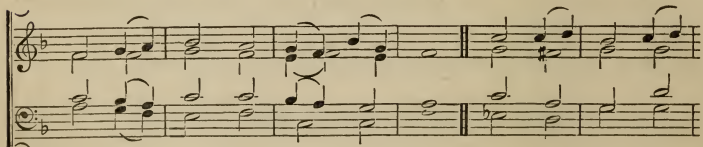
May the grace of Christ our Sa - viour, And the Fa - ther's



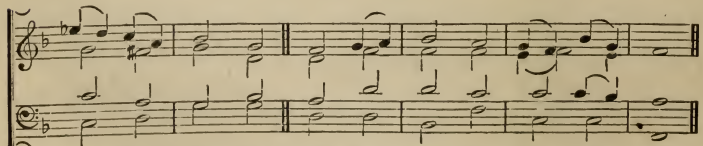
bound - less love, With the Ho - ly Spi - rit's fa - vour, Rest up -



on us from a - bove! Thus may we a - bide in u - nion



With each o - ther and the Lord; And pos - sess, in

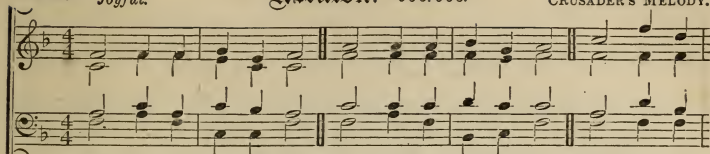


sweet com - mu - nion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford.

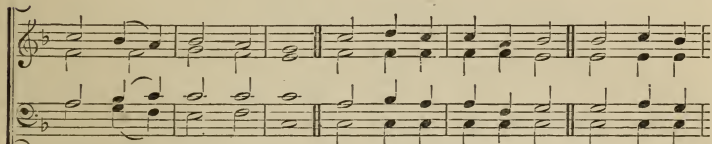
126. *Joyful.*

Ascalon. 668.668.

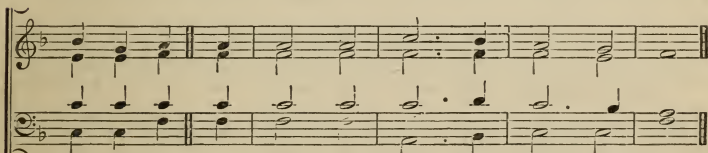
CRUSADER'S MELODY.



How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo - ple cry,— Come, let us



seek our God to - day! Yes, with a cheer-ful zeal We haste to

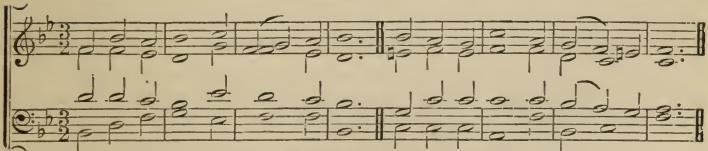


Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and ho - nours pay.

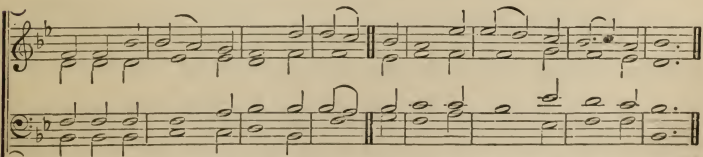
127. *Moderate.*

Fulda. L.M.

BEETHOVEN.



Just are Thy ways, and true Thy word, Great Rock of my se - cure a - bode:

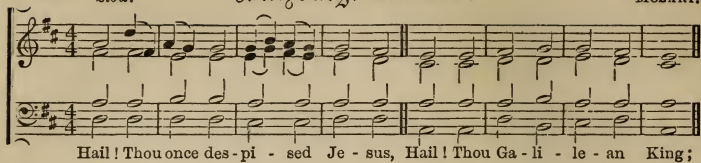


Who is a God be-side the Lord? Or where's a re - fuge like our God?

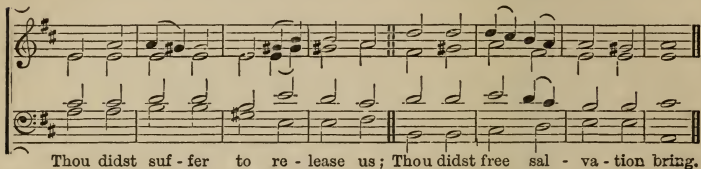
128. *Slow.*

Salzburg. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

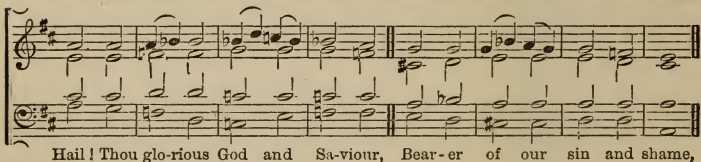
MOZART.



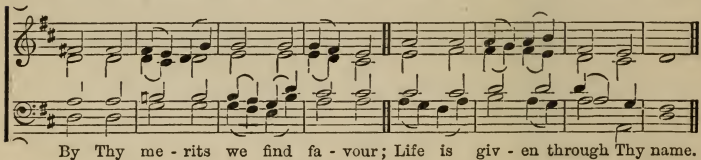
Hail! Thou once des-pi - sed Je - sus, Hail! Thou Ga - li - le - an King;



Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.



Hail! Thou glo - rious God and Sa - viour, Bear - er of our sin and shame,

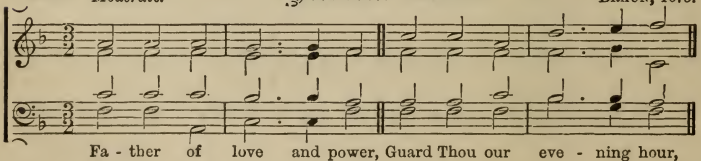


By Thy me - rits we find fa - vour; Life is giv - en through Thy name.

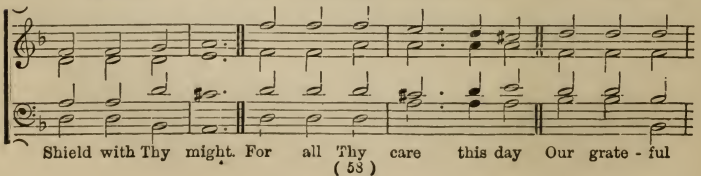
129. *Moderate.*

Hermon. 664.6664.

BRAUN, 1675.

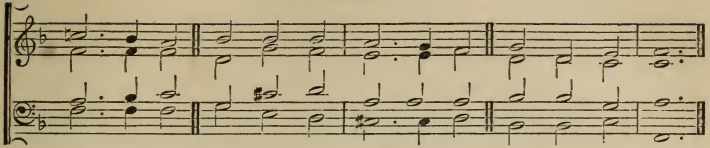


Fa - ther of love and power, Guard Thou our eve - ning hour,



Shield with Thy might. For all Thy care this day Our grate - ful

HERMON—*continued.*

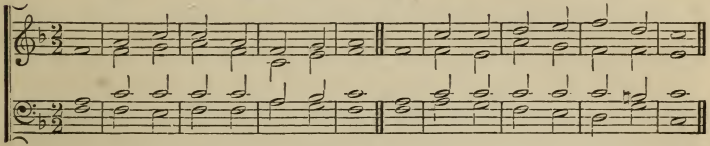


thanks we pay, And to our Fa - ther pray,—Bless us to - night.

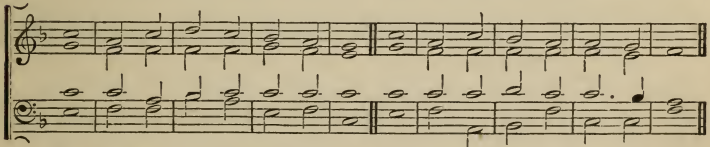
130. *Bold.*

Mecklenburg. L.M.

J. S. BACH, 1736.



Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;

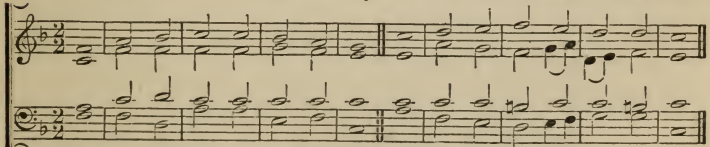


His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

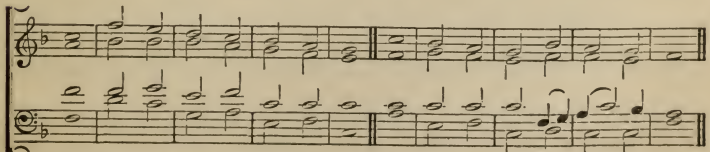
131. ✓ *Bold.*

Eisenach. L.M.

JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN, 1628.



Je - sus, Thy robe of right-cous-ness My beau - ty is, my glo-rious dress;

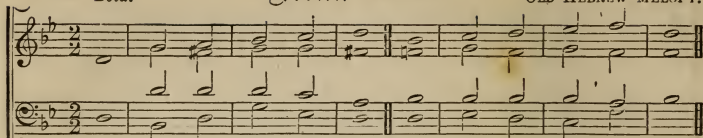


'Midst flam-ing worlds, in this ar-rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

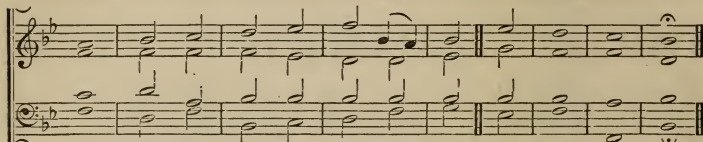
132. *Bold.*

Leoni. 6684.6684.

OLD HEBREW MELODY.



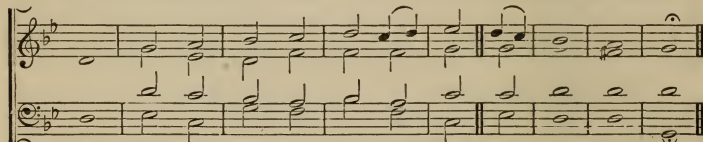
The God of Abra-ham praise, Who reigns en-throned a - bove;



An - cient of e - ver - last - ing days, And God of love.



Je - ho - vah, great I AM, By earth and heaven con - fessed:

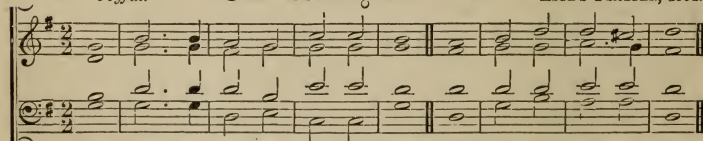


We bow, and own the sa - cred name, For e - ver blest.

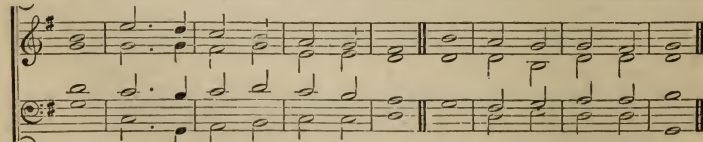
133. *Joyful.*

Old Winchester. C.M.

ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.



Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb A - midst His Fa - ther's throne;

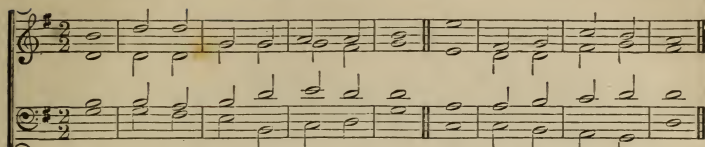


Pre - pare new ho - nours for His name, And songs, be - fore un - known.

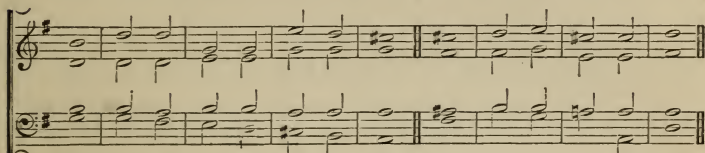
134. *Moderate.*

Sherwood. 86.86.86.

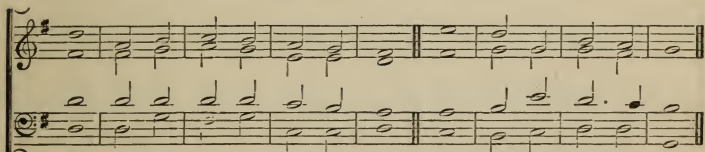
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1838.



Be - yond, be - yond that bound-less sea, A - bove that dome of sky,



Far - ther than thought it - self can flee, Thy dwell - ing is on high;

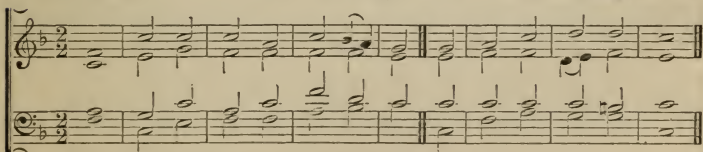


Yet dear the aw - ful thought to me, That Thou, my, God, art nigh.

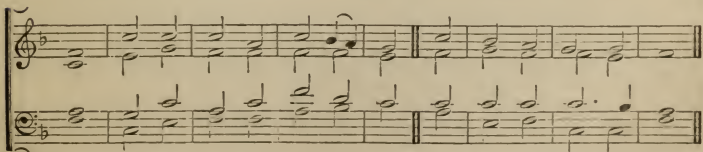
135. *Bold.*

St. George. C.M.

NICOLAUS HERMANN, 1500.



How con - des - cend - ing and how kind Was God's e - ter - nal Son!

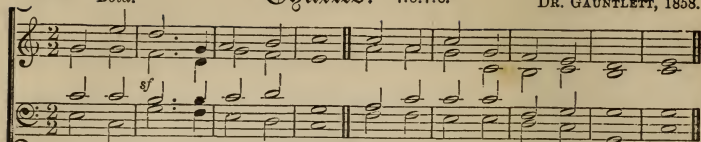


Our mis - ery reached His heavenly mind, And pi - ty brought him down.

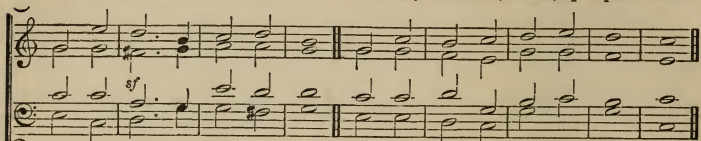
136. *Bold.*

Charted. 7.8.7.8.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1858.



Je - sus lives, no lon - ger now Can thy ter - rors, Death, ap - pal us:

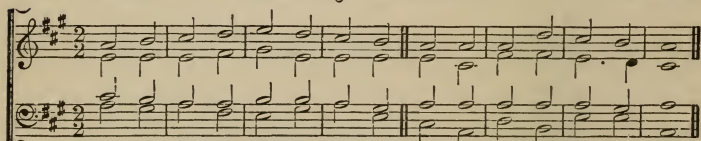


Je - sus lives, and this we know, Thou, O Grave, canst not en - thral us.

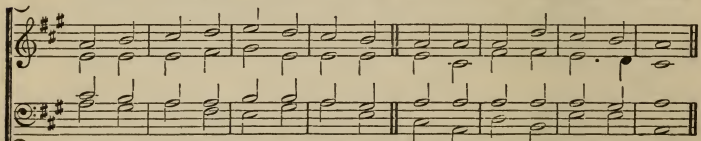
137. *Cheerful.*

Corinth. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7

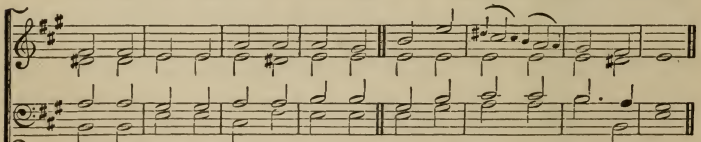
S. WEBBE.



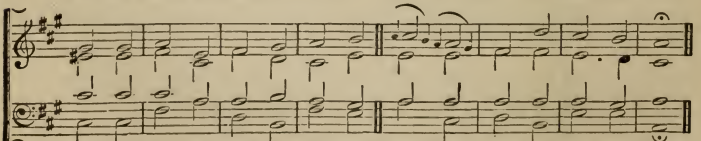
Light of those, whose drea-ry dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death,



Come, and all Thy love re - veal-ing, Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath.



The new heaven and earth's Cre-a - tor, On our deep - est dark-ness rise;

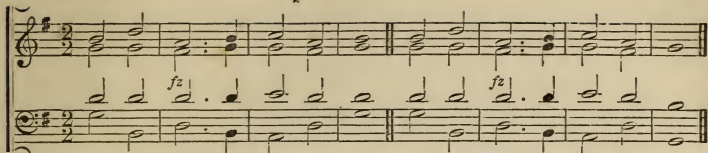


Scat-tering all the night of na - ture, Pour - ing day up - on our eyes.

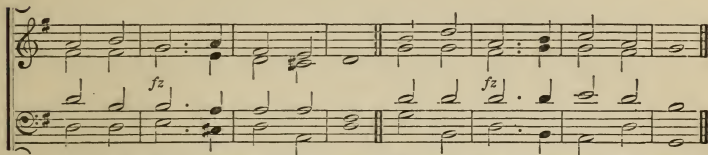
138. *Moderate.*

Pleyel. 7.7.7.7.

PLEYEL.



Lord, we come be - fore Thee now: At Thy feet we hum-bly bow:

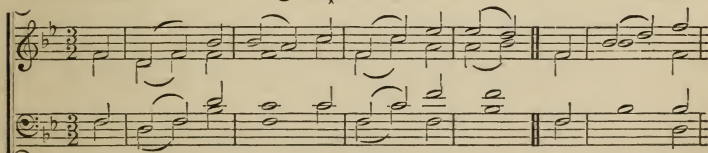


Oh do not our suit dis - dain: Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

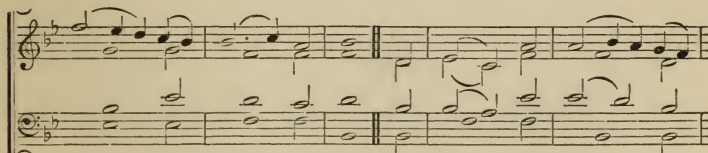
139. *Bold.*

Neapolis. L.M.

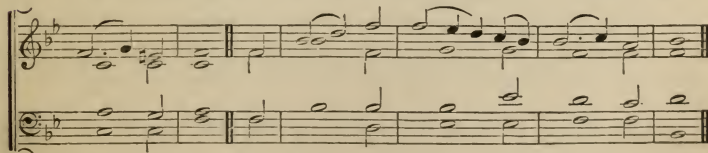
HAYDN.



Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly



la - bour to pur - sue; Thee, on - ly Thee, re -

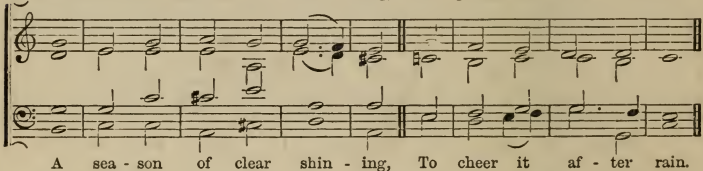
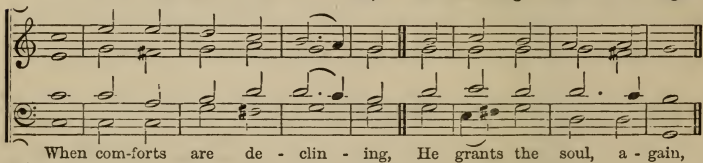
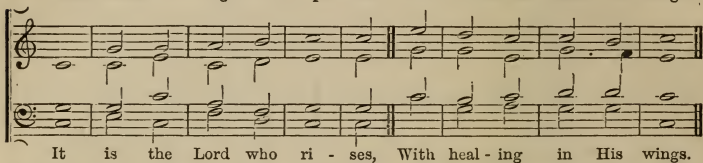
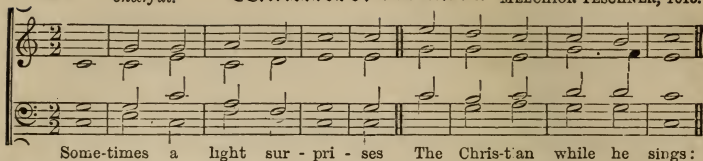


solved to know, In all I think, or speak, or do.

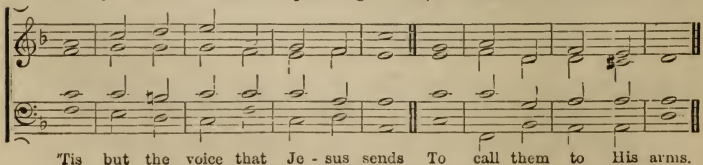
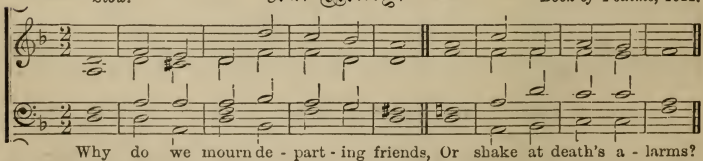
140.

*Cheerful.***Waterford.**

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.



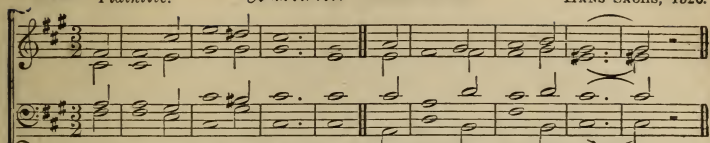
141.

*Slow.***St. Mary. C.M.**ARCH. PRY'S
Book of Psalms, 1621.

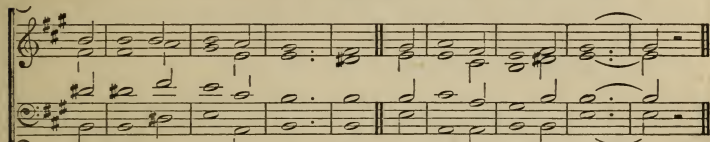
142. *Plaintive.*

Silesia. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

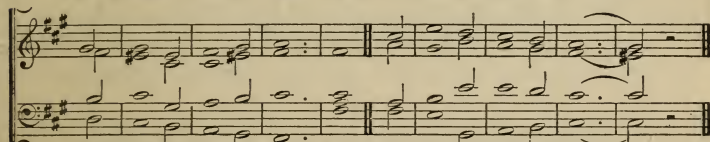
HANS SACHS, 1526.



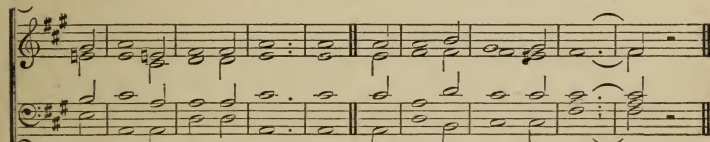
In time of tri - bu - la - tion, Hear, Lord, my fee - ble cries: .



With hum - ble sup - pli - ca - tion, To Thee my spi - rit flies. . .



My heart with grief is break - ing; Scarce can my voice complain; . .

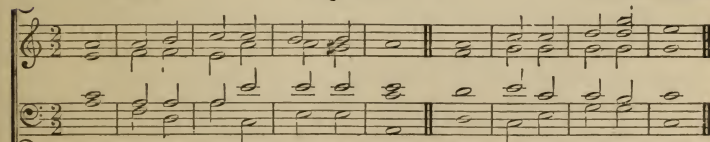


Mine eyes, with tears kept wa - king, Still watch and weep in vain. . .

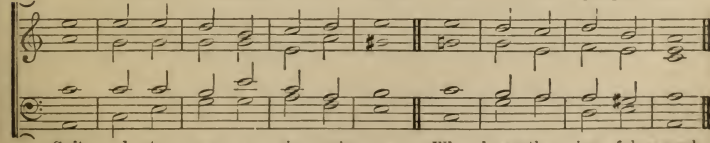
143. *Cheerful.*

Chester. C.M.

DOWLAND, 1592.



O what a - ma - zing words of grace Are in the gos - pel found!



Suit - ed to eve - ry sin - ner's case Who hears the joy - ful sound.

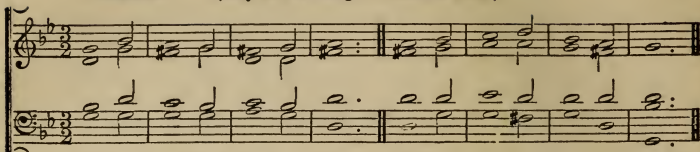
144.

Gethsemane. 7.7.7 7.7.7.

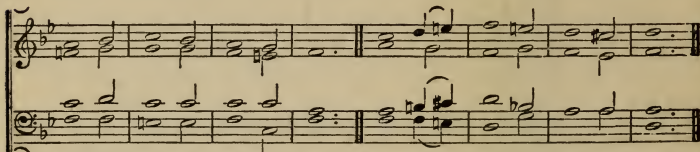
OLD LATIN MELODY.

Plaintive.

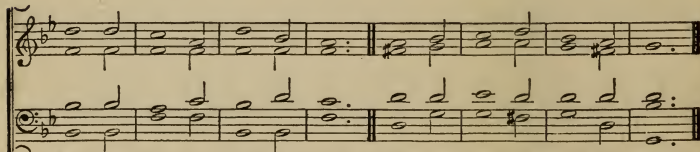
(May also be sung in Common time.)



Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power;



Your Re - deemer's con - flict see: Watch with Him one bit - ter hour:



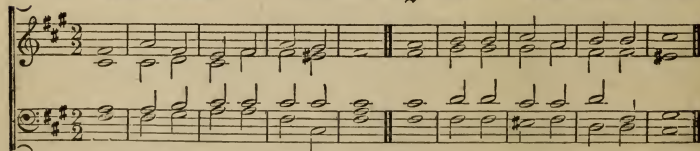
Turn not from His grief's a - way: Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

145.

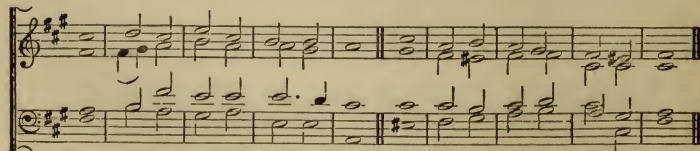
Bold and fervent.

Wartburg. L.M.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1543.



O Thou, to whom in an - cient time The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;

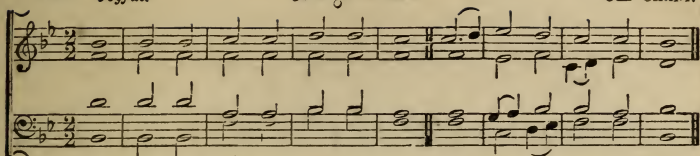


Whom kings a - dored in song sub - lime, And prophets prais'd with glowing tongue.

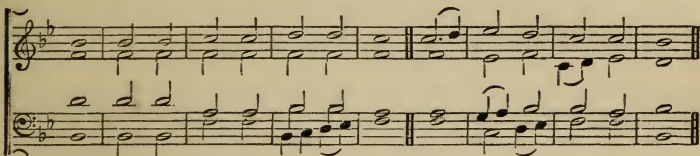
146. *Joyful.*

Solo. C.M.

OLD CHANT.



In God's own house pro-nounce His praise, His grace He there re - veals ;

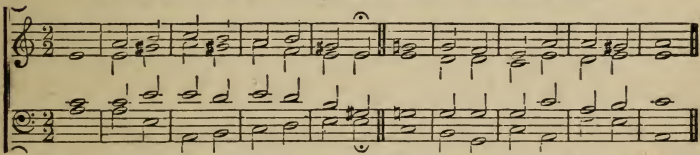


To heaven your joy and won - der raise, For there His glo - ry dwells.

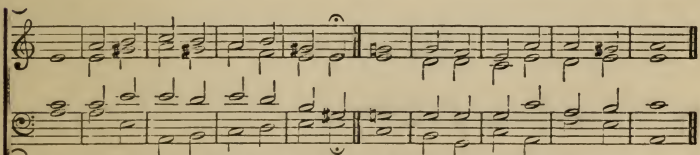
147. *Slowly.*

Moravia. 9.8.9 8.8.8.-(CHORAL.) CH. NEUMARK, 1657.

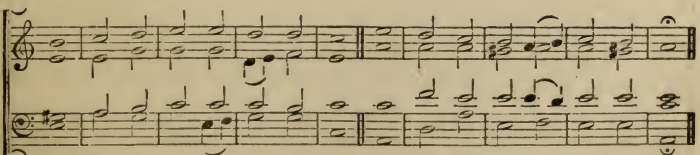
Or L.M. six lines, by omitting the last note in the 1st and 3rd lines.



To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spi - rit, Who break st in love this mor-tal chain ;

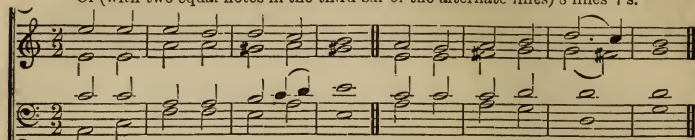


My life I but for Thee in - he - rit, And death be-comes my chief - est gain.

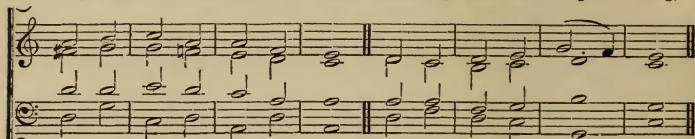


In Thee I live, in Thee I die, Con-tent, for Thou art e - ver nigh.

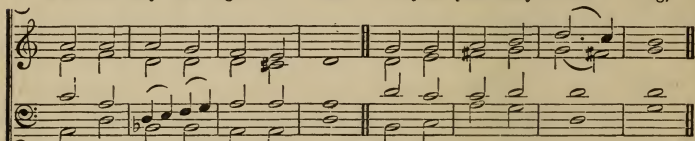
148. *Bold.* **Arno.** 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Peculiar accent.) **ANCIENT MELODY.**
 Or (with two equal notes in the third bar of the alternate lines) 8 lines 7s.



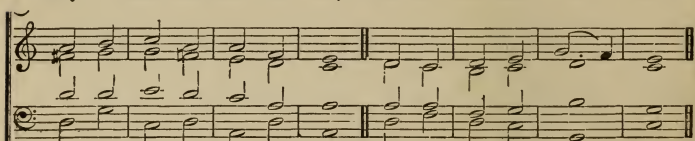
Dy - ing souls, fast bound in sin, Tremb-ling and re - pi - ning,



With no ray of light di - vine On your path - way shin - ing,

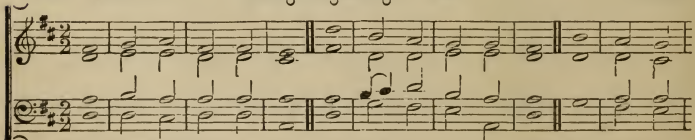


Why in dark-ness wan-der on, Filled with con-ster - na - tion?

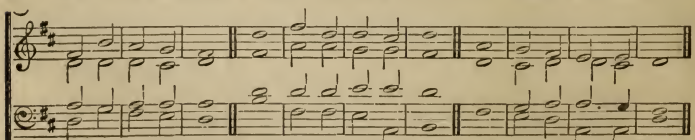


Je - sus lives,—in Him a - lone Can you find sal - va - tion.

149. *Moderate.* **Whitchurch.** S.M. **HANDEL.**



Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to

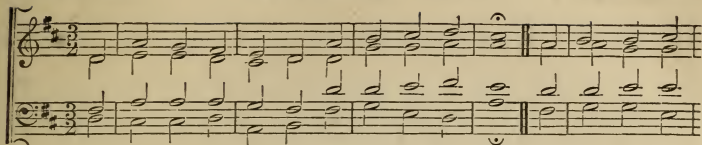


this re - viv-ing breast, And these re-joic - ing eyes, And these re-joic - ing eyes.

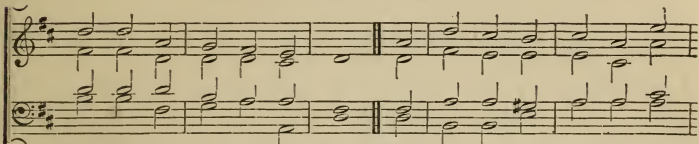
150. *Joyful.*

Oldenburg. 11.11.11.11.

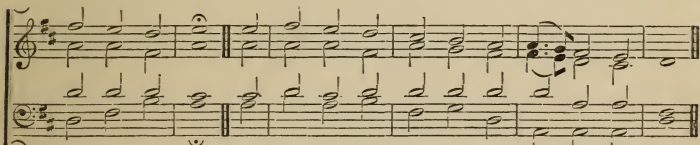
T. SELLE, 1655.



How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your



faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say, than to

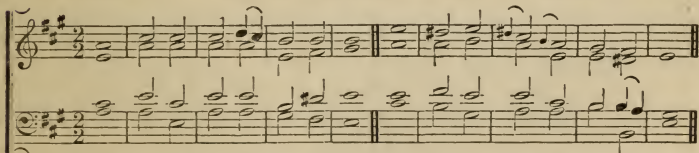


you He hath said, You, who un - to Je - sus for re - fuge have fled?

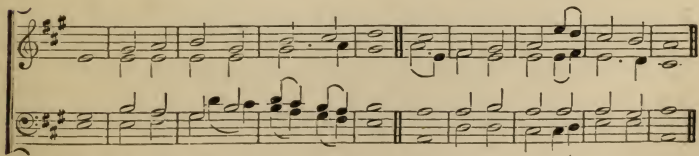
151. *Joyful.*

Morning Hymn. L.M.

F. H. BARTHELEMON.



A - wake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run:

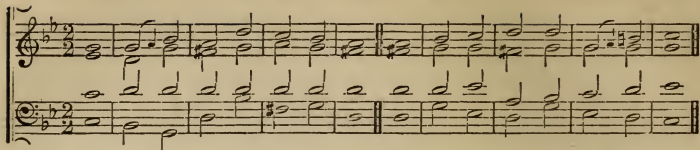


Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise, To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.

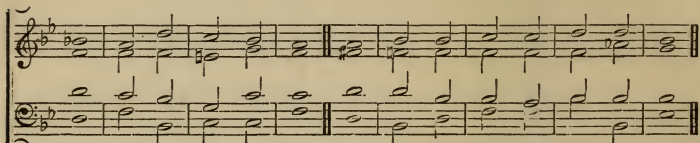
152. *Grave.*

Nuremberg. 886.886.

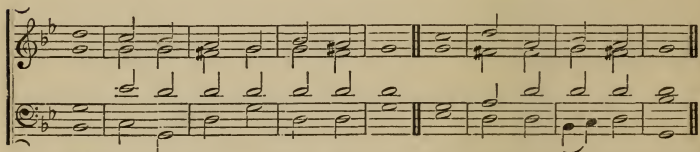
HANS SACH, 1559.



When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To fetch Thy ransomed peo - ple home,



Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worth-less worm as I,

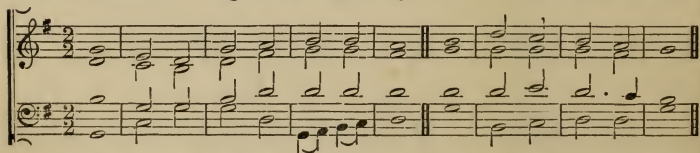


Who some-times am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?

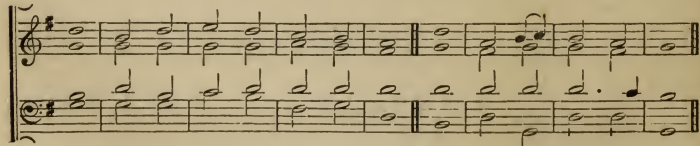
153. *Cheerful.*

Meaux Abbey. C.M.

JOHANN CRUGER, 1658.



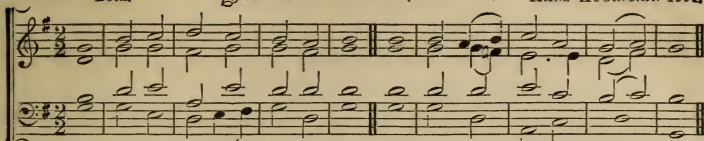
Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne;



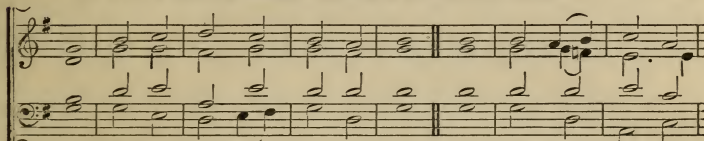
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

154. *Bold.*

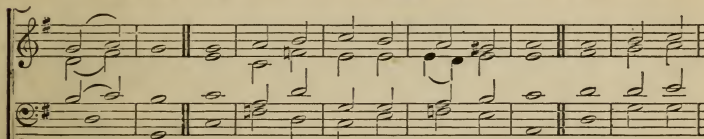
Galle. 87.87.887.-(CHORAL.) HANS KUGELMAN 1504.



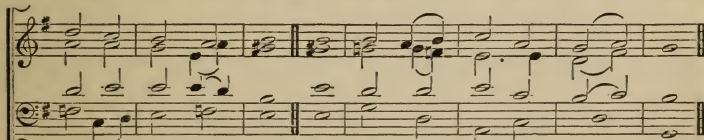
To God on high be thanks and praise, Who deigns our bonds to se - ver;



His cares our droop - ing souls up - raise, And harm shall reach us



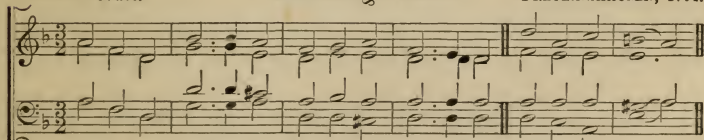
ne - ver: On Him we rest with faith as - sured, Of all that



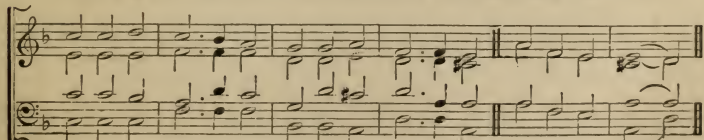
live, the migh - ty Lord, For e - ver and for e - ver!

155. *Grave.*

Conway. 664.664. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



Low-ly and so-lemn be Thy children's cry to Thee, Father ui - vine;

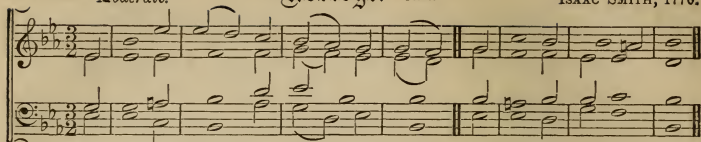


A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death, A - like are Thine.

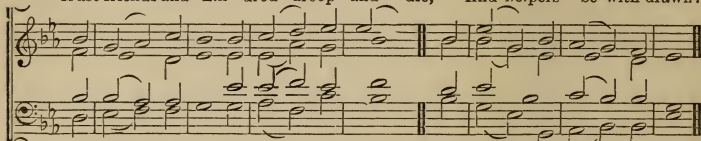
156. *Moderate.*

Abridge. C.M.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



Must friends and kin - dred droop and die, And helpers be with-drawn?

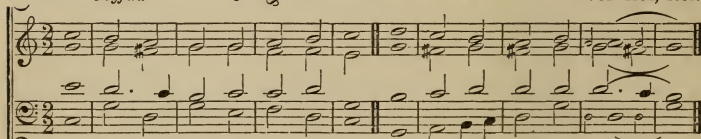


While sor - row, with a weep - ing eye, Counts up our com-forts gone?

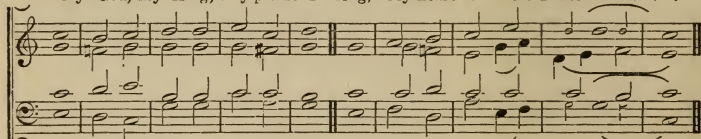
157. *Joyful.*

Styria. 446.446., or L.M.

VOPELIUS, 1682.



My God, my King, Thy praise I sing, My heart is all Thine own: . .

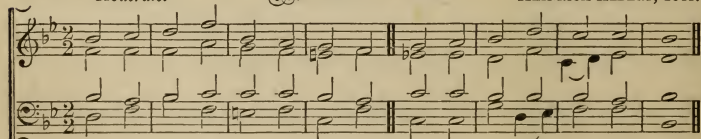


My highest powers, My choicest hours, I yield to Thee a - lone.

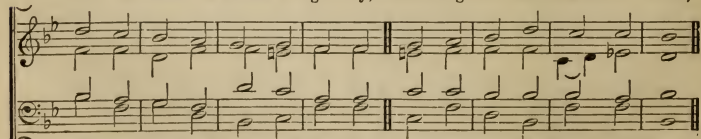
158. *Moderate.*

Minden. 8.7.8.7.

HEINRICH ALBERT, 1644.



In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time,

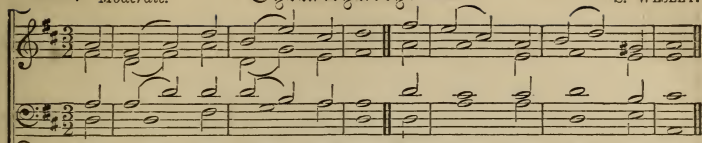


All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Ga - thers round its head sub - lime.

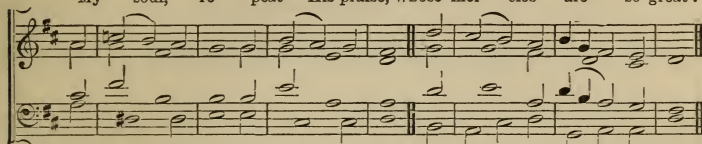
159. *Moderate.*

Christchurch. S.M.

S. WESLEY.



My soul, re - peat His praise, Whose mer - cies are so great :

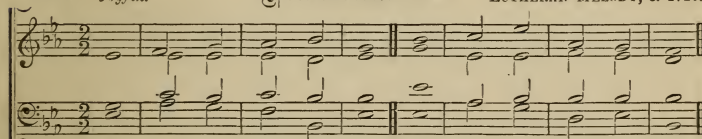


Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.

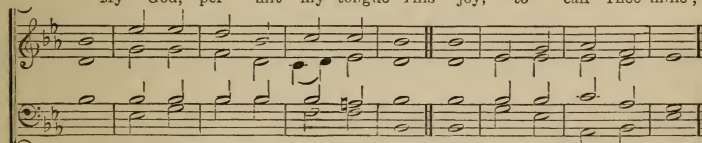
160. *Joyful.*

Franconia. S.M.

LUTHERAN MELODY, c. 1720.



My God, per - mit my tongue This joy, to call Thee mine ;

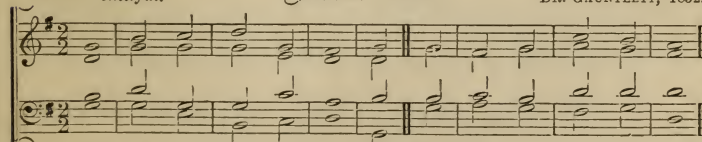


And let my ear - nest cries pre - vail, 'To taste Thy love di - vine.

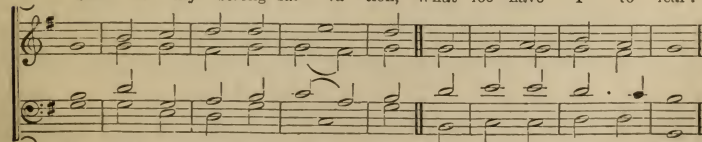
161. *Cheerful.*

Leben. 7.6.7.6.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



God is my strong sal - va - tion, What foe have I to fear?

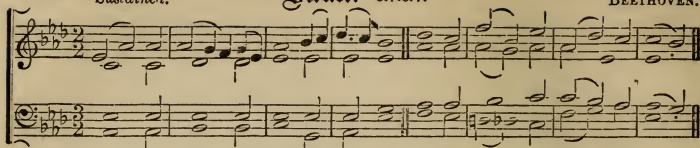


In dark - ness and temp - ta - tion, My light, my help is near.

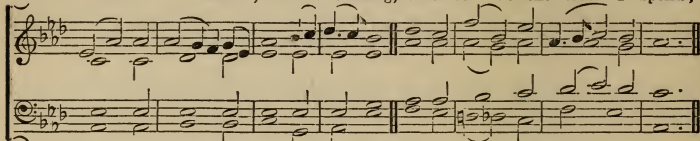
162. *Sustained.*

Haun. 8.7.8.7.

BEETHOVEN.



Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

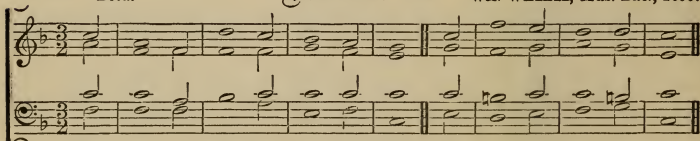


Life and health and peace pos - sessing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

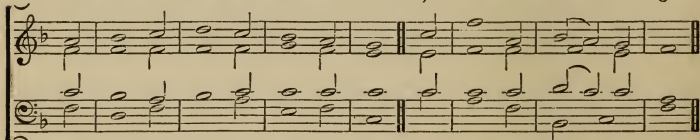
163. *Bold.*

Bedford. C.M.

WM. WHEALL, Mus. Bac., 1699.



There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high:

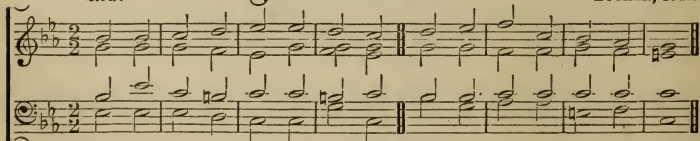


And here my spi - rit wait - ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

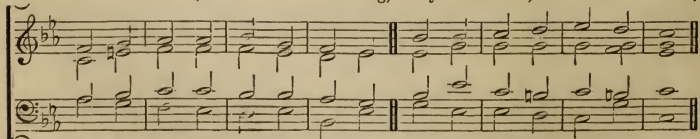
164 *Slow.*

Riston. 8.7.8 7.8.7.8.7.

LUTHER, 1525.

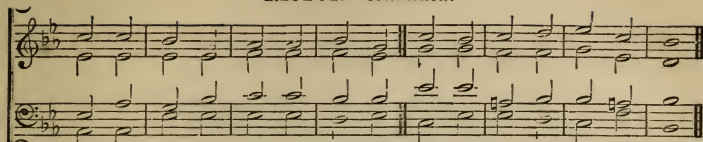


Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;

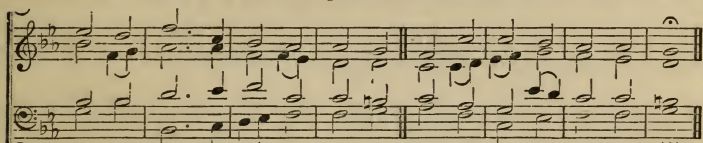


Fix in us Thy humble dwelling; All Thy faithful mercies crown.

RISTON—continued.



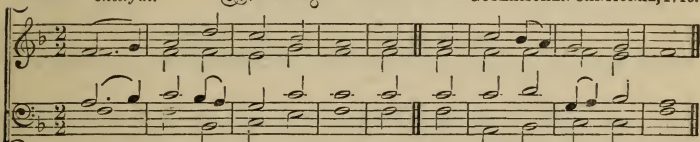
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art:



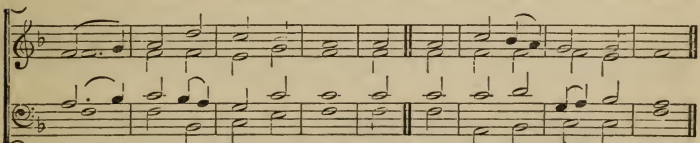
Vi - sit us with Thy sal - va - tion: En - ter eve - ry long - ing heart.

165. *Cheerful.*

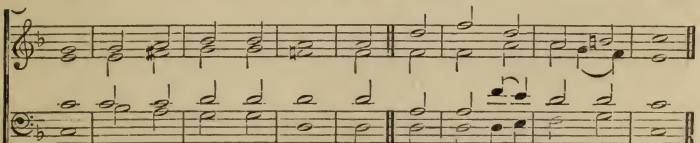
Munich. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. GOTHAI SCHEN CANTIONAL, 1715.



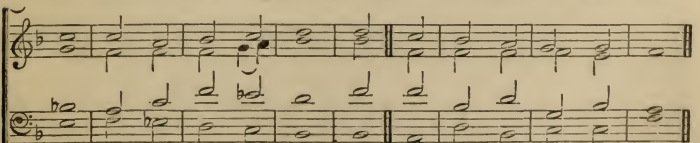
To thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep;



For ve - ry love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.



The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,



And me - di - cine in sick - ness, And love and life and est.

166. *Moderate.*

Bethany. C.M.

GREGORIAN MELODY.

O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - que - ror renowned ;

Thou sweetness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found.

167. *Moderate.*

St. Matthew. C.M.D.

DR. CROFT, 1703.

My soul, how love - ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts !

'Tis heaven to see His smil - ing face, Though in His earth - ly courts.

There the great Monarch of the skies His sav - ing power displays ;

And light break in up - on our eyes With kind and quick - ening rays.

168. *Slowly.*

Rabensworth. 7.7.7 5.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1853.

Come to our poor nature's night, With Thy blessed in-ward light,

Ho-ly Ghost, the In-fi-nite; Com-fort-er... Di-vine.

169. *Moderate.*

Nabarre. 9.8.9.8.9.8.9.8.

Goudimel, 1562.

Bread of the world, in mer-cy bro-ken, Wine of the soul, in mer-cy shed;

By whom the words of life were spo-ken, And in whose death oursins are dead;

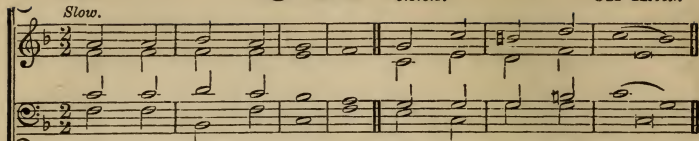
Look on the heart by sorrow bro-ken, Look on the tears by sin-ners shed,

And be Thy feast to us the to-ken That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

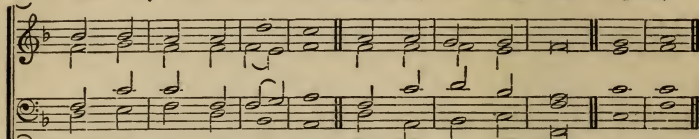
170.

Geneva. 6.5.6.5.

OLD LATIN.

Slow.

Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,



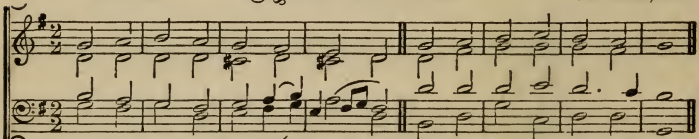
Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins. A - men.

171.

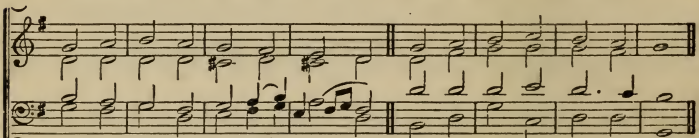
Moderate.

Lyons. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

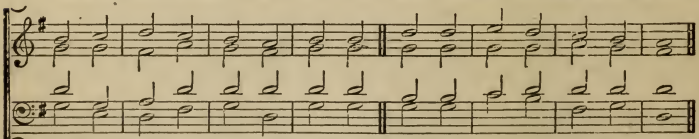
Goudimel, 1562.



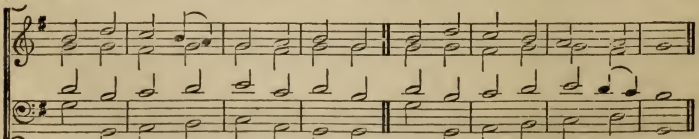
Come, Thou e - ver - last - ing Spi - rit, Bring to eve - ry thankful mind,



All the Saviour's dy - ing me - rit, All His suf - ferings for man - kind.



True Re - cor - der of His pas - sion, Now the liv - ing faith im - part:

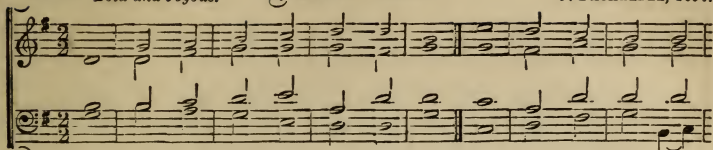


Now re - veal His great sal - va - tion; Preach His gos - pel to each heart.

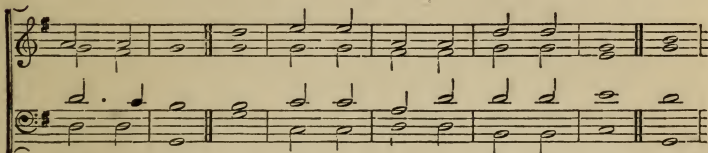
✓
172. *Bold and Joyous.*

Baden. 88.83.7.

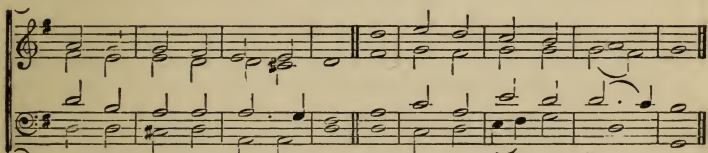
J. PACHELBEL, 1690.



Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to the In-



car - nate Word! To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sa - viour, King, Let

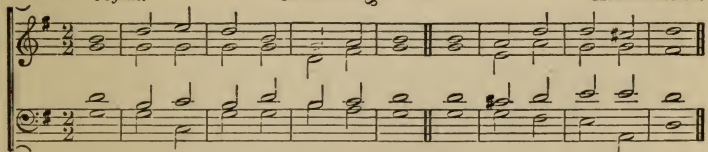


earth, let heaven, ho - san - na sing. Ho - san - na in the high - est.

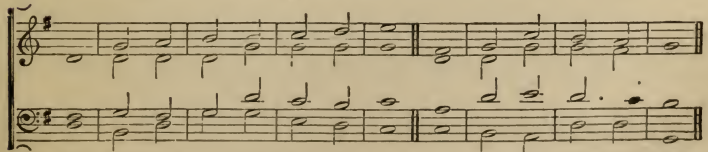
✓
173. *Joyful.*

Stukely. C.M.

MENDELSSOHN.



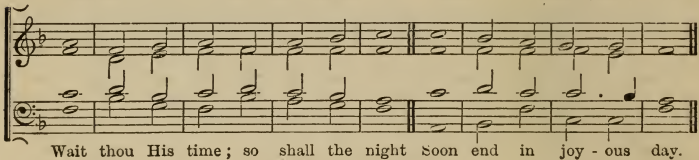
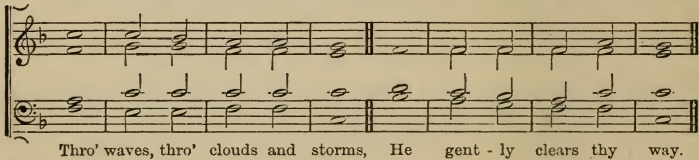
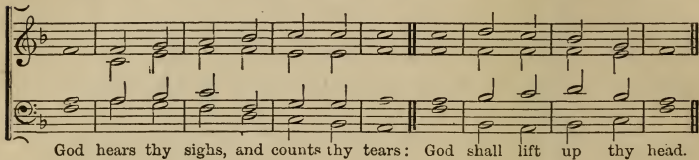
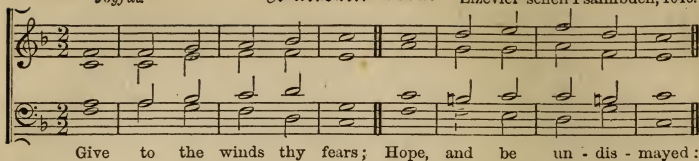
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home; Name e - ver dear to me:



When shall my la - bours have an end In joy and peace and Thee

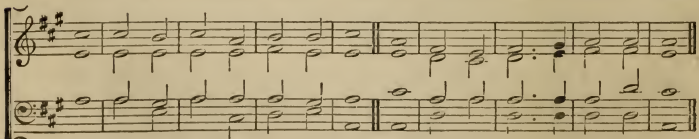
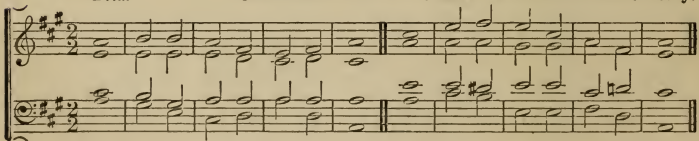
174. *Joyful.*

Suabia. S. M. D. GERMAN CHORAL,
Elzevier'schen Psalmbuch, 1646.

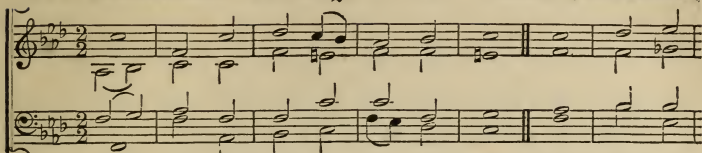


175. *Bold.*

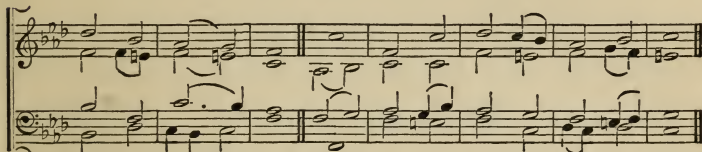
Soldau. L. M. GERMAN MELODY of the 13th Century.



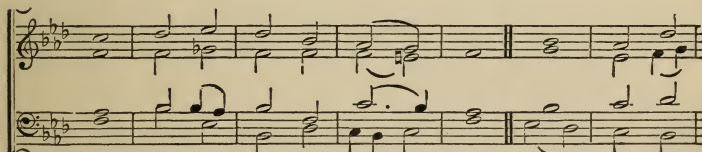
176. *Slow and sustained.* Coburg. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. LUTHER, 1524. (Harmon. by MENDELSSOHN.)



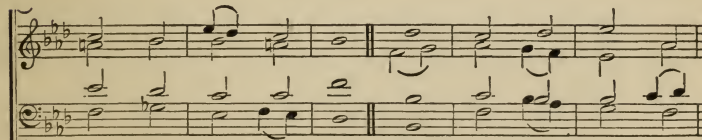
Out of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord God, O



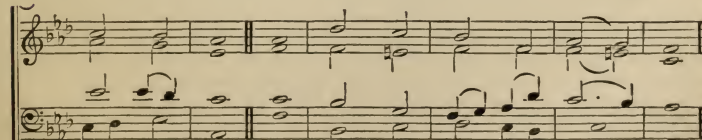
hear my wail - - ing! Thy gra - cious ear in - cline to me,



And make my prayer a - vail - - ing: On my mis -



deeds in mer - cy look, O deign to blot them

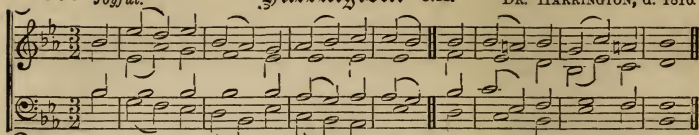


from Thy book, Or who can stand be - fore Thee?

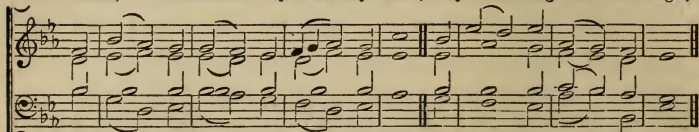
177. *Joyful.*

Harrington. C.M.

DR. HARRINGTON, d. 1816



Lord, I have made Thy word my choice, My last - ing he - ri - tage;



There shall my no - blest powers re - joice, My warm - est thoughts engage.

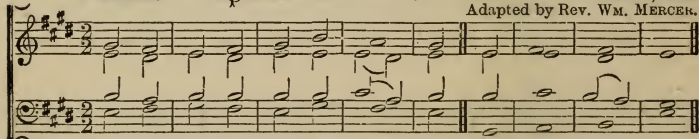
178. *Moderate.*

Upsal. 84.84 8884. (CHORAL.)

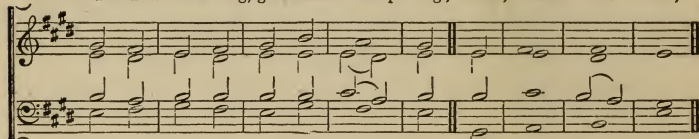
An Evening Hymn.

J. CRÜGER, 1646.

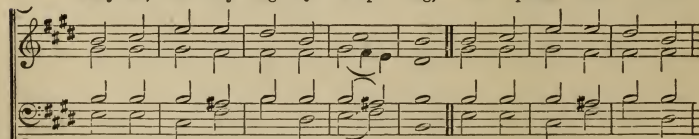
Adapted by Rev. WM. MERCER.



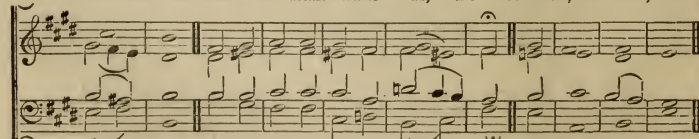
1. God, that mad - est earth and hea - ven, Dark - ness and light!
2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing; And, when we die,



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night!
May we, in Thy migh - ty keep - ing, All peace - ful lie!



May Thine an - gel guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy
When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, our God, for -



send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.
sake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us, With Thee on high!

179. *Plaintive.* Ludlow. S.M. RAVENSCROFT'S *Whole Booke of Psalms*, 1621.

How swift the tor - rent rolls That bears us to the sea;

The tide that bears our death-less souls To vast e - ter - ni - ty!

180. *Moderate.* Dresden. (CHORAL.) J. G. EBELING, 1666. Words from MERCER'S Psalter.

Evening and morn - ing, Sun - set and dawn - ing, Wealth, peace, and glad - ness,

Com - fort in sad - ness, These are Thy works; all the glo - ry be Thine.

Times without num - ber, A - wake or in slum - ber, Thine eye ob - serves us, From

dan - ger pre - serves us, Caus - ing Thy mer - cy up - on us to shine.

Father, O hear me! Pardon and spare me!
 Quench all my terrors, blot out my errors,
 That by Thine eyes they may no more be scanned.
 Order my goings, direct all my doings,
 As it may please Thee, retain or release me,
 All I commit to Thy Fatherly hand

Griefs of God's sending, All have an ending;
 Clouds may be pouring, Wind and wave roaring,
 Sunshine will come when the tempest has passed,
 Joys still increasing, and peace never ceasing,
 Faith lost in vision, and hope in fruition:
 These are the joys which I look for at last

181. *Joyful.*

St. Magnus. C.M.

PLAYFORD'S
Divine Companion, 1709.

Divine Companion, 1709.

Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spired;

Loud and more loud the an - them raise, With grate-ful ar - dour fire.

182. *Joyful.*

Chichester. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

S. WESLEY.

Migh - ty God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy name?

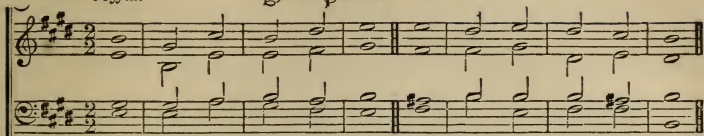
Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art eve - ry creature's theme :

Lord of eve-ry land and na-tion, An-cient of e-ter-nal days;

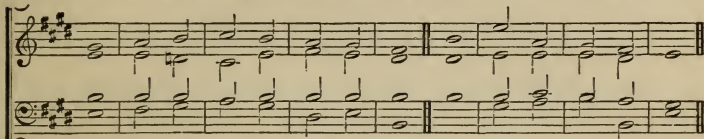
Sound-ed through the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end - less praise.

✓
183. *Joyful.*

Hampton. S.M.



How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill!

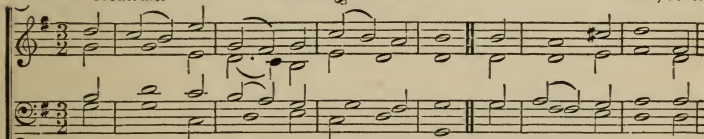


Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

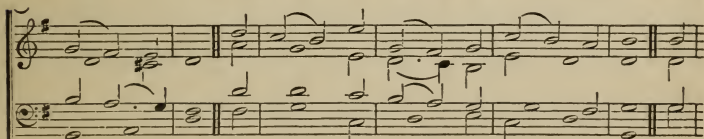
184. *Moderate.*

Carey. 88.88.88.

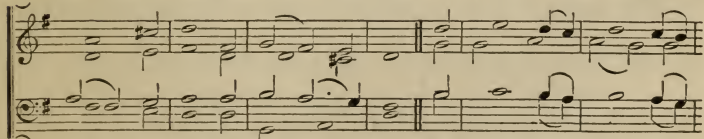
CAREY, 1730.



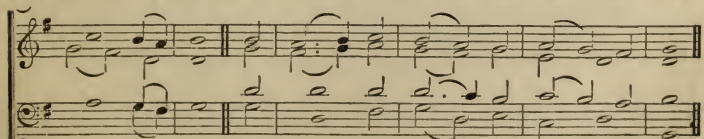
Cre - a - tor Spi - rit! by whose aid The world's foun - da - tions



first were laid, Come, vi - sit eve - ry hum - ble mind: Come,



pour Thy joys on all man - kind: From sin and sor - row

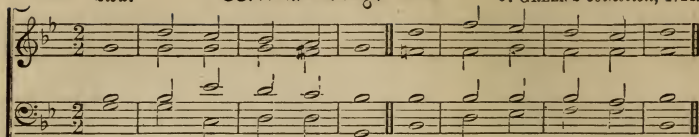


set us free, And make us tem - ples wor - thy Thee.

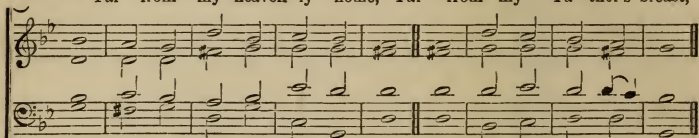
185. *Slow.*

Wirksworth. S.M.

J. GREEN'S Collection, 1724.



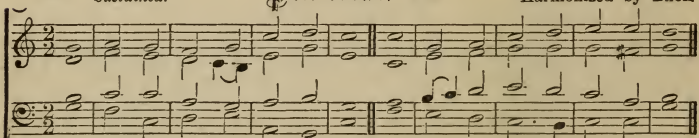
Far from my heaven-ly home, Far from my Fa-ther's breast,



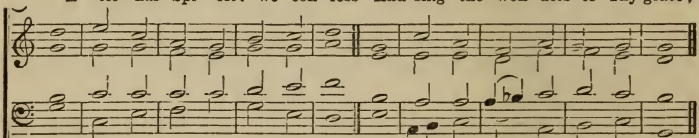
Faint-ing, I cry,—Blest Spi-rit come, And speed me to my rest.

186. *Sustained.*

Pentecost. L.M.

Ascribed to AMBROSE.
Harmonized by BACH

E-ter-nal Spi-rit! we con-fess And sing the won-ders of Thy grace;

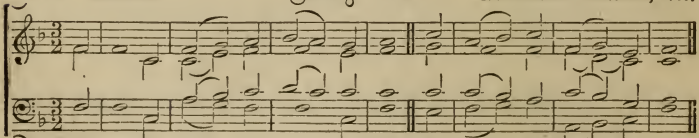


Thy power conveys our blessings down From God the Fa-ther and the Son.

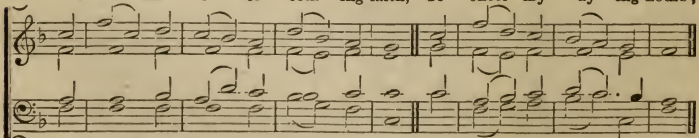
187. *Moderate.*

Irish. C.M.

ASHWORTH'S Collection, 1765.



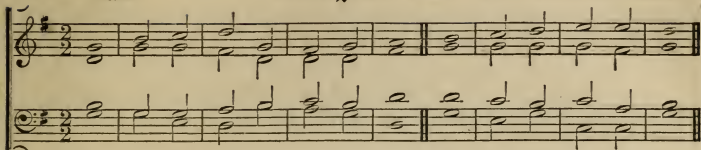
O for an o-ver-com-ing faith, To cheer my dy-ing hours;



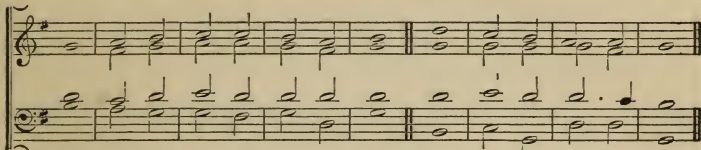
To tri-umph o'er the mon-ster Death, And all his frightful powers.

188. *Joyful.*

Glasgow. C.M. ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, 1615.



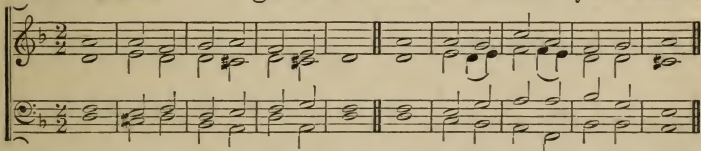
Thrice hap - py souls, who born from heaven, While yet they so - journ here,



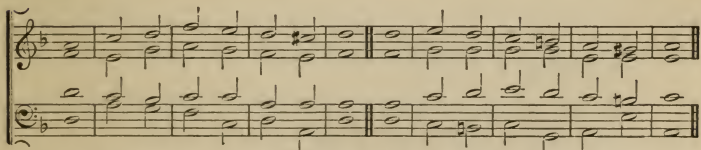
Thus all their days with God be - gin, And spend them in His fear.

189. *Moderate.*

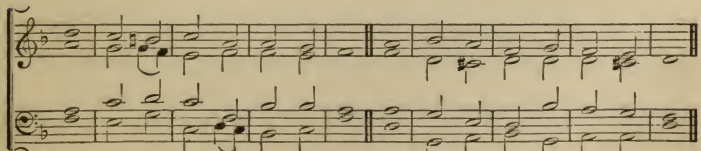
Lubeck. 88.88.88. LUTHER, 1537. Harmonized by MENDELSSOHN.



Lo! God is here; let us a - dore, And own how dreadful is this place!



Let all with-in us feel His power, And si - lent, bow be - fore His face;

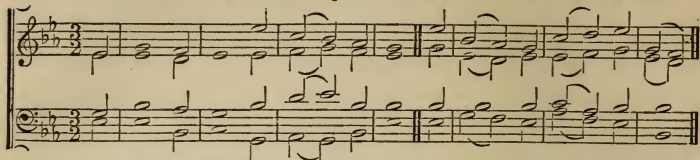


Who know His power, His grace who prove, Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

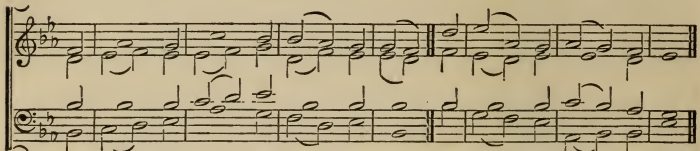
190. *Moderate.*

Manchester. C.M.

Dr. WAINWRIGHT, d. 1782.



How sad our state by na - ture is Our sin, how deep it stains !

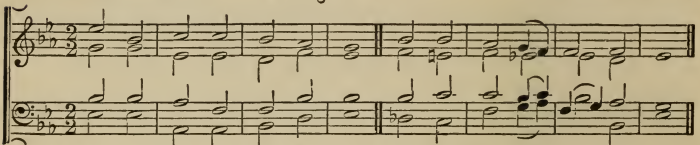


And Sa - tan binds our cap - tive souls Fast in his slav - ish chains.

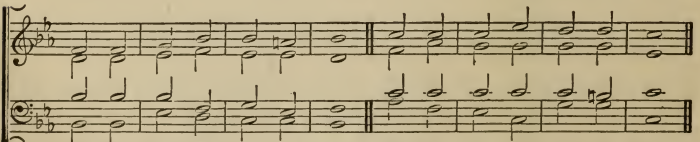
191. *Calm and slow.*

Gotha. 7.7.7.7.7.

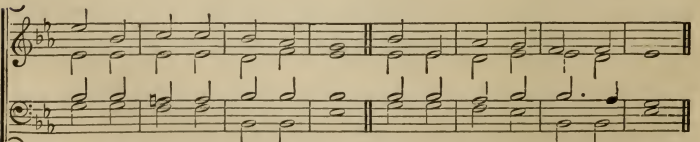
GERMAN CHORAL.



Son of God, to Thee I cry : By the ho - ly mys-te - ry



Of Thy dwell-ing here on earth, By Thy pure and ho - ly birth,

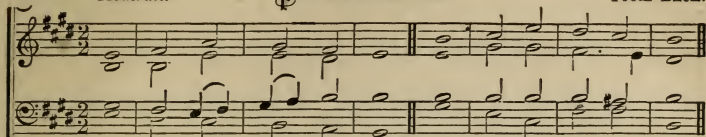


Lord, Thy pre-sence let me see, Man - i - fest Thy - self to me.

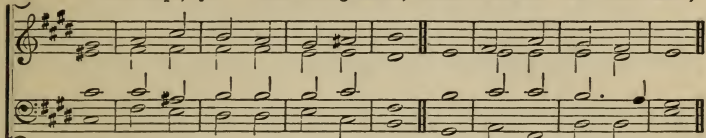
192. *Moderate.*

Potsdam. S.M.

From BACH.



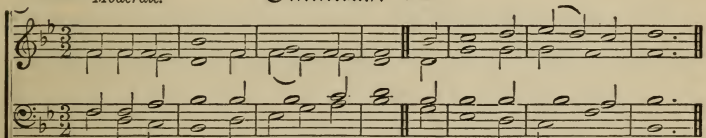
Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take ;



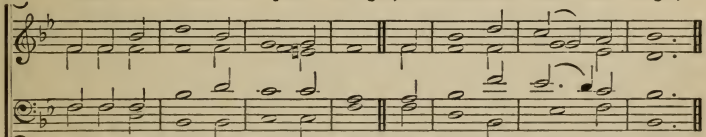
Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid eve - ry string a - wake.

193. *Moderate.*

Emmaus. C.M.



There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign ;

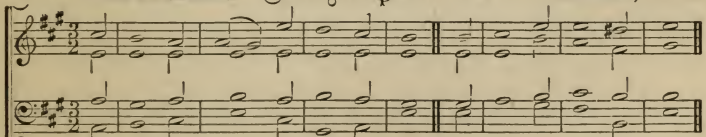


In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ba - nish pain.

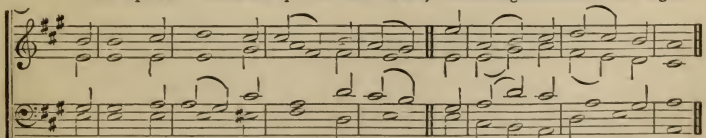
194. *Calm and sustained.*

Northampton. C.M.

DR. CROFT, d. 1727.



The Spi - rit breathes up - on the word, And brings the truth to sight :



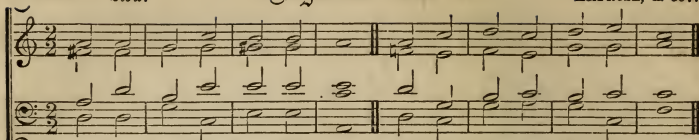
Precepts and pro - mi - ses af - ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light.

195.

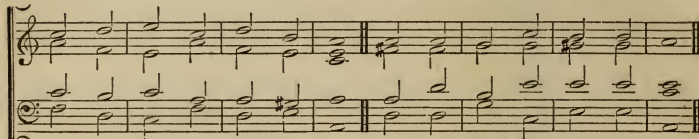
Slow.

Figuria. 7.7.7.7.

AMPROSE, d. 397.



While with ceaseless course the sun Hast-ed through the for-mer year,



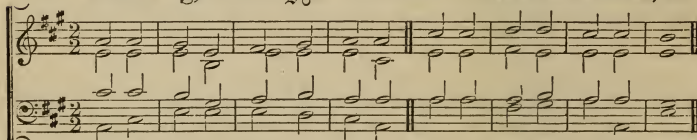
Ma-ny souls their race have run, Ne-ver more to meet us here.

196.

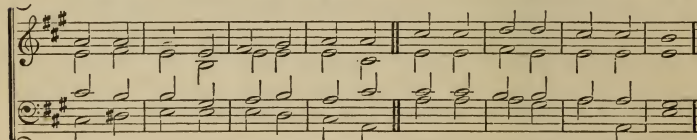
Plaintive.

Hamburg. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.7.

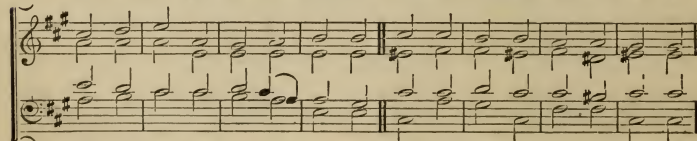
DARMSTÄDTER CANTIONAL, 1687.



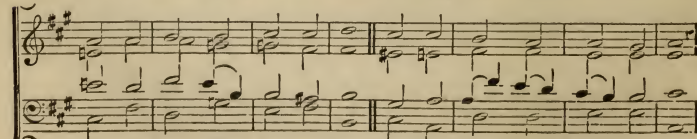
Man of sorrows, and ac-quant-ed With our griefs, what shall we say?



Ne-ver lan-guage yet hath paint-ed All the woes that on Thee lay.



Had I seen Thee, clothed in weakness, Bearing our reproach with meekness,

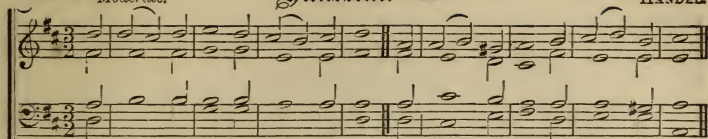


To at-tend Thee day and night, Would have been my heart's de-light.

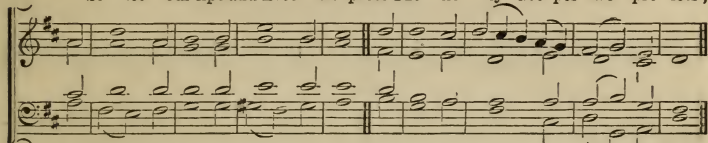
197. *Moderate.*

Haarlem. L.M.

HANDEL



So let our lips and lives ex-press The ho-ly Gos-pel we pro-fess;

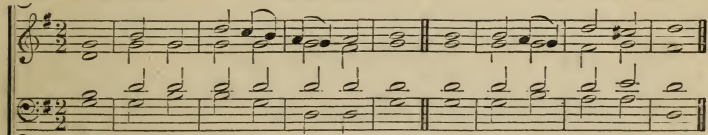


So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doc-trine all Di-vine.

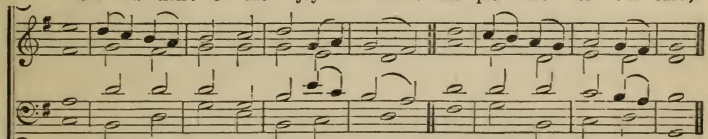
198. *Moderate.*

Castor. C.M.

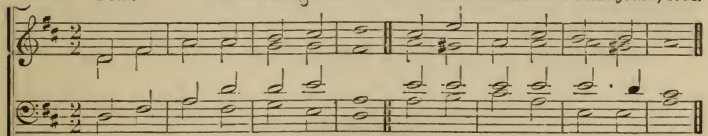
PHILIP HART, 1689.



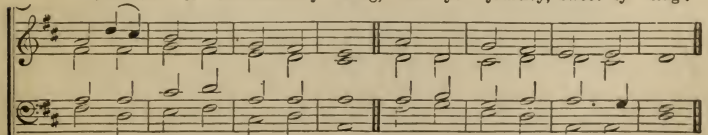
Sal-va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! 'Tis plea-sure to our ears;



A sove-reign balm for eve-ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.

199. *Bold.*Carinthia. 7.7.7.7. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S *Gesangbuch*, 1704.

Children of the heaven-ly King, As ye journey, sweet-ly sing:

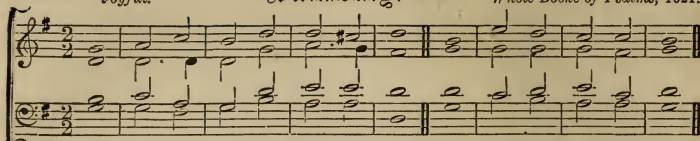


Sing your Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.

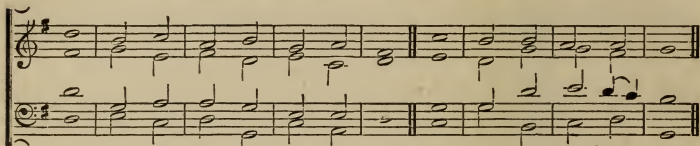
200. *Joyful.*

Salisbury. C.M.

RAVENSCHROFT'S
Whole Booke of Psalms, 1621.



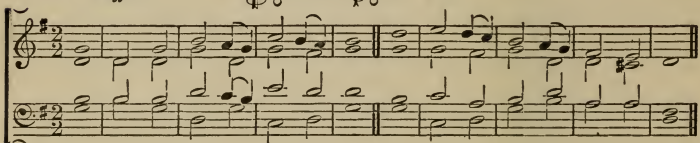
O for a heart to praise my God: A heart from sin set free;



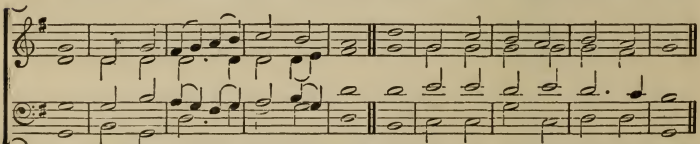
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me.

201. *Joyful.*

Philadelphia. L.M.



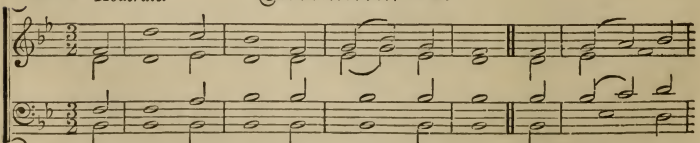
Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing:



To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night:

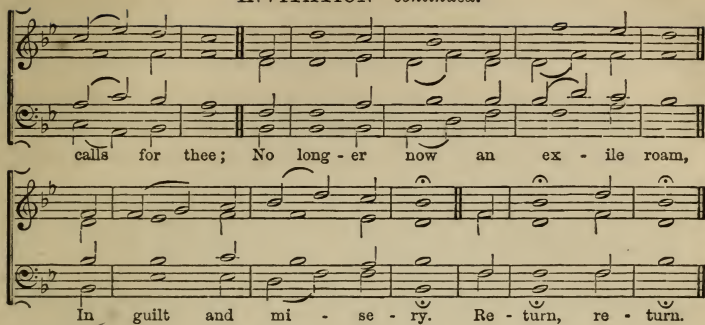
202. *Moderate.*

Invitation. C.M.



Re - turn, O wan-derer, to thy home, Thy Fa - ther

INVITATION—continued.

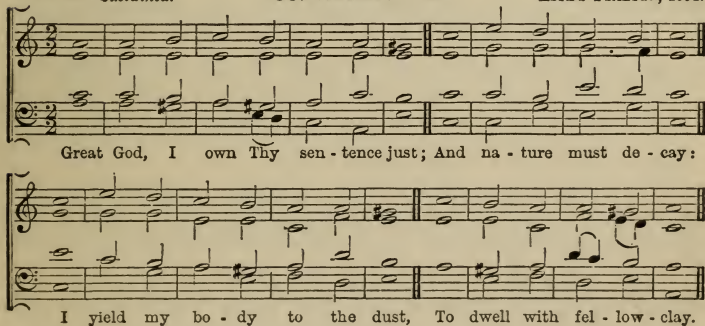


calls for thee; No long - er now an ex - ile roam,
In guilt and mi - se - ry. Re - turn, re - turn.

203. *Sustained.*

Windsor. C.M.

ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.

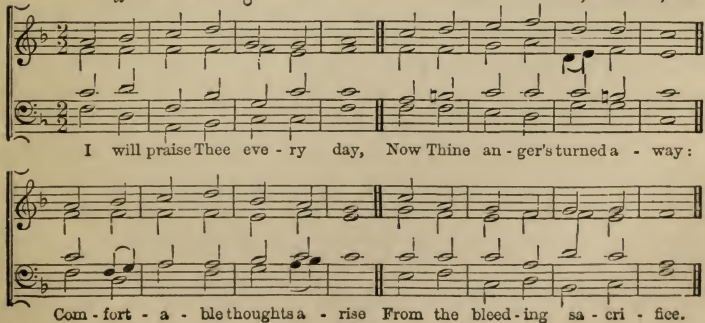


Great God, I own Thy sen - tence just; And na - ture must de - cay:
I yield my bo - dy to the dust, To dwell with fel - low - clay.

204. *Joyful.*

Southminster. 7.7.7.7.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, Mus. Doc., 1623.

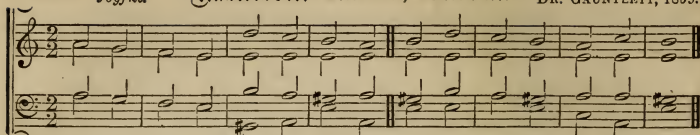


I will praise Thee eve - ry day, Now Thine an - ger's turned a - way:
Com - fort - a - ble thoughts a - rise From the bleed - ing sa - cri - fice.

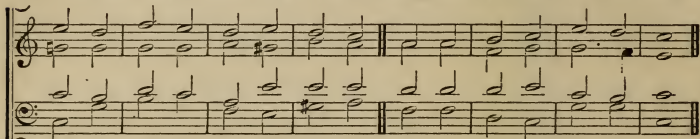
205. *Joyful.*

Islacton. 8.7.8.7.4.7., or 8.7.8.7.8.7.

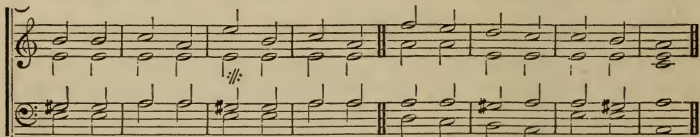
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1859.



An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;

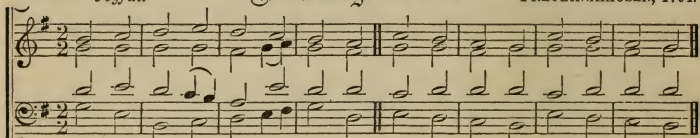


Come and worship; Come and worship; Wor - ship Christ, the new-born King.

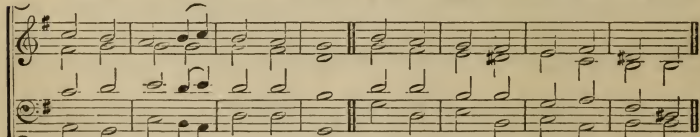
206. *Joyful.*

Arnsberg. 8.8.7.8.8.7.

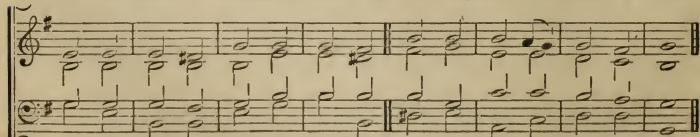
FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



Praise Je - ho - vah! bow be - fore Him; O be joy - ful! saints a - dore Him,



E - ver - more His deeds pro - claim. He is migh - ty in cre - a - tion,

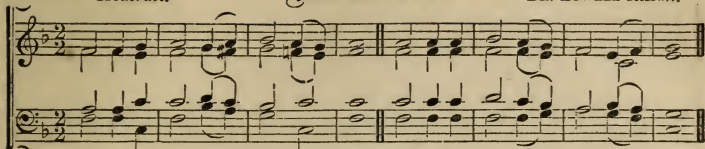


He is good in His sal - va - tion, E - ver mag - ni - fy His name.

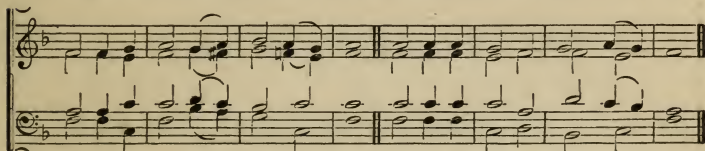
207. *Moderate.*

Boston. L.M.

Italian Melody, adapted by
DR. LOWELL MASON.



Up to the Lord, that reigns on high, And views the na-tions from a - far.

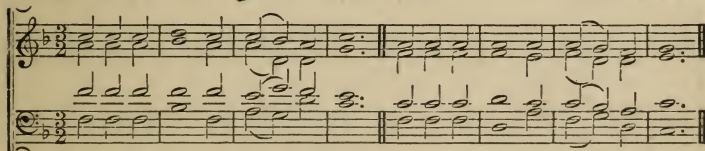


Let e-ver-last-ing prais-es fly, And tell how large His boun-ties are.

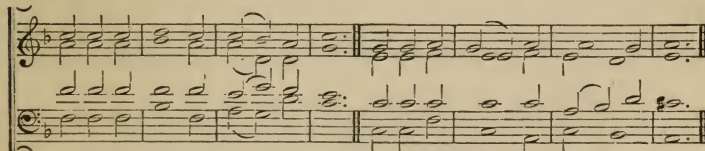
208. *Moderate.*

Palestrina. 88.88.88.

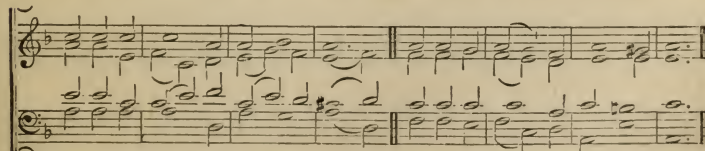
PALESTRINA.



Je-sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de-clare;



O knit my thankful heart to Thee, And reign without a ri-val there:

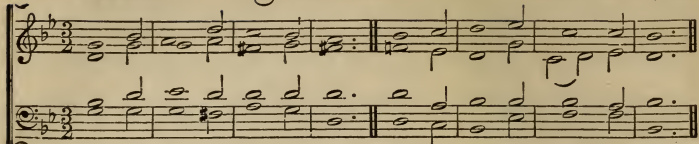


Thine wholly, Thine a-lone, I am; Lord, with Thy love my heart in-flame.

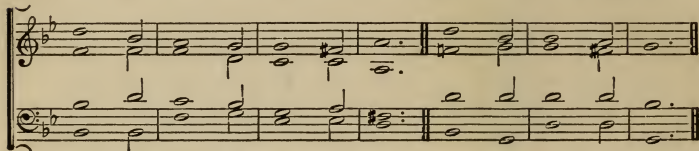
209. *Moderate.*

Dusseldorf. 7.7.7.5.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1656.



God of pi - ty, God of grace, When we hum-bly seek Thy face,

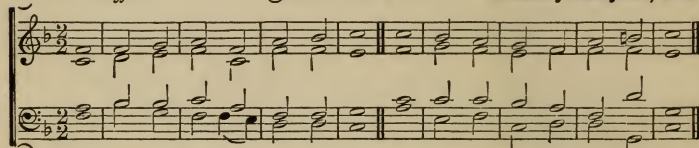


Bend from heaven, Thy dwell - ing place: Hear, for - give, and save.

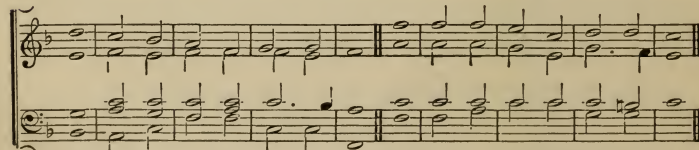
210. *Joyful.*

Lucerne. 888.888.

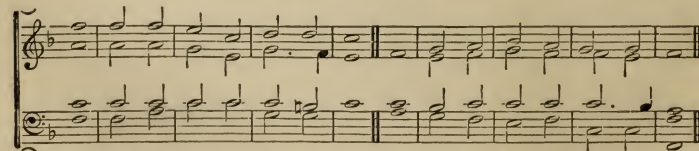
Strasburg Gesangbuch, 1525.



I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,



Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

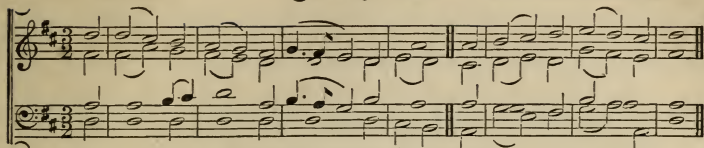


While life and thought and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures,

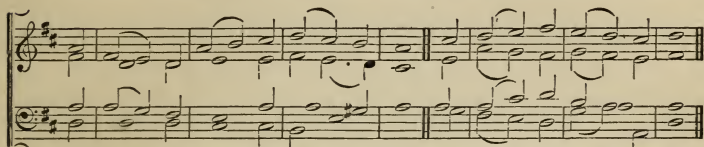
211. *Moderate.*

Bexley. C.M.

From *Sacred Harmony*, 1760.



The mer - cies of my God and King My tongue shall still pur - sue :

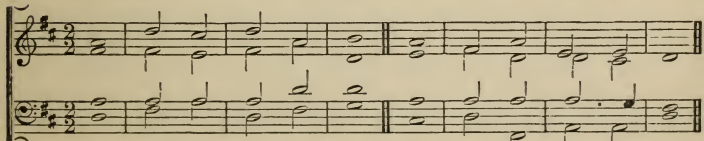


O hap - py they who, while they sing Those mer - cies, share them too.

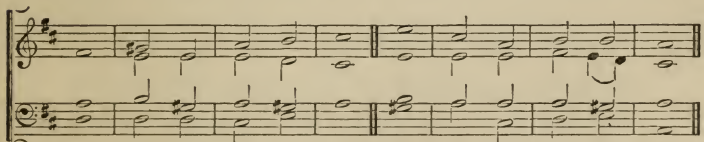
212. *Moderate.*

Burnham. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

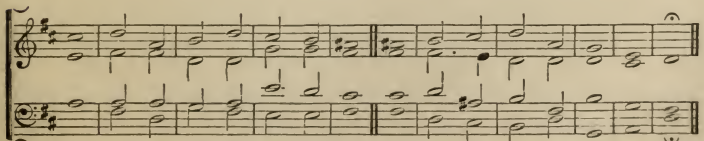
DR. CROFT, d. 1727.



Ye vir - gin souls, a - rise ; With all the dead, a - wake ;



Un - to sal - va - tion wise, Oil in your ves - sels take :

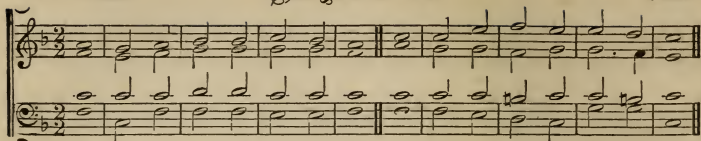


Up - start - ing at the midnight cry, Be - hold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

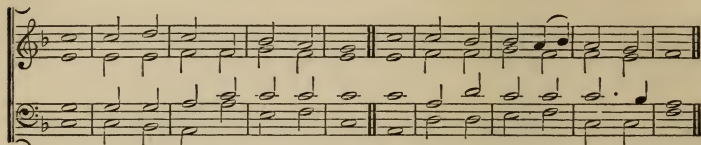
213. *Bold.*

Holywell. L.M.

GLUCK.



With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Ma - ker in my song :

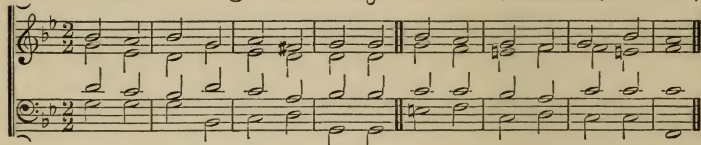


An - gels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.

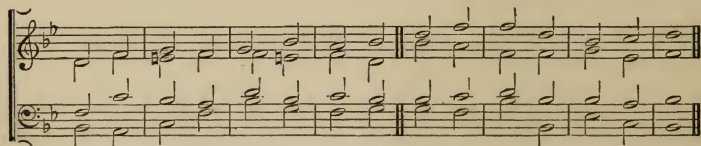
214. *Grave.*

Lutterworth. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

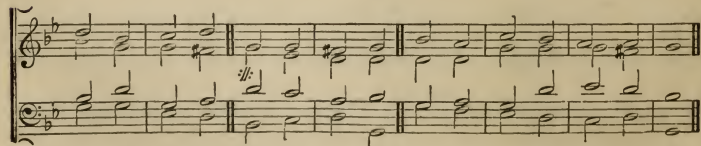
ANCIENT MELODY.
(*Stabat Mater*, or *Dies Iræ*.)



Lo! He comes with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for favoured sin - ners slain ;



Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of His train :

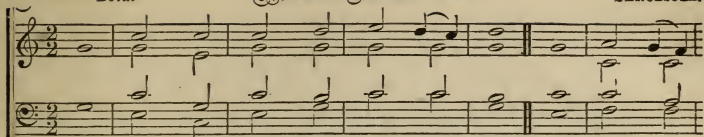


Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes, and comes to reign.

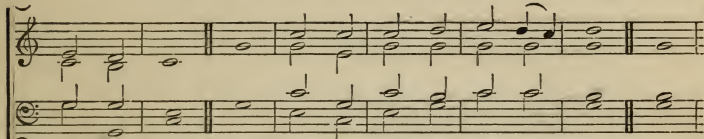
215. *Bold.*

Miles' Lane. C.M.

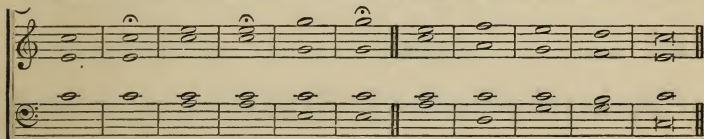
SHRUBSOLE.



All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels



pros - trate fall. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And

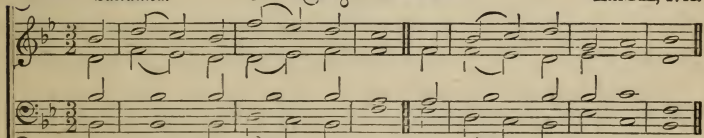


crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

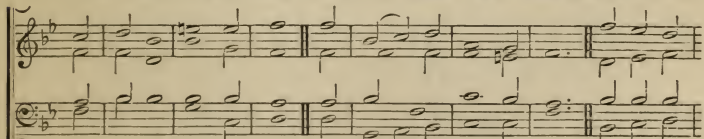
216. *Sustained.*

St. John. 66.66.88.

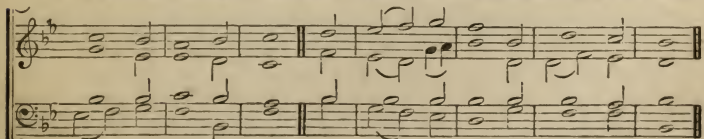
HANDEL, 1742.



The Lord my Shep - herd is, And He my soul will keep;



He knoweth who are His, And watch - eth o'er His sheep. A - way with



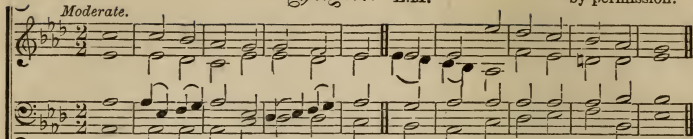
eve - ry anxious fear; I can - not want while He is near.

217.

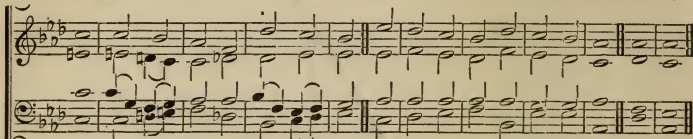
Hayne. L.M.

Dr. L. G. HAYNE,
by permission.

Moderate.



Great God, whose u - ni - ver-sal sway, The known and unknown worlds obey,



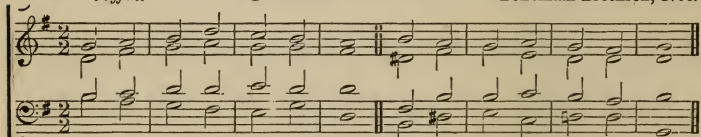
Now give the king-dom to Thy Son, Extend His power, exalt His throne. Amen.

218.

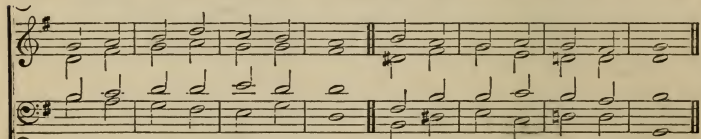
Joyful.

Cassell. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

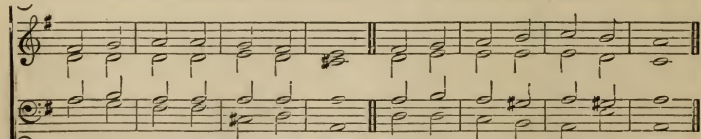
Choral Book of the
Bohemian Brethren, 1781.



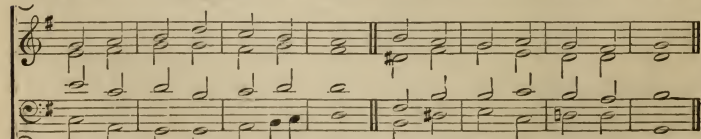
Thou who art enthroned a - bove, Thou by whom we live and move,



O how sweet, with joy - ful tongue, To re - sound Thy praise in song!



When the morn-ing paints the skies, When the sparkling stars a - rise,

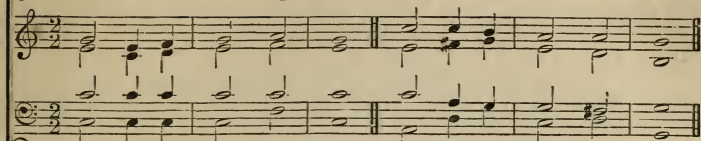


All Thy fa - vours to re - hearse, And give thanks in grate-ful verse.

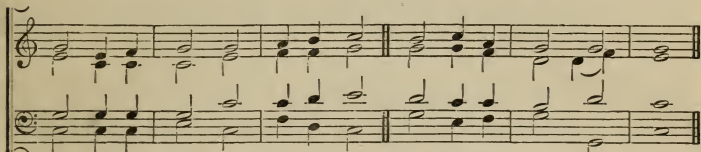
219. *Moderate.*

Wyclston. S.M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



Not with our mor - tal eyes Have we be - held the Lord;



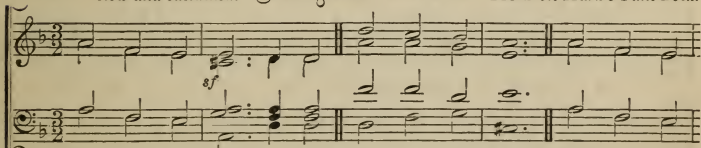
Yet we re - joice to hear His name, And love Him in His word.

220. *Slow and sustained.*

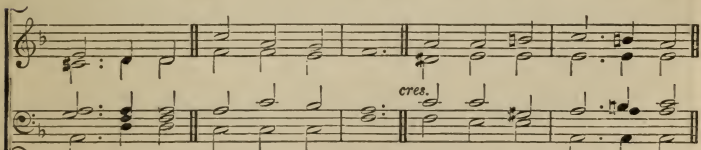
Caleham. 64.64.664.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

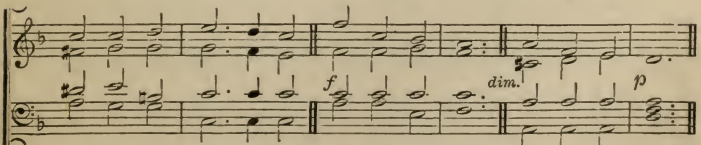
From *St. Mark's Tune Book.*



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be



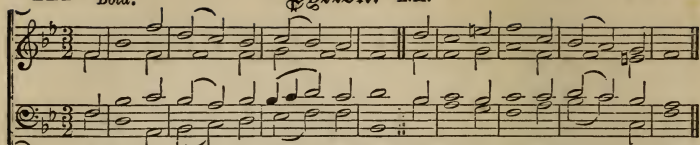
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song would be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be



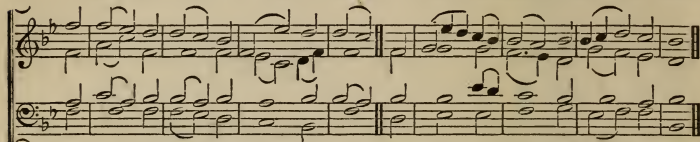
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

221. *Bold.*

Dyrton. L.M.



Away from eve - ry mor - tal care, Away from earth our souls re-treat ;

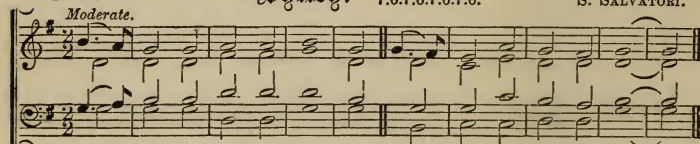


We leave this worthless world a - far, And wait and wor-ship near Thy seat.

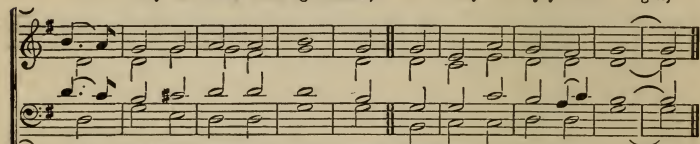
222.

Shiloh. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

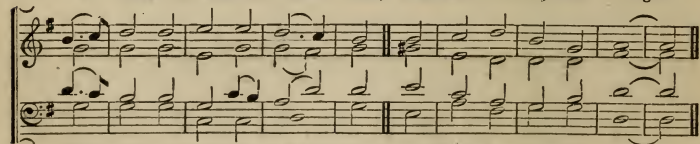
S. SALVATORI.

Moderate.

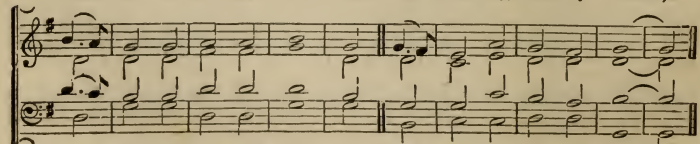
O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,



O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright!



Thou art a cool - ing foun - tain In life's dry, drea - ry sand;

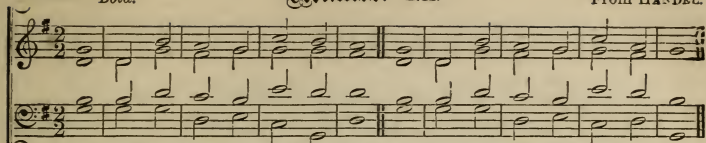


From thee, like Pis-gah's moun - tain, We view our pro-mised land.

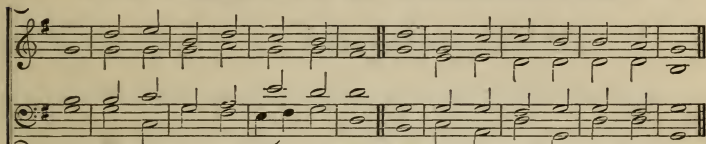
223. *Bold.*

Mamre. L.M.

From HANDEL.



O God, who didst Thy will un - fold In wondrous modes to saints of old,

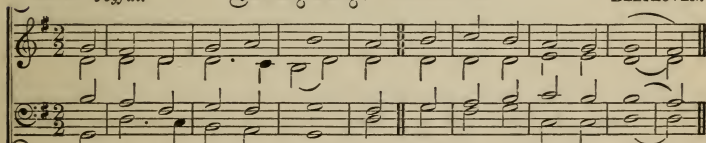


By dream, by o - ra - cle, or seer: Wilt Thou not still Thy peo - ple hear?

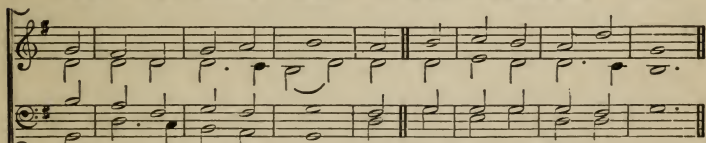
224. *Joyful.*

Bonchurch. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

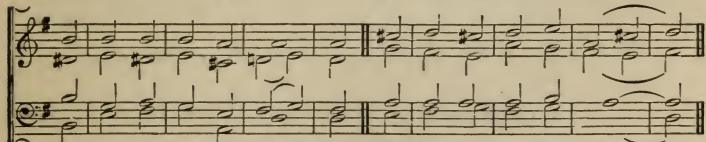
BEETHOVEN.



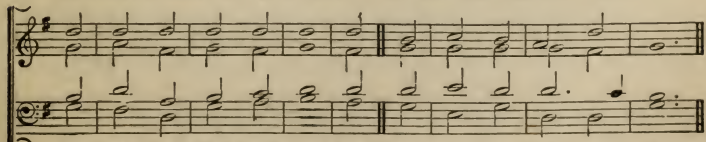
Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed; Great Da-vid's great-er Son!



Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!



He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap-tive free; . .

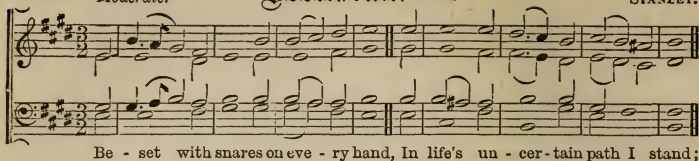


To take a - way trans-gres-sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

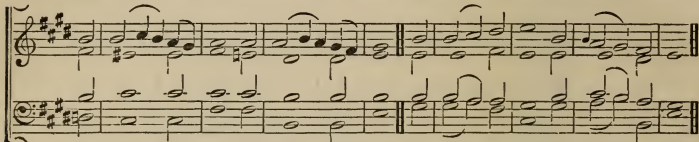
225. *Moderate.*

Dobersdale. L.M.

STANLEY.



Be - set with snares on eve - ry hand, In life's un - cer - tain path I stand;

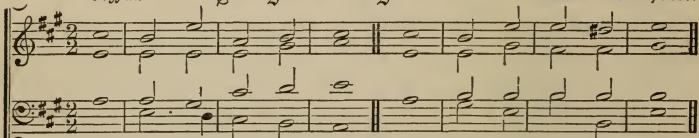


Sa - viour di - vine, dif - fuse Thy light, To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

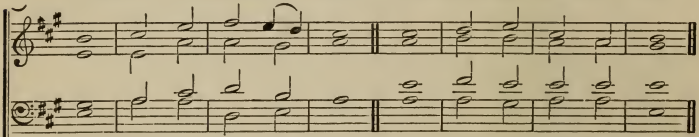
226. *Joyful.*

King's College. 66.66.88.

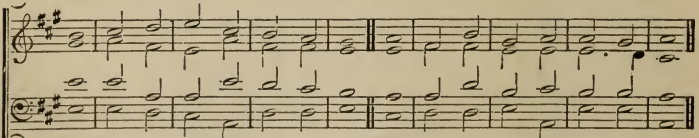
HENRY LAWES, 1637.



Lord of the worlds a - bove, How plea - sant and how fair



The dwell - ings of Thy love, Thy earth - ly tem - ples are!

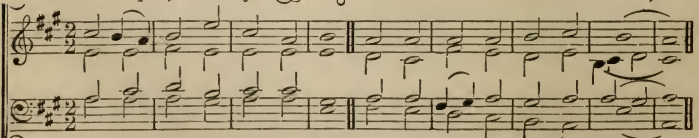


To Thine a - bode, My heart as - pires With warm de - sires, To see my God.

227. *With repose, and slowly.*

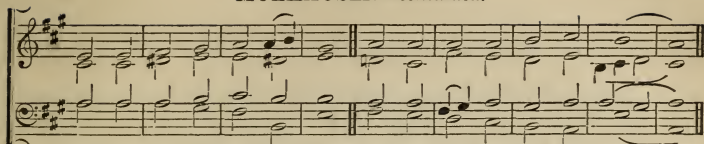
Mulhausen. 7.7.7.7.

J. RUDOLPH AHLE, 1664.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, In the high - est heavens a - dored, . . .

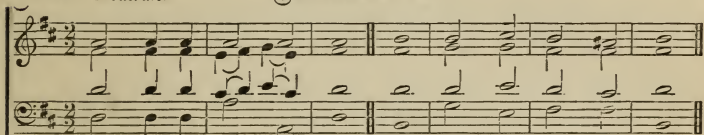
MULHAUSEN—continued.



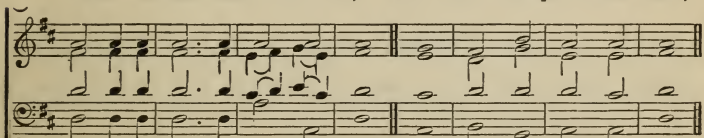
Au - thor of all na - ture's frame; Fa - ther, hallowed be Thy name. .

228. *Moderate.*

Norland. S.M.



Who in the Lord con - fide, And feel His sprin - kled blood,

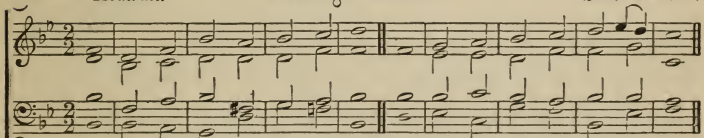


In storms and hur - ri - canes a - bide Firm as the mount of God.

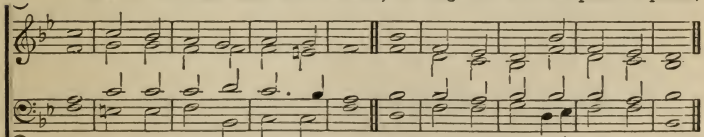
229. *Moderate.*

Zurich. 888.888.

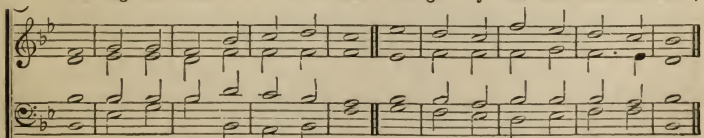
SWISS MELODY.



Let all the earth their voi - ces raise, To sing the choi - cest psalm of praise,



To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name: His glo - ry let the hea - then know,

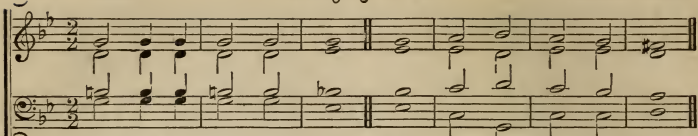


His won - ders to the na - tions show, And all His sav - ing works proclaim.

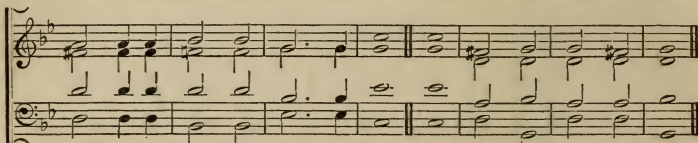
230. *Slow.*

Trizah. S.M.

HENRY PURCELL.



It is Thy hand, my God, My sor - row comes from Thee :



I bow be - neath Thy chasten - ing rod, 'Tis love that bruise - es me.

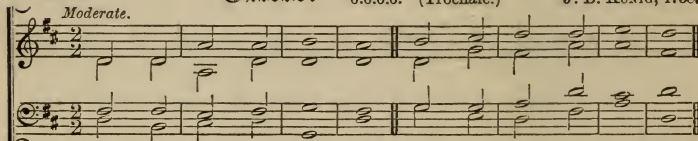
231

Oxford.

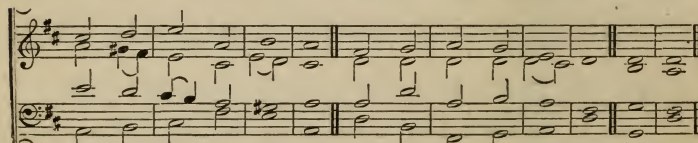
6.6.6.6. (Trochaic.)

J. B. KÜNIG, 1738.

Moderate.



Lord, Thy word a - bi - deth, And our foot - steps guid - eth ;



Who its truth be - liev - eth. Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. A - men.

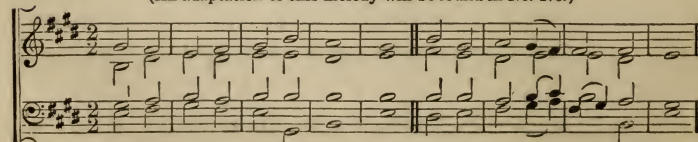
232.

Moderate.

Elberfeldt. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

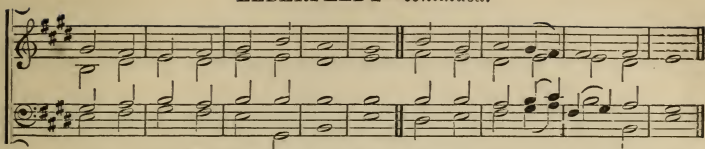
JOHANN CRÜGER, 1649.

(An adaptation of this melody will be found in No. 173.)

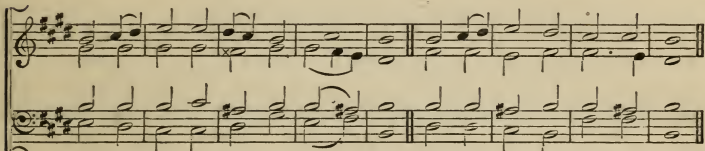


Je - sus, full of all com - pas - sion, Hear a hum - ble sin - ner's cry :

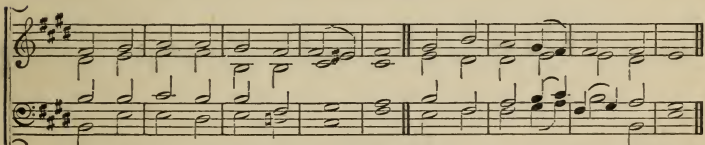
ELBERFELDT—*continued.*



Let me see Thy great sal - va - tion, Or in dark de - spair I die.



Guil - ty, but with heart re - lent - ing, O-ver-whelmed with helpless grief;

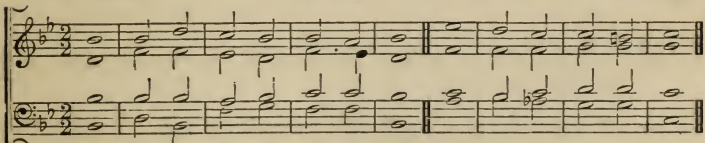


Pros - trate at Thy feet re - pent - ing, Send, O send me quick re - lief.

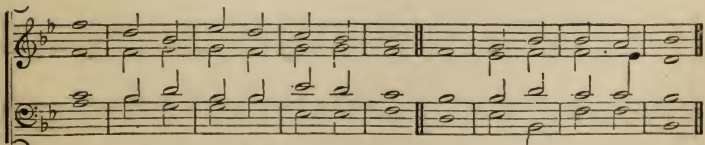
233. *Joyful.*

Abbey. C.M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, 1615.



Spi - rit Di - vine, at - tend our prayers, And make this house Thy home;

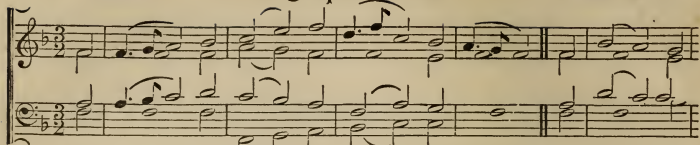


De - scend with all Thy gra - cious powers, O come, great Spi - rit, come!

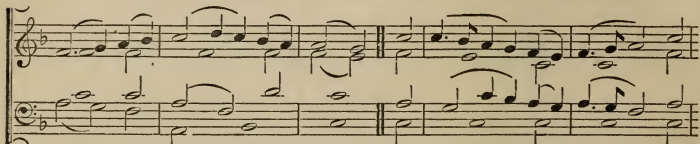
234. *Joyful.*

Naples. L.M.

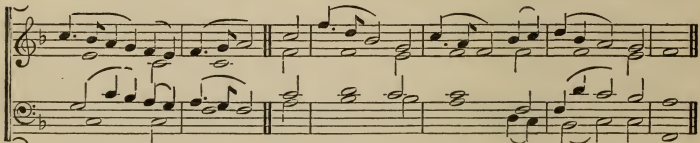
ITALIAN MELODY.



De - scend from heaven, im - mor - tal Dove, Stoop down and



take us on Thy wings, And mount and bear us

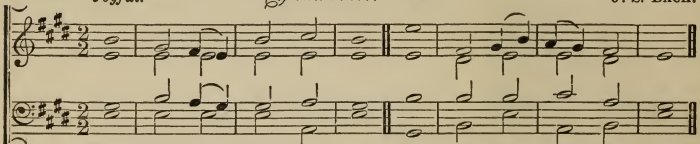


far a - bove The reach of these in - fe - ri- or things.

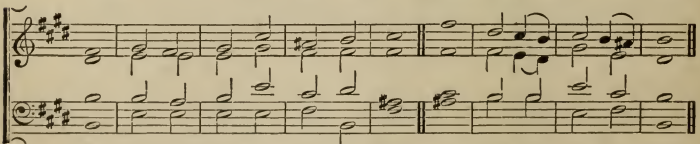
235. *Joyful.*

Holstein. S.M.D.

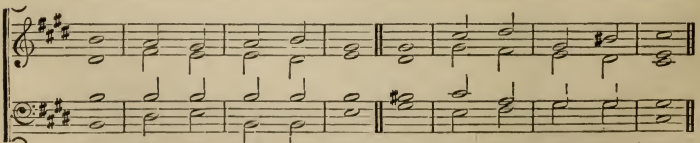
J. S. BACH.



Thou ve - ry pre - sent aid In suffer - ing and dis - tress;



The soul which still on Thee is stayed, Is kept in per - fect peace.



The soul, by faith re - clined On the Re - deem - er's breast,

HOLSTEIN—continued.

'Mid ra - ging stormsex - ults to find An e - ver - last-ing rest.

236. *Joyful.*

Warrington. L.M. REV. R. HARRISON, d. 1810.

Nature with o - pen volume stands, To spread her Maker's praise a - broad;

And eve-ry la - bour of His hands Shows something wor - thy of a God.

237. *Slow.*

Holyrood. 7.7.7.7.

ROMBERG.

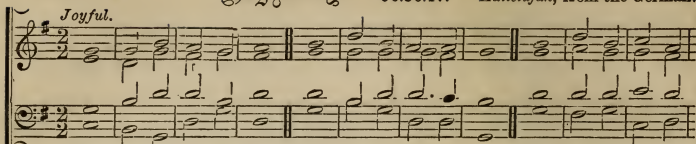
Fa - ther of e - ter - nal grace, Glo - ri - fy Thy - self in me;

Meek - ly beam - ing in my face May the world Thine i ma - ge see.

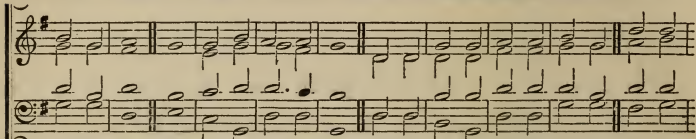
238.

Highbury.

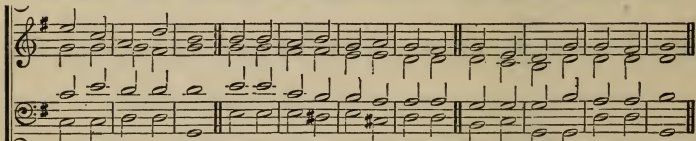
66.86.47.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1860.
Hallelujah, from the German.*Joyful.*

From Egypt's bondage come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our



bet-ter home, Where we our rest shall gain. Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! We are

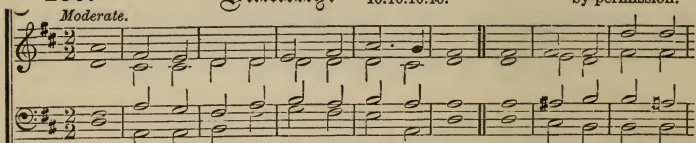


on our way to God. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! We are on our way to God.

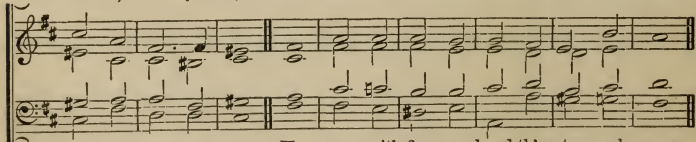
239.

Dalkeith.

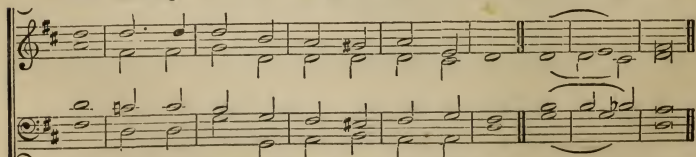
10.10.10.10.

T. HEWLETT,
by permission.*Moderate.*

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and



han-dle things un-seen; Here grasp with firm-er hand th'e-ter-nal grace,

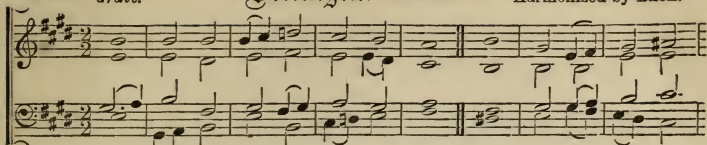


And all my wea-ri-ness up-on Thee lean. A - - - men.

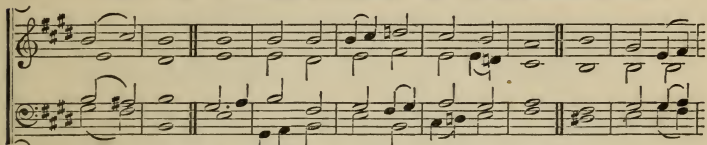
240. *Grave.*

Nettingen. 87.87.887.

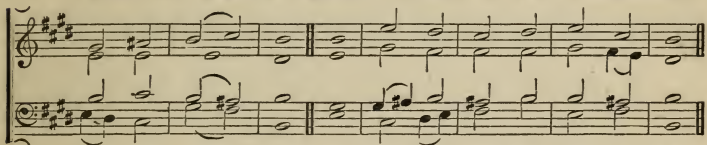
Melody of the 15th Century.
Harmonized by BACH.



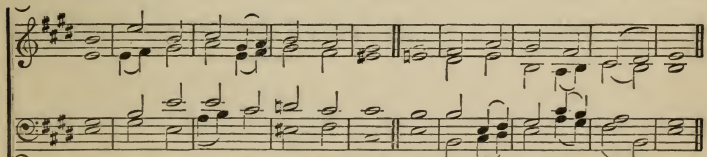
The Lord of might from Si - nai's brow Gave forth His voice of



thun - der; And Is - rael lay on earth be - low, Outstretched in



fear and won - der; Be - neath His feet was pitch - y night,

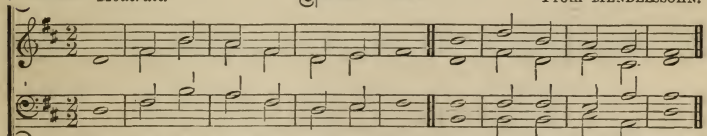


And at His left hand, and His right, The rocks were rent a - sun - der.

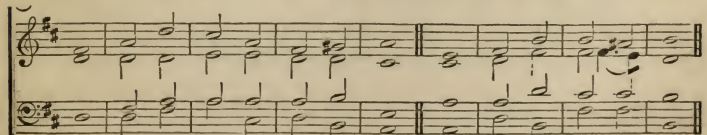
241. *Moderate.*

Felix. C.M.

From MENDELSSOHN.



I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend His cause:



Main-tain the ho-nour of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.

242. *Joyful.* Easter Hymn. 7.7.7.7., with "Hallelujah."

From *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!

Sons of men, and an - gels, say: Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!

Raise your songs and tri - umphs high: Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!

Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply, Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!

243. *Cheerful.*

Glastonbury. L.M. From CHETHAM'S Psalmody.

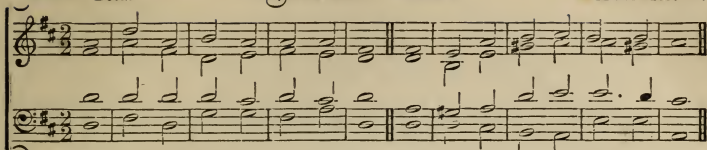
Bu - ried in shadows of the night, We lie till Christ restores the light;

Wis - dom descends to heal the blind, And chase the dark - ness of the mind.

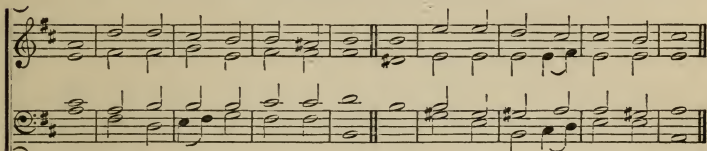
244. *Bold.*

Danube. 88.88.88.

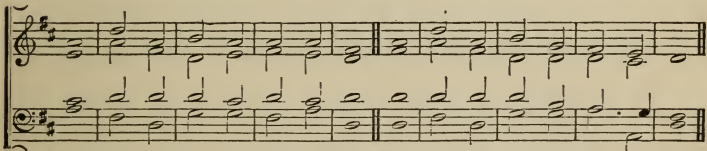
MEDELSSOHN.



We sing His love, who once was slain, Who soon o'er death re - vived a - gain,



That all His saints through Him might have E - ter - nal con - quest o'er the grave.

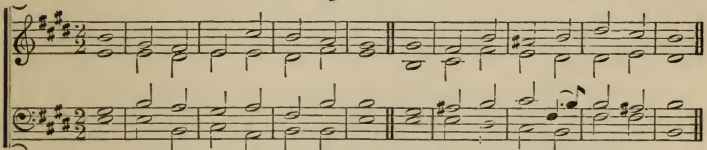


Soon shall the trum - pet sound, and we Shall rise to im - mor - tal - i - ty.

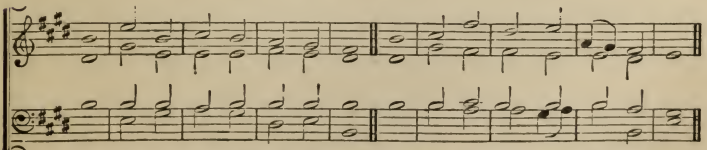
245. *Bold.*

St. Paul. L.M.

C. F. LAMPE, c. 1745.



Je - sus, Thou e - ver - last - ing King, Ac - cept the tri - bute which we bring ;



Ac - cept the well - deserved re - nown, And wear our prais - es as Thy crown.

246. *Moderate.*

Houghton. 10.10.11.11.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1860.

O wor-ship the King, All glo-rious a - bove; O grate-ful - ly

sing His power and His love. Our shield and de - fend - er, The

An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendour, And gird - ed with praise.

247. *Cheerful.*

Colchester. C.M.

PLAYFORD.

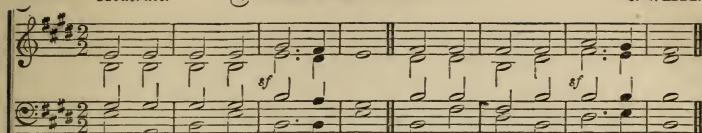
Hap - py the souls to Je - sus joined, And saved by grace a - lone:

Walk - ing in all His ways they find Their heaven on earth be - gun.

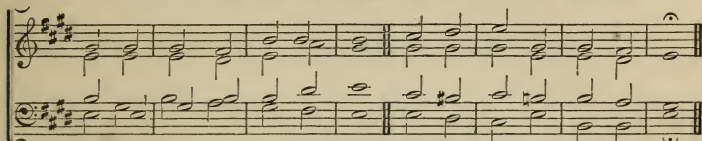
248. *Moderato.*

Venebento. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

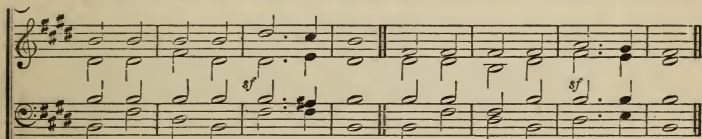
S. WEBBE.



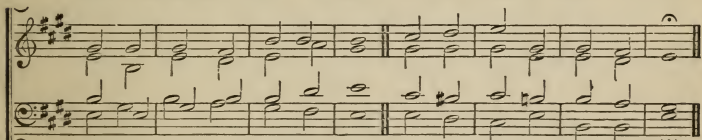
Ob - ject of my first de - sire, — Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for me:—



All to hap - pi - ness as - pire, On - ly to be found in Thee;



Thee to praise, and Thee to know, Con - sti - tute our bliss be - low;

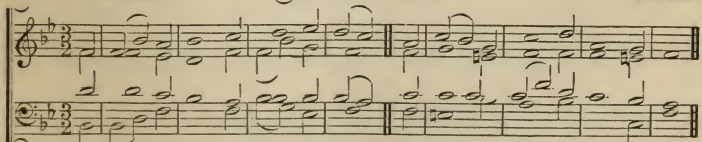


Thee to see, and Thee to love, Con - sti - tute our bliss a - bove.

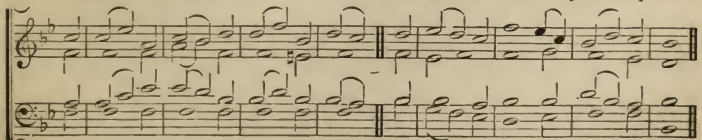
249. *Sustained.*

Babaria. L. M.

MOZART.



Lord, how de-light-ful 'tis to see A whole as - sem-bly worship Thee!

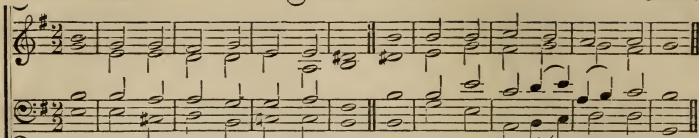


At once they sing, at once they pray; They hear of heaven and learn the way.

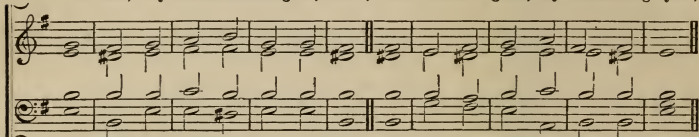
250. *Slow.*

Berlin. L.M.

GRAUN.



A - rise, my tenderest thoughts, a-rise; Dis - solve in grief, my streaming eyes;

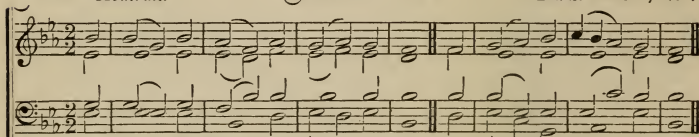


And thou, my heart, with an-guish feel Those e - vils which thou can'st not heal.

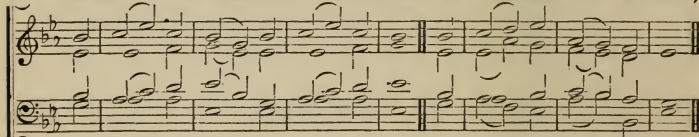
251. *Moderate.*

Arnold. C.M.

DR. S. ARNOLD, 1791.



When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,

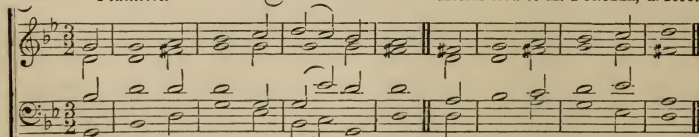


I bid fare - well to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

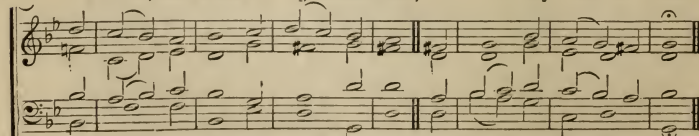
252. *Plaintive.*

Burford. C.M.

Attributed to H. PURCELL, d. 1695.



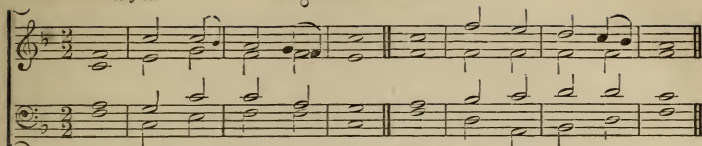
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to Thee:



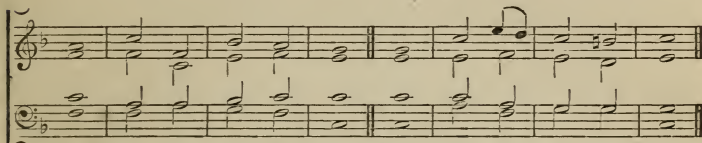
In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, Good Lord, re - mem - ber me.

253. *Cheerful.*

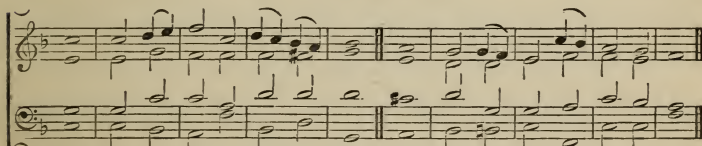
Ghent. 66.66.88.



A - wake, ye saints, a - wake! And hail this sa - cred day:



In loft - iest songs of praise Your joy - ful ho - mage pay:

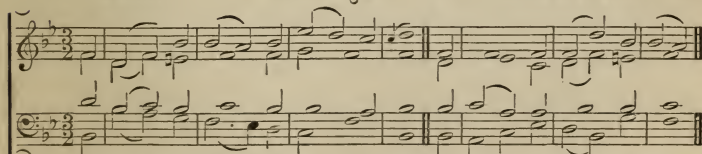


Come, bless the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.

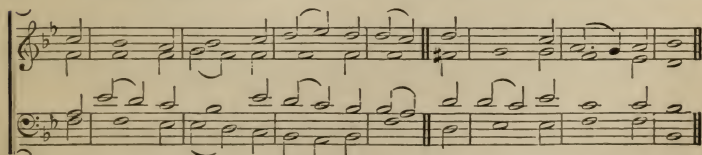
254. *Moderate.*

Wiltshire. C.M.

SIR GEORGE SMART, d. 1867.



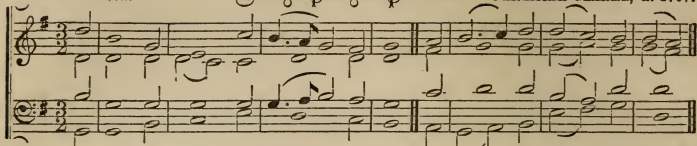
My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,



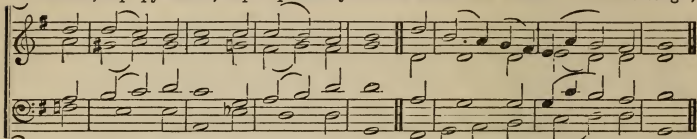
The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights.

255. *Bold.*

Bishopsthorpe. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARKE, d. 1707.



Come, hap - py souls, ap - proach your God With new me - lo - dious songs;

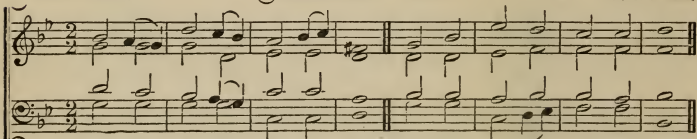


Come, ren - der to Al - migh - ty grace The tri - bute of your tongues.

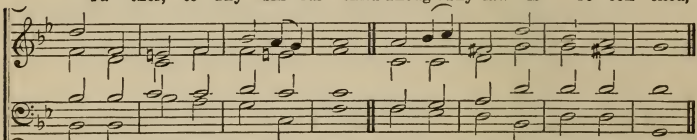
256. *Slow.*

Armstadt. 7.7.7.7.

J. S. BACH.



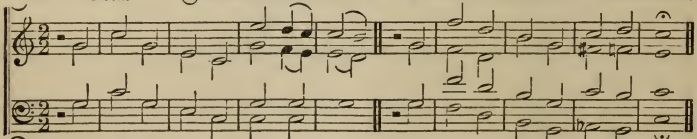
Fa - ther, to Thy sin - ful child Though Thy law is re - con - ciled,



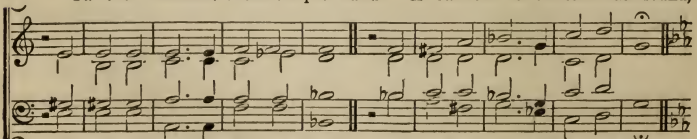
By Thy pardoning grace I live; Dai - ly still I cry,—For - give.

257. *Bold.*

Incarnation. L.M. 8 lines.—(CHORAL.) BEETHOVEN.

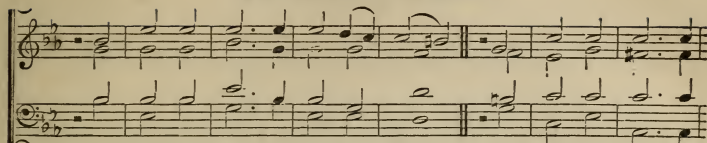


Fa - ther of heaven! whose love pro - found A ran - som for our souls hath found,

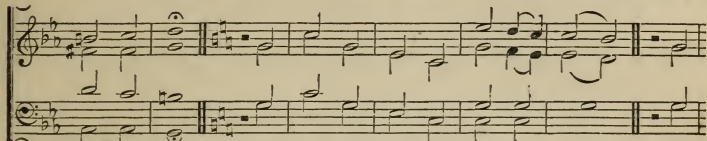


Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend: To us Thy pardoning love extend.

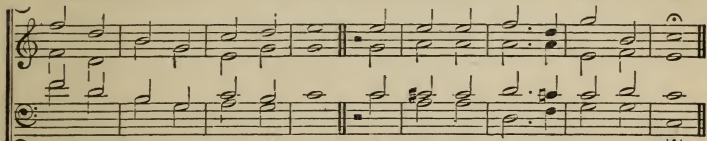
INCARNATION—continued.



Al - migh - ty Son! In - car - nate Word! Our Pro - phet, Priest, Re -

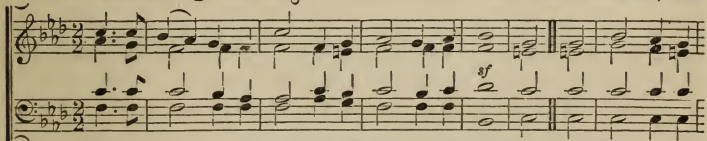


deem - er, Lord, Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend: To

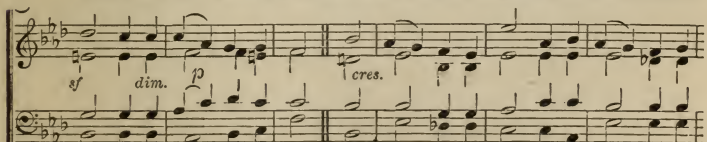


us Thy sa - ving grace ex - tend, To us Thy sa - ving grace ex - tend.

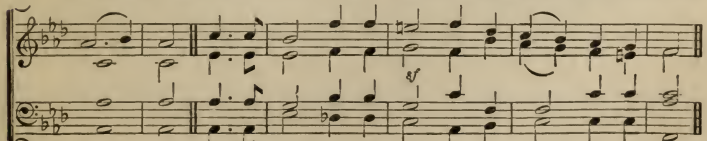
258. *Moderate.* Lambeth. 13.11.13.12. (Irregular.) DR. GAUNTLETT, 1860.



Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de - plore thee, Though sorrows and



darkness en - com - pass the tomb; The Saviour has passed through its por - tal be -

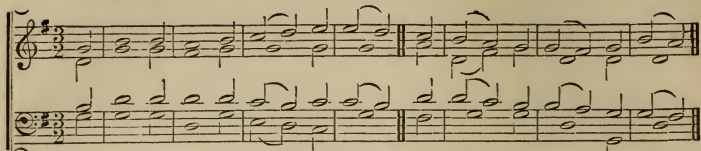


fore thee, And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

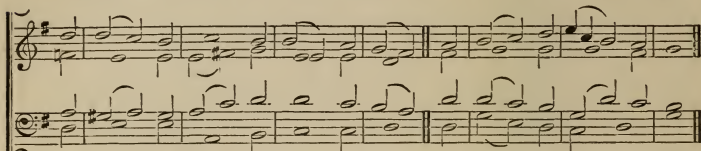
259. *Moderate.*

Westminster. C.M.

DR. NARES, d. 1783.



How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

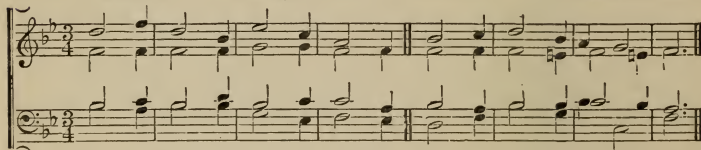


It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

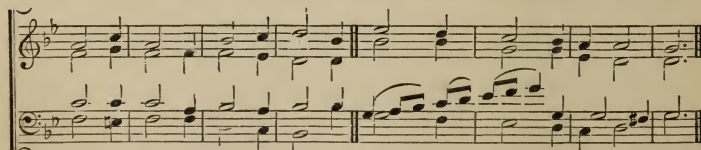
260. *Moderate.*

Asaph. 8.7.8.7.7.7., or 8.7.4.

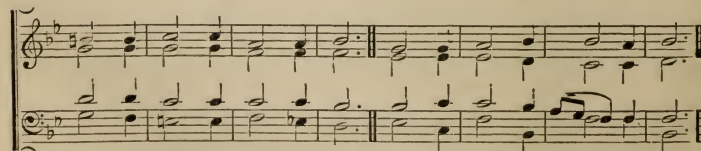
HENRY PURCELL.



Come to Cal-vary's ho - ly mountain, Sin - ners, ru - ined by the fall;



Here a pure and heal-ing foun-tain Flows to you, to me, to all,

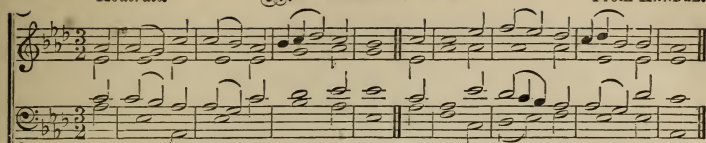


In a full, per - pet - ual tide, Open - ed when our Sa - viour died.

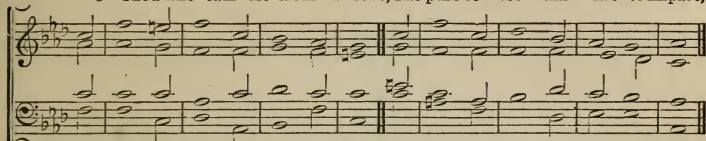
261. *Moderate.*

Maccabeus. L.M.

From HANDEL.



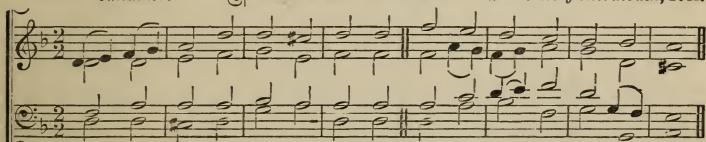
O Thou who cam-est from a-bove, The pure ce-les-tial fire to impart,



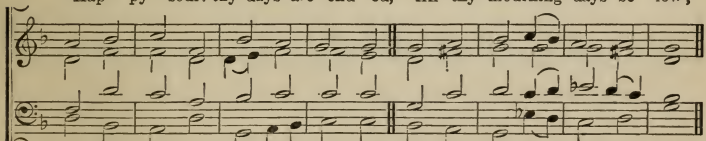
Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love On the mean al-tar of my heart.

262. *Sustained.*

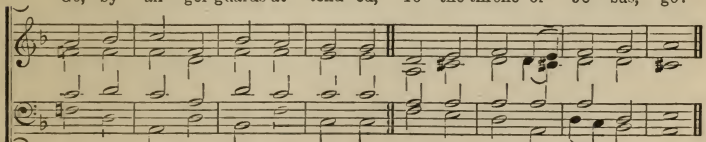
Flanders. 8.7.8.7 8.7.8.7. JOHANN SCHOP. Württemberg Choralbuch, 1641.



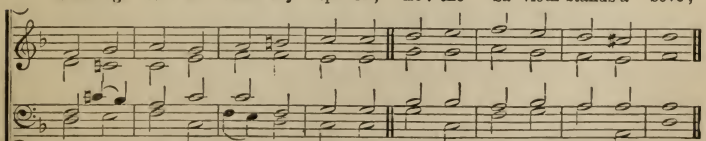
Hap-py soul! thy days are end-ed, All thy mourning days be-low;



Go, by an-gel guards at-tend-ed, To the throne of Je-sus, go:



Wait-ing to re-ceive thy spi-rit, Lo! the Sa-viour stands a-bove;

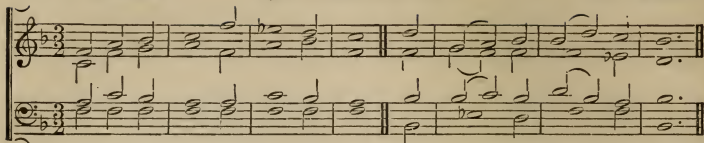


Shows the purchase of His me-rit, Reach-es out the crown of love.

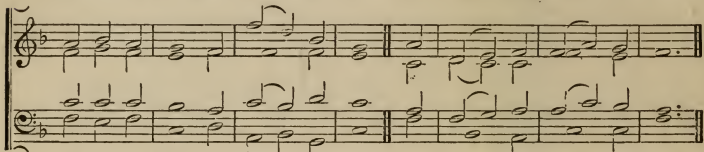
263. *Moderate.*

Brunswick. C.M.

FROM HANDEL.



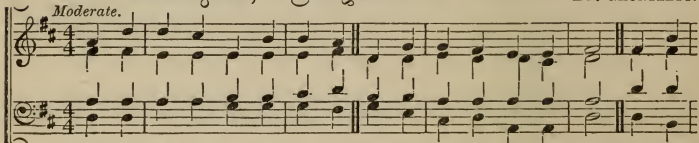
What shall I ren - der to my God For all His kind - ness shown ?



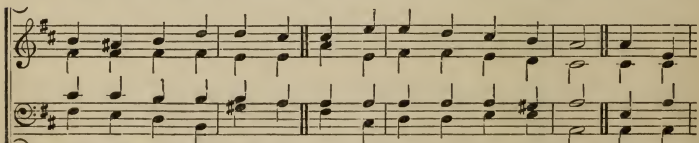
My feet shall vi - sit Thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress Thy throne.

264. *Moderate.* Waltham, or Braylesford. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



Lead us, Heavenly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea; Guard us,



guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee; Yet pos -

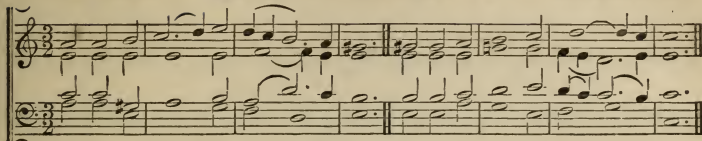


sess - ing ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A - men.

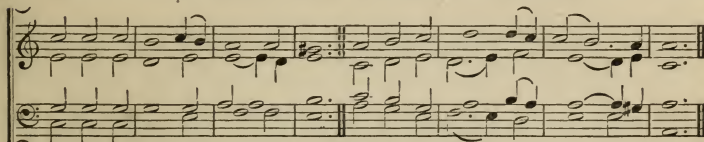
265. *Cheerful.*

Magdalen College. L.M.

DR. BENJ. ROGERS, 1695.
(His original parts.)



My God, my King, Thy va - rious praise Shall fill the remnant of my days;

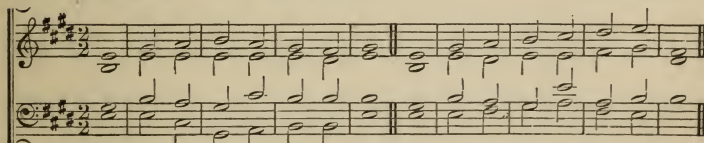


Thy grace employ my hum - ble tongue Till death and glo - ry raise the song.

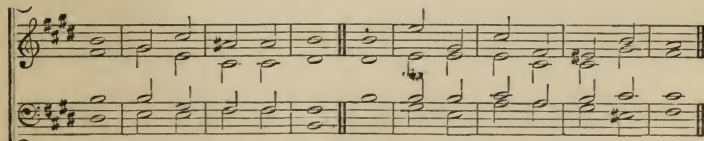
266. *Moderate.*

Redron. 886.886.

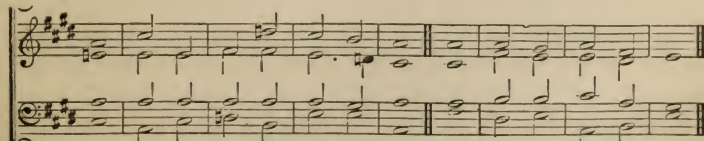
HANDEL, c. 1742.



O Lord, how hap - py should we be, If we could cast our care on Thee,



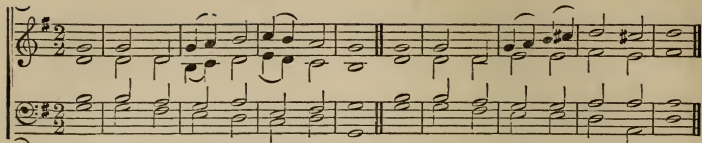
If we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a - bove,



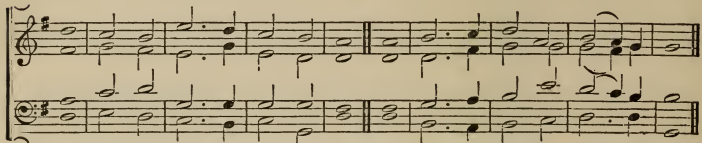
In per - fect wis - dom, per - fect love, Is work - ing for the best.

✓✓
267. *Bold.*

Carmel. L.M. J. BISHOP, 1700. (His original parts.)



My God, per-mit me not to be A stran-ger to my-self and Thee;

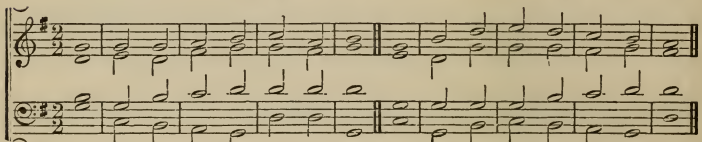


A - midst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get - ful of my high - est love.

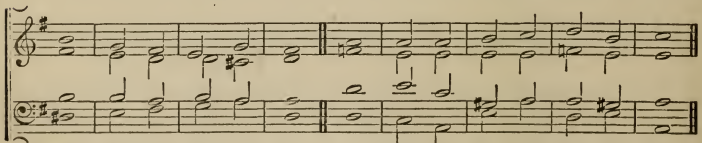
✓
268. *Joyful.*

Hereford. 886.886.

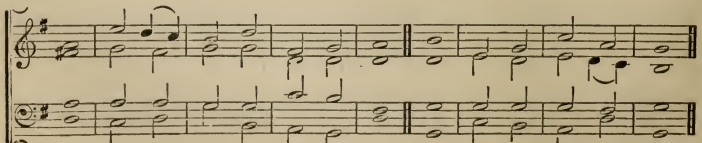
DR. W. BOYCE, 1745.



Come on, my part-ners in dis-tress, Ye pilgrims through the wil - der - ness



Who still your sor-rows feel; A - while for - get your griefs and fears,

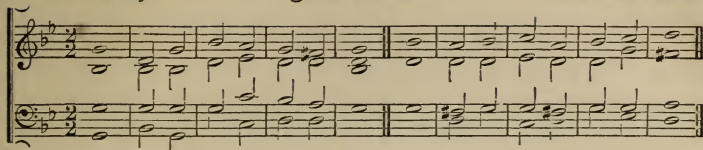


And look be - yond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill.

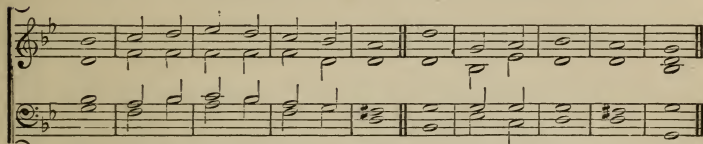
269. *Calmly.*

Heeds. 888.6.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



Just as I am—without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

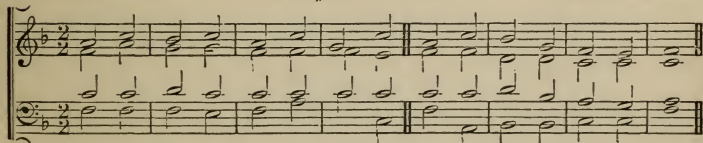


And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

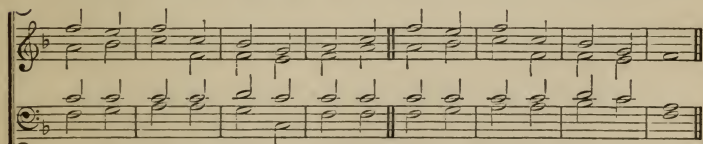
270. *Slowly.*

Vesper. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

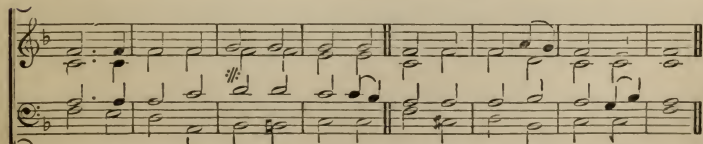
SIR J. STEVENSON.



Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal - va - ry;



See, it rends the rocks a - sun-der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky:

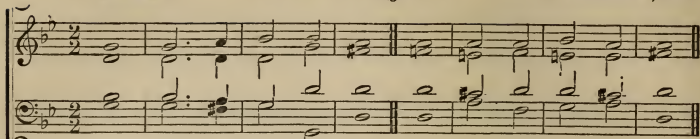


It is finished! It is fin-ished! Hear the dy-ing Sa-viour cry.

271. *Moderate.*

Canterbury. S.M.

From RAVENSCROFT, 1621.



The church of God be - low, Is like His church a - bove;

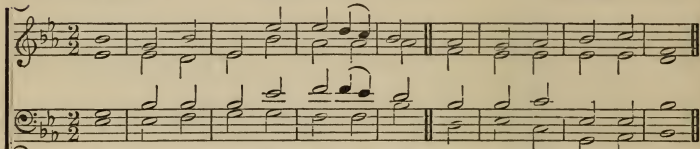


Safe shield - ed from her eve - ry foe, By heaven - ly power and love.

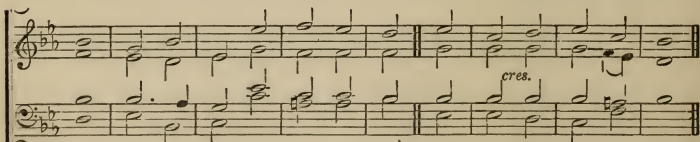
272. *Moderate.*

Lebanon. 86.86.88.

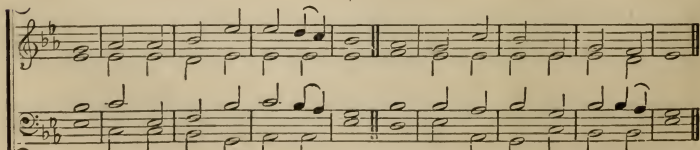
DR. LOUIS SPOHR.



Thou art the E - ver - last - ing Word, The Fa - ther's on - ly Son;



God, man - i - fest - ly seen and heard, And Heaven's be - lov - ed One.

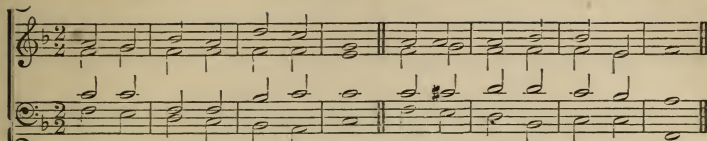


Wor - thy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, That eve - ry knee to Thee should bow.

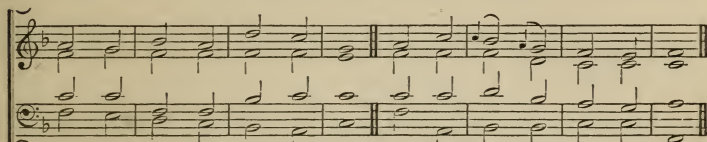
273. *Slow.*

Shore. 7.7.7.7.

From WEBER.



'Tis my hap - pi - ness be - low, Not to live with - out the Cross,

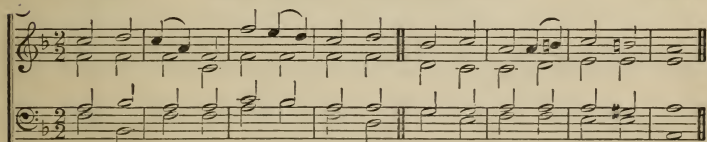


But the Sa - viour's power to know, Sanc - ti - fy - ing eve - ry loss.

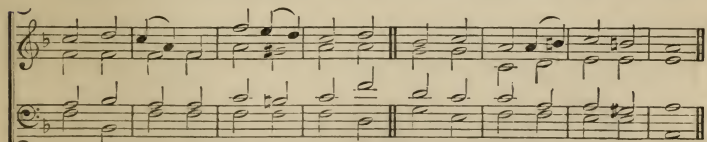
274. *Bold.*

Moscow. 87.87.47., or 87.87.87.

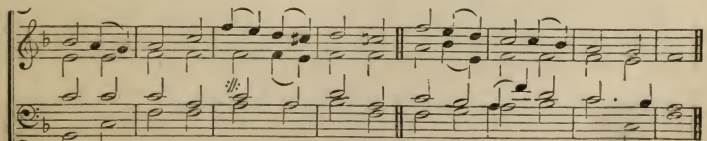
LVOFF.



Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pilgrim, through this bar - ren land;



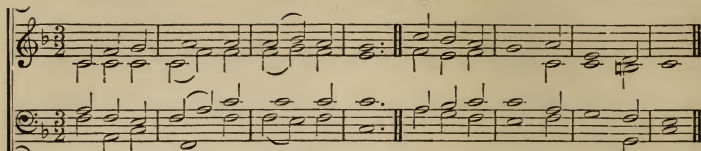
I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand:



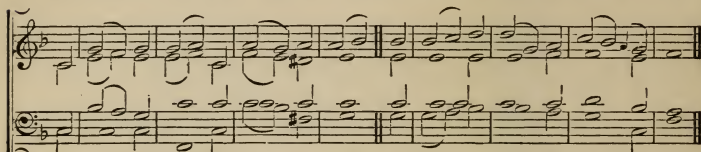
275. *Sustained.*

Alsace. L.M.

BEETHOVEN.



How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I co - py Him I love?



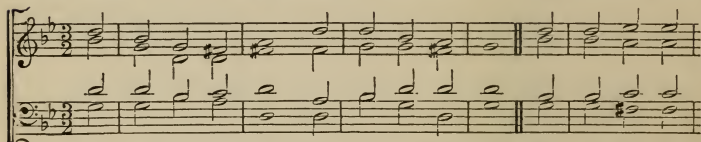
Nor from those blessed foot-steps swerve, Which lead me to His seat a - bove?

✓

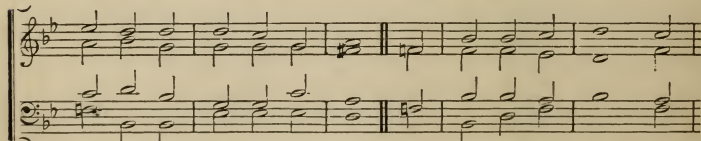
276. *Slow.*

Morrah. 5.5.11.5.5.11.

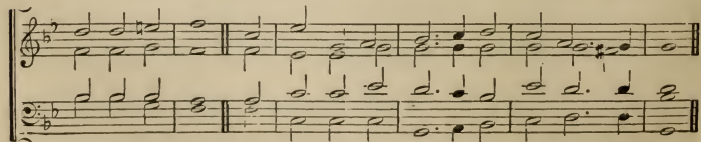
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1860.



All ye that pass by, To Je - sus draw nigh; To you is it



nothing your Sa - viour should die? Your ran - som and peace, Your

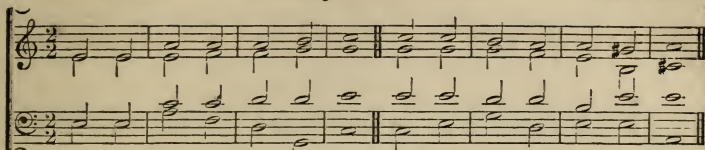


sure - ty He is? Come, see if there e - ver was sor - row like His.

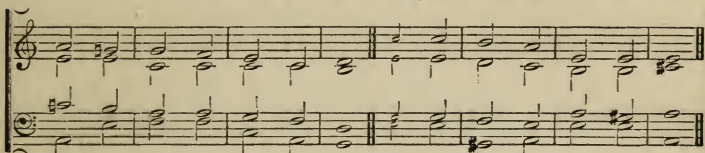
277. *Moderate.*

Pitang. 777.6., or 7.7.7.7.

JOHN HATTON.



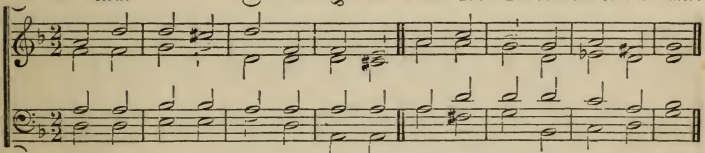
In the dark and cloud - y day, When earth's rich - es flee a - way,



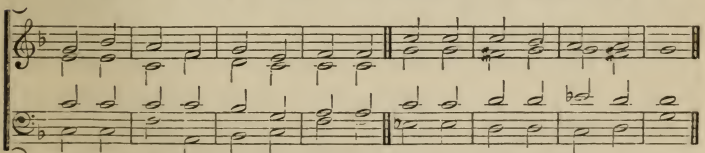
And the last hope will not stay, My Sa - viour, com - fort me.

278. *Slow.*

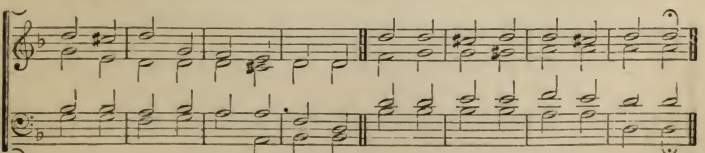
Reverley. 87.87.88. From PERGOLESI's *Stabat Mater*.



From all e - vil, all temp - ta - tion That be - sets our earth - ly path ;



From Thy fi - nal con - dem - na - tion, From Thy tran - si - to - ry wrath,

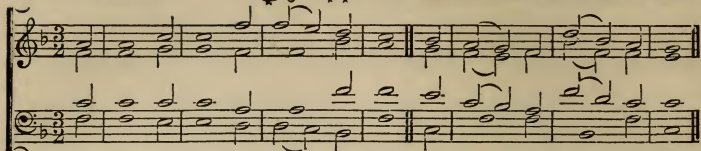


God of good - ness, us de - li - ver, And Thy name be praised for e - ver

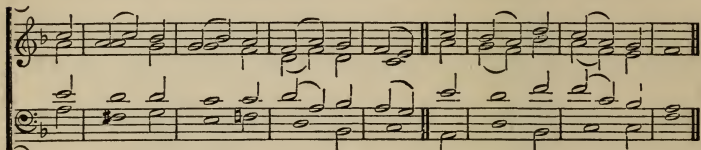
279. *Moderate.*

Philippi. C.M. (By permission, from the *Psalmist*.)

S. WESLEY.



A - wake, my soul, stretch eve - ry nerve, And press with vi - gour on:

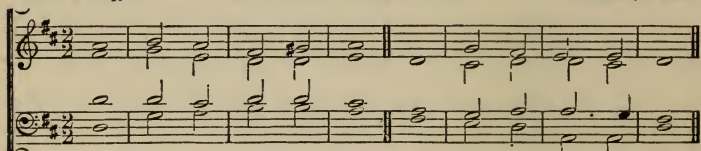


A heav - en - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.

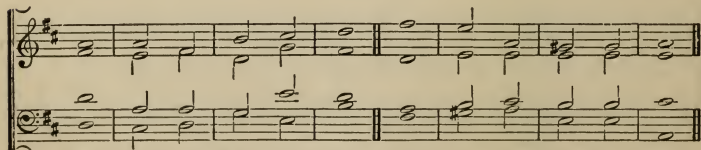
280. *Joyful.*

Caernarvon. 66.66.88.

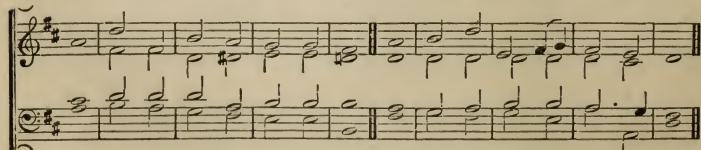
HANDEL, c. 1742.



Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni - ver - sal Lord,



The sove - reign King of kings; And be His grace a - dored.

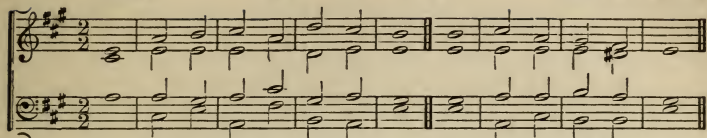


His power and grace are still the same; And let His name have end - less praise

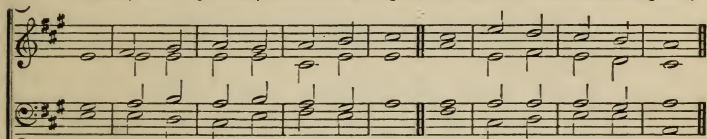
281. *Cheerful.*

Lancaster. C.M.

DR. HOWARD, 1762.



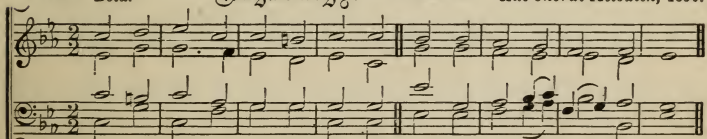
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire; Let us Thine influence prove,



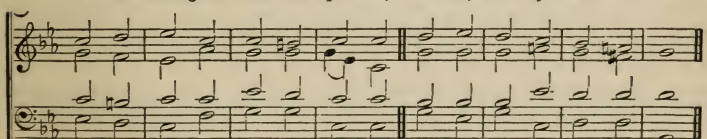
Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire, Foun - tain of light and love.

282. *Bold.*

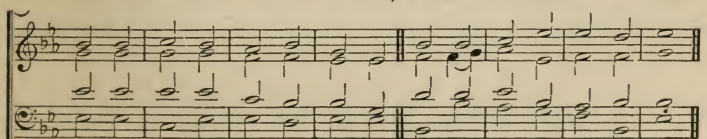
Lugsburgh. 8.7.8.7.8.7 8.7. *TOEPLER'S* *Alte Choral Melodien, 1850.*



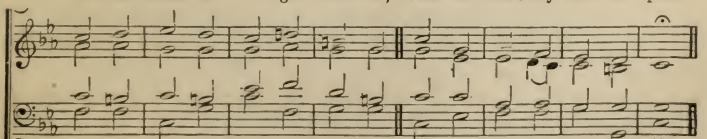
Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God:



He whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

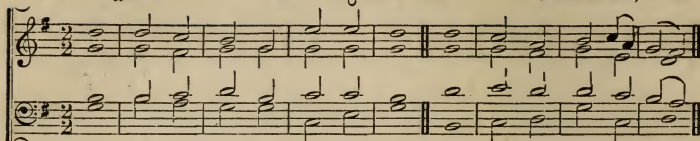


With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

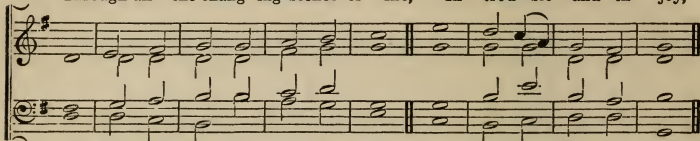
283. *Joyful.*

Tottenham. C.M.

T. GREATOREX, d. 1831.



Through all the chang-ing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy,

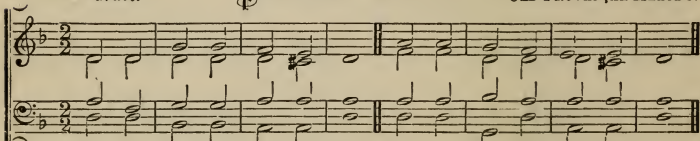


The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.

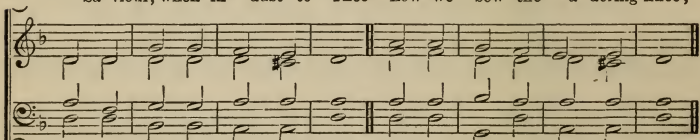
284. *Grave.*

Provence. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

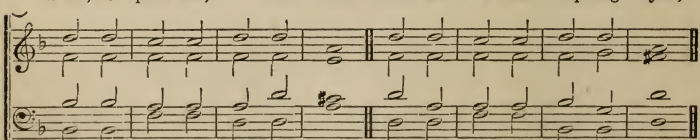
OLD PROVENÇAL MELODY.



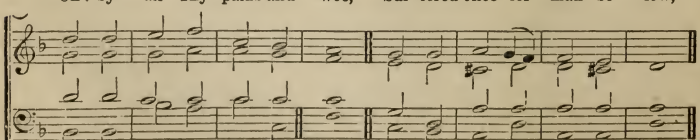
Sa-viour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the a-doring knee;



When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes;



Oh! by all Thy pains and woe, Suf-fered once for man be-low,

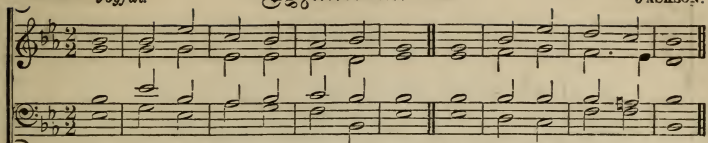


Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our so-lemn li-ta-ny.

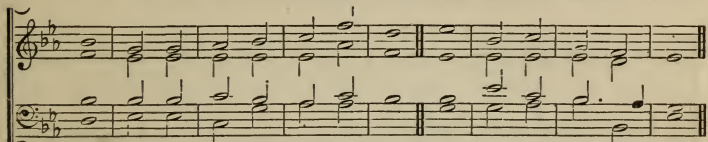
285. *Joyful.*

Byzantium. C.M.

JACKSON.



O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re - deem-er's praise;

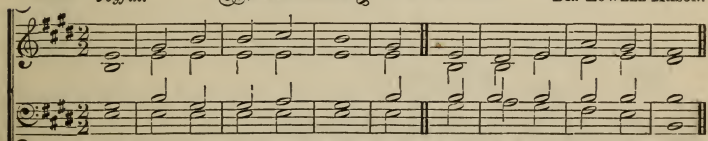


The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace.

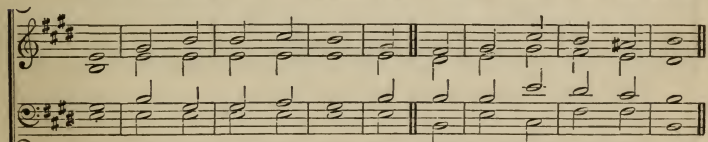
286. *Joyful.*

Missionary. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

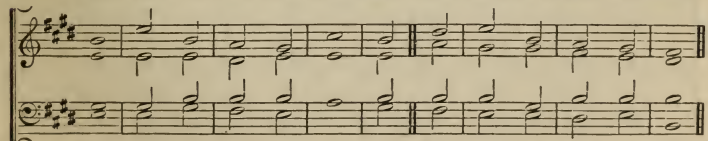
DR. LOWELL MASON.



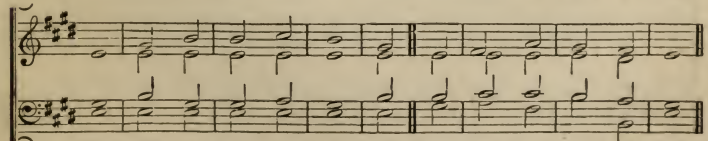
From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,



From many an an - cient ri - ver, From many a palm - y plain,

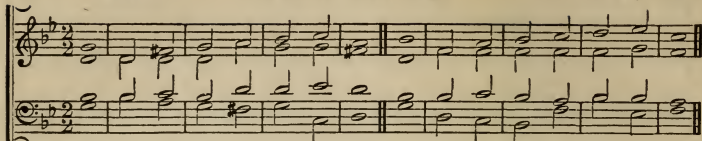


They call us to do - li - ver Their land from er - ror's chain.

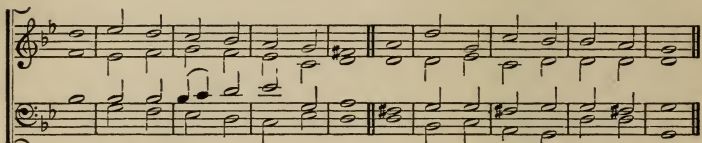
287. *Moderate.*

Cannons. L.M.

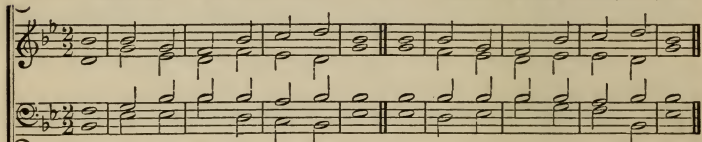
HANDEL, c. 1742.



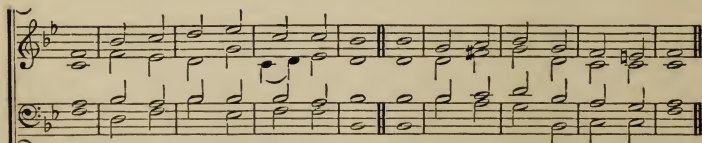
Ho! eve - ry one that thirsts, draw nigh; Thus God in - vites the fall - en race;



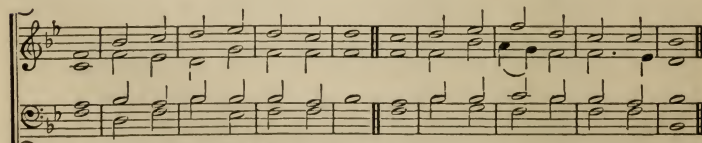
Mer - cy and free sal - va - tion buy,—Buy wine and milk and Gos - pel grace.

288. *Moderate.*Coberdale. 888.888. JOHANN WALTER'S *Gesangbuch*, 1525.

With grate - ful hearts, with joy - ful tongues, To God we raise u - ni - ted songs;



His power and mer - cy we proclaim. Through eve - ry age may Bri - tons own,

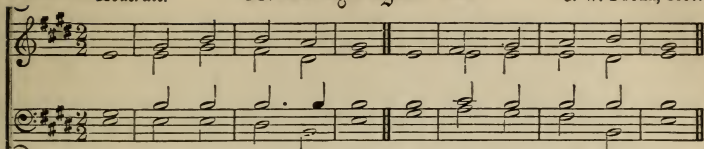


Je - ho - vah here has fixed His throne, And tri - umph in His migh - ty name.

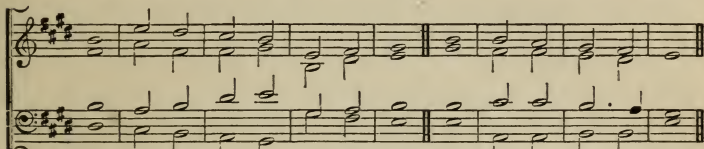
289. *Moderate.*

Westenbanger. S.M.

C. W. POOLE, 1860.



My Sa - viour, I am Thine, By e - ver - last - ing bands:



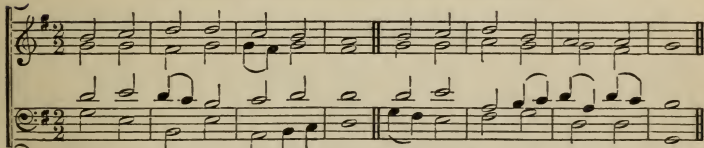
My name, my heart, I would re - sign: My soul is in Thy hands.

290. *Bold.*

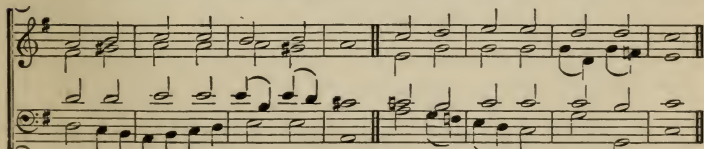
Peipsic. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.
Harmonized by BACH.

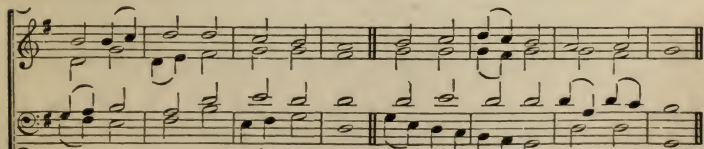
(Or 8 lines, by repeating the first two, or 8's and 7's.)



O give thanks to Him who made Morn - ing light and even - ing shade;



Source and Giv - er of all good, Night - ly sleep and dai - ly food;

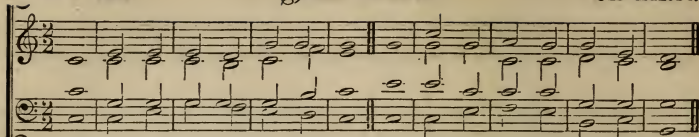


Quickener of our wea - ried powers; Guard of our un - con - scious hours.

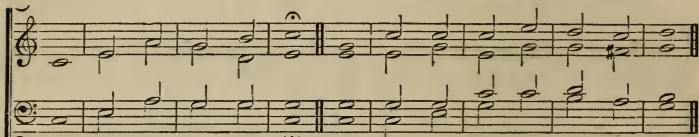
291. *Bold.*

Gull. 886.886.

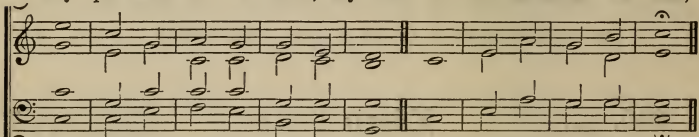
OLD MELODY.



The fes - tal morn, my God, is come, That calls me to Thy hallowed dome,



Thy pre - sence to a - dore; My feet the sum - mons shall at - tend,

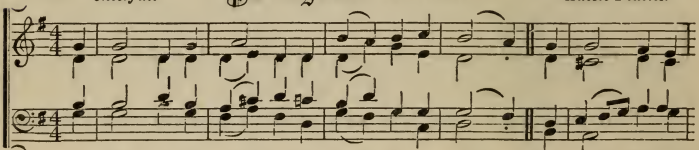


With will - ing steps Thy courts as - cend, And tread the sa - cred floor.

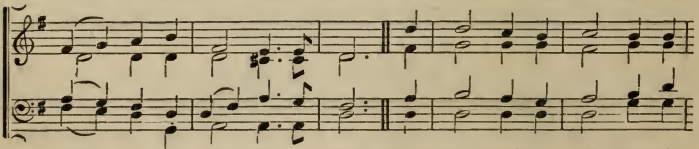
292. *Cheerful.*

Portuguese. 11.11.11.11.

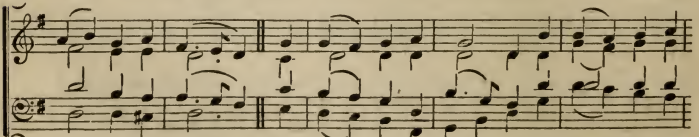
JOHN READING, 1760.
Adeste Fideles.



O had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove, How soon would I

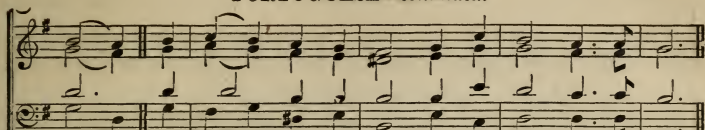


soar to Thy pre - sence a - bove! How soon would I fly where the



wea - ry have rest, And hide all my cares in Thy shel - ter - ing

PORTUGUESE—continued.

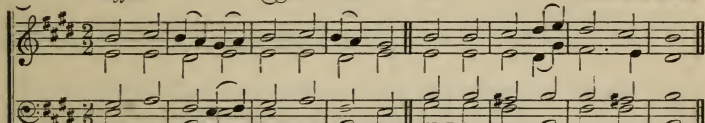


breast, And hide all my cares in Thy shelter - ing breast!

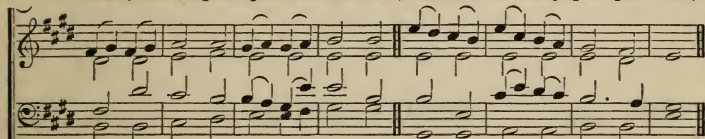
293. *Joyful.*

Mariners. 8.7.8.7.

SICILIAN MELODY.



Come, Thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy people free;

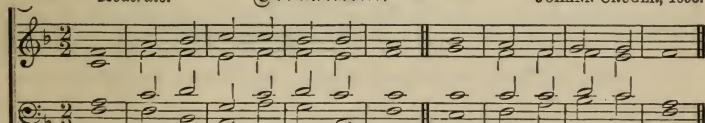


From our fears and sins re-lease us: Let us find our rest in Thee.

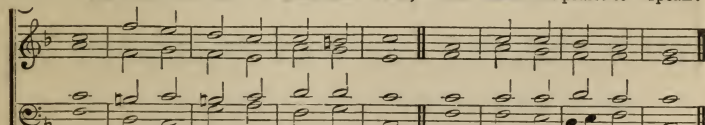
294. *Moderate.*

Jerusalem. 8.6.8.6.8.6.

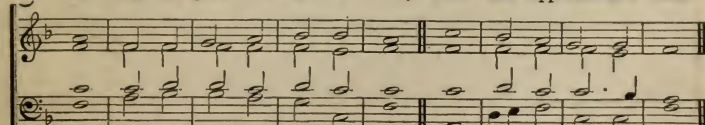
JOHANN CRÜGER, 1653.



For ev-er will I bless the Lord, Nor cease His praise to speak:



My song His good-ness shall re-cord, That the oppressed and weak

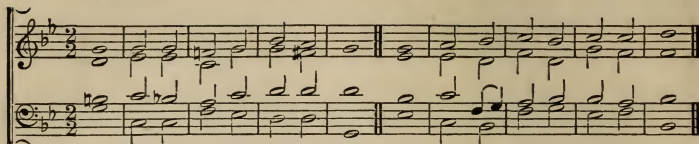


May trust in Him who will re-ward The hum-ble and the meek.

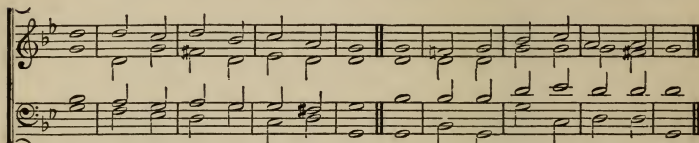
295. *Moderate.*

Galilee. L. M.

OLD LATIN. *Crudelis Herodes.*



Stay, Thou in - sult - ed Spi - rit, stay, Though I have done Thee such de - spite ;

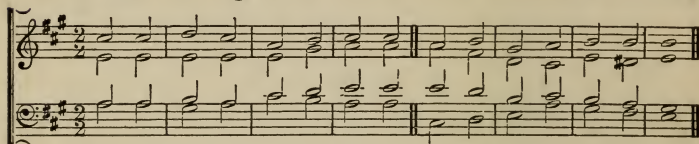


Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take Thine e - ver - last - ing flight.

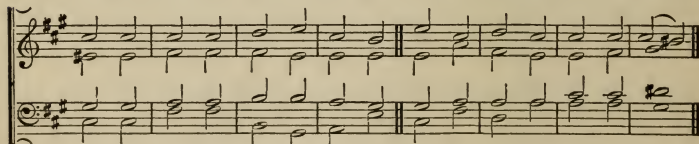
296. *Slow.*

Irene. 87.87.87., or 87.87.47.

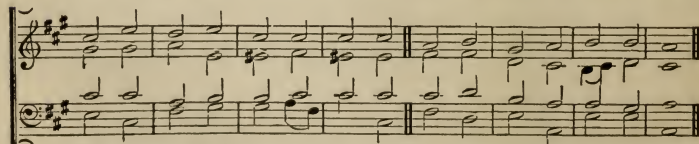
DR. LOUIS SPOHR.



Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glo - ry, Of His cross the mys - tery sing ;



Lift on high the wondrous tro - phy, Tell the tri - umph of the King :

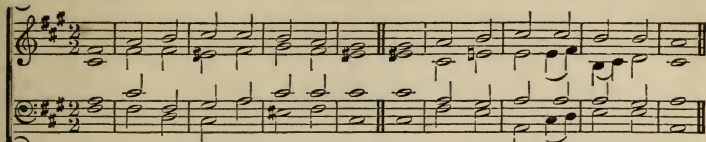


He, the world's Re - deem - er, conquers Death, through death now vanquishing.

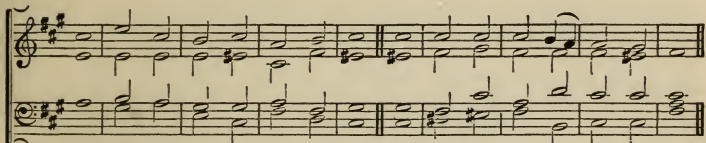
297. *Grave.*

Babylon. L.M.

DR. T. CAMPION, 1600.



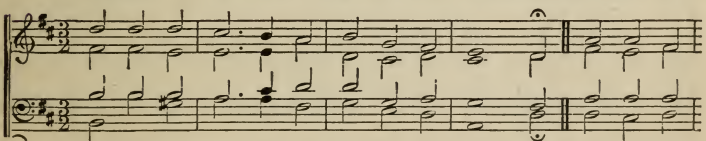
When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,



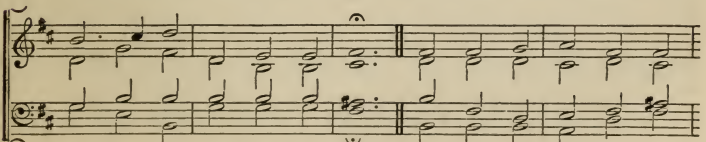
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride

298. *Cheerful.*

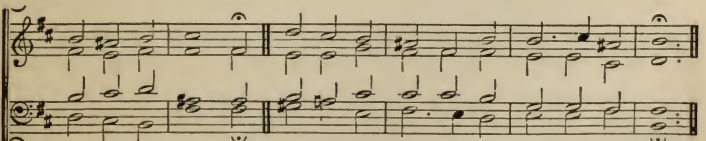
Strasburg. 11.10.11.10. JOHN RUDOLPH AHLE, d. 1673.



Brightest and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our



dark-ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, our ho -

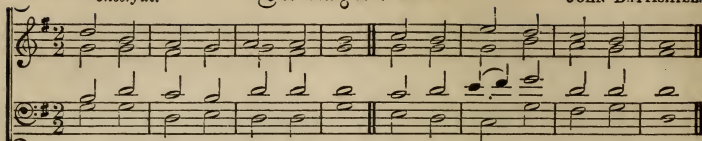


ri-zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

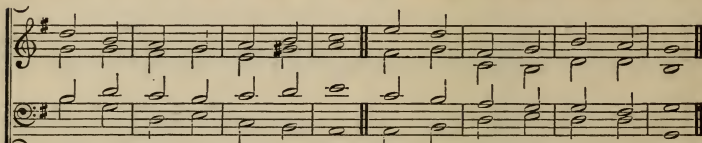
299. *Cheerful.*

Battisbill. 7.7.7.7.

JOHN BATTISHILL.



Ho - ly Bi - ble, book Di - vine; Pre - cious trea - sure, thou art mine;

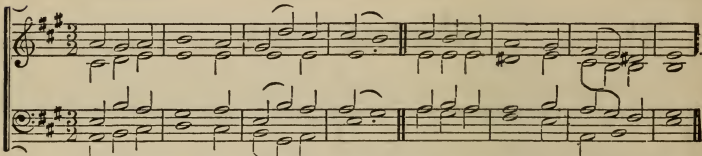


Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am.

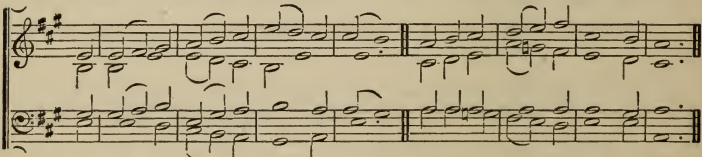
300. *Moderate.*

Courland. L.M.

HAYDN.



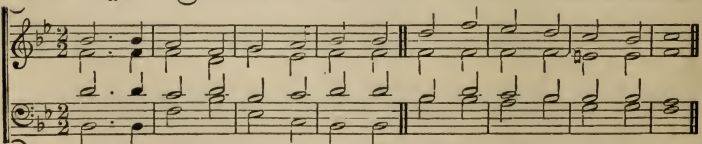
Jesus, our best - be - lov - ed Friend, Draw out our souls in pure de - sire:



Je - sus, in love to us de - scend: Baptize us with Thy Spi - rit's fire.

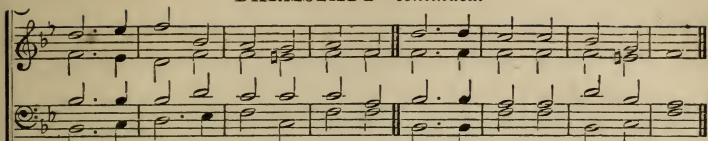
301. *Joyful.*

Darmstadt. 87.87.87., or 87.87.47. Darmstadt Cantional, 1687. Attributed to JOACHIM NEANDER.

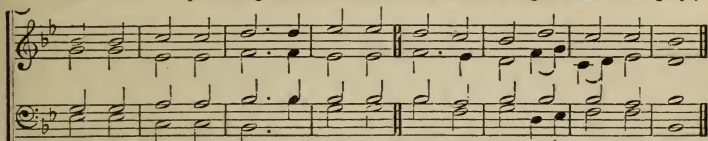


Hal - le - lu - jah! song of glad - ness, Song of ev - er - last - ing joy;

DARMSTADT—*continued.*



Hal - le - lu - jah! song the sweet-est That can an - gel hosts em - ploy;

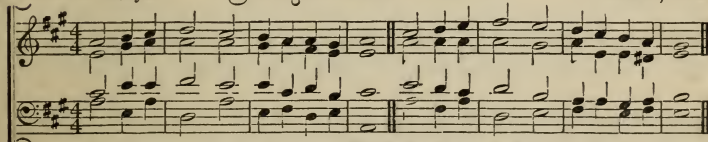


Hymn-ing in God's ho - ly pre-sence Their high praise e - ter - nal - ly.

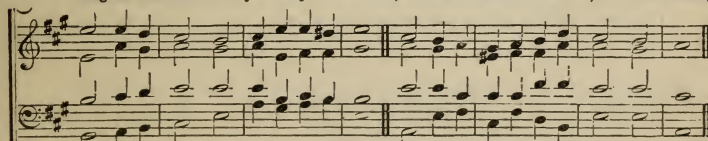
302. *Cheerful.*

Bartholomew. 10.10.10.10.

GOUDIMEL, 1562.



Again returns the day of holy rest Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;

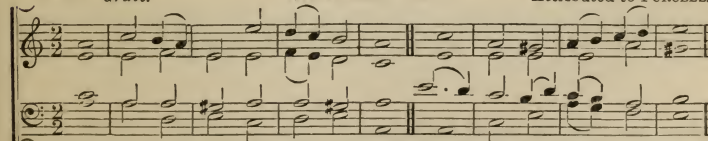


When, like His own, He bade our labours cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.

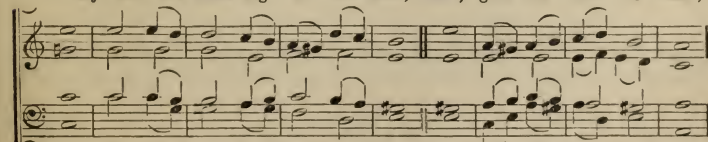
303. *Grave.*

Walsal. C.M.

WILKIN'S *Psalmody*, 1699.
Attributed to PURCELL.



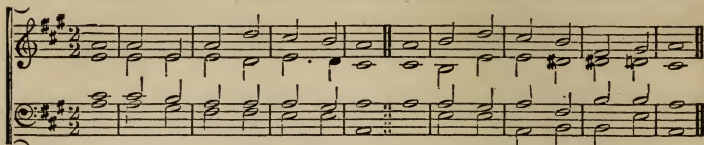
My soul lies cleav-ing to the dust; Lord, give me life Di - vine;



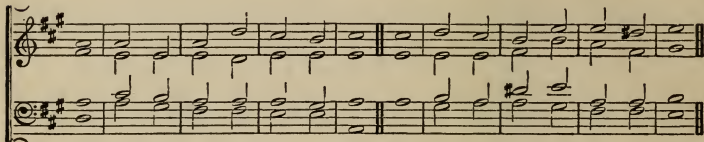
From vain de - sires and eve - ry lust Turn off these eyes of mine.

304. *Joyful.*

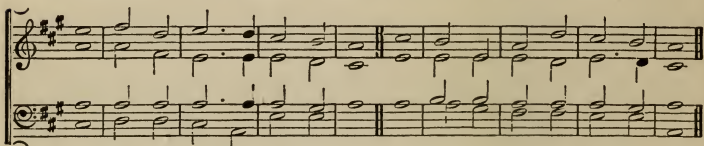
Melancthon. 88 88.88. *LUTHER.* *Eight Spiritual Songs, 1524.*



Thou hid - den source of calm re - pose; Thou all suf - fi - cient love di - vine;



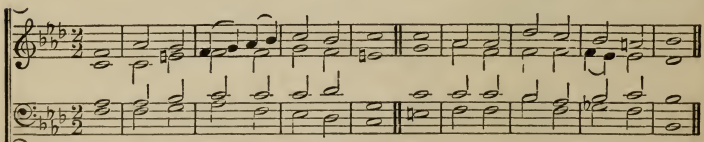
My help and re - fuge from my foes, Se - cure I am, if Thou art mine,



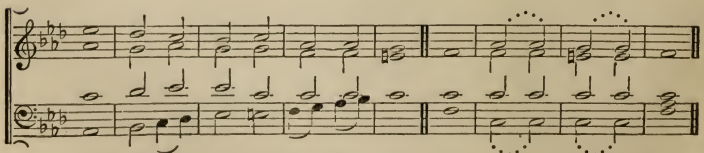
From sin and grief, from guilt and shame: I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name.

305. *Slow.*

Leicester. 888.6., or 888.4. *KOCHER's Zionscharfe.*



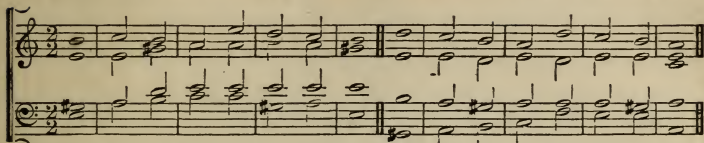
My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,



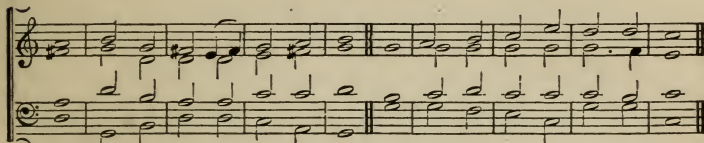
O teach me from my heart to say, - Thy will be done!

306. *Moderate and bold.* **Ephesus.** 88.88.88.

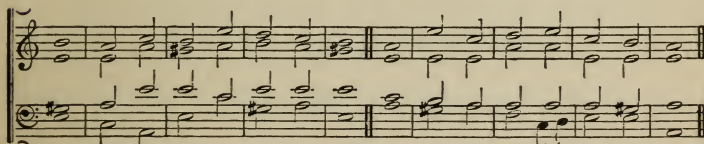
LUTHER,
Erfurt Enchiridion, 1524.



Great God of won-ders! all Thy ways Are wor-thy of Thyself,—divine:—



But the bright glo-ries of Thy grace, Be-yond Thine o-ther wonders shine.

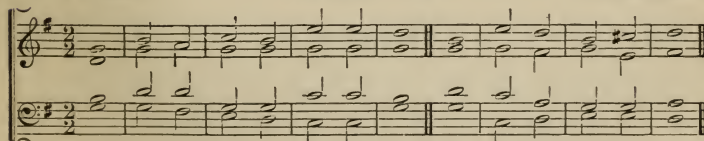


Who is a pardoning God like Thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?

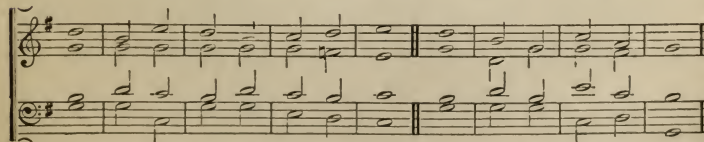
307. *Bold.*

Exeter. C.M.

RAVENSCROFT.



God moves in a mys-te-rious way His won-ders to per-form:

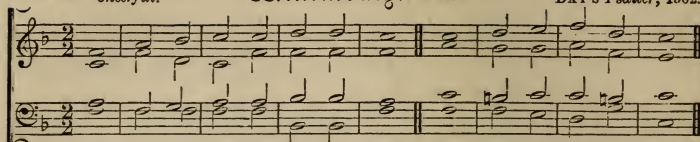


He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.

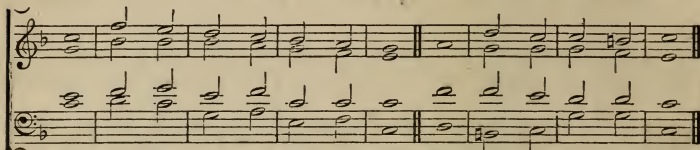
308. *Cheerful.*

Wearmouth. C.M.D.

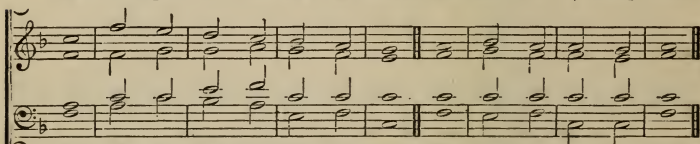
DAY'S Psalter, 1562.



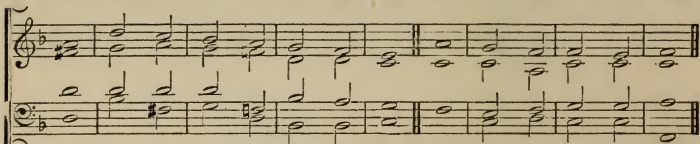
Let eve-ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And eve-ry heart re-joice;



The trum-pet of the Gos-pel sounds With an in-vi-ting voice.



Ho! all ye hun-gry, starv-ing souls, That feed up-on the wind,

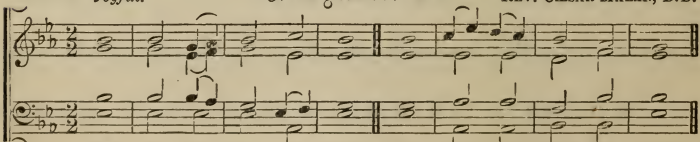


And vain-ly strive with earth-ly toys To fill an emp-ty mind.

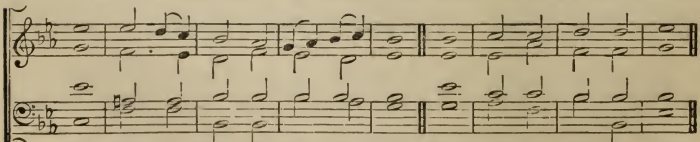
309. *Joyful.*

Silchester. S.M.

REV. CÆSAR MALAN, D.D.



Far as Thy name is known, The world de-clares Thy praise;

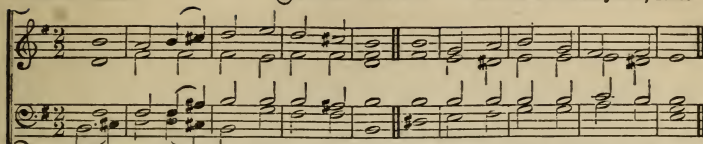


Thy saints, O Lord, be-fore Thy throne Their songs of hon-our raise

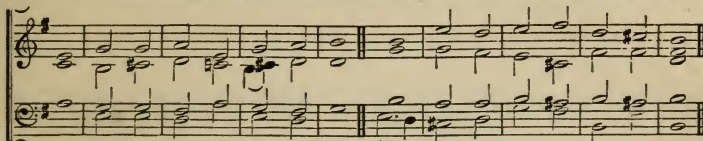
310. *Slow.*

Jena. 88.88.88.

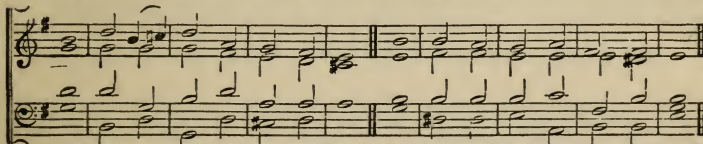
OLD LATIN, adapted by LUTHER.
WALTHER'S *Gesangbuch*, 1525.



When gath-ering clouds a-round I view, And days are dark and friends are few,



On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex - pe - rienced eve - ry hu - man pain.

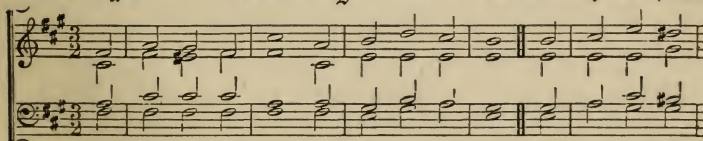


He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and trea - sures up my tears.

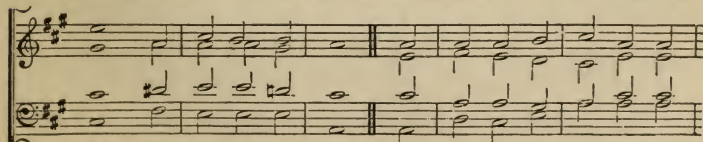
311. *Joyful.*

Werbürg. 10.10.11.11.

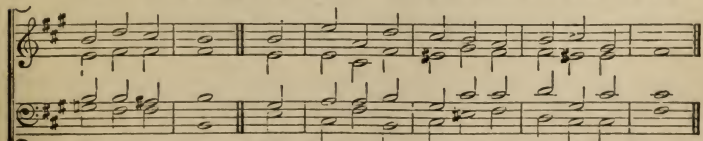
RAVENSCROFT'S
Whole Booke of Psalms, 1621.



Be - gone, un - be - lief; My Sa - viour is near, And for my re -



lief Will sure - ly ap - pear. By prayer let me wres - tle, And

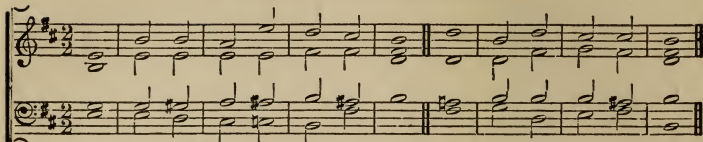


He will per - form; With Christ in the ves - sel, I smile at the storm.

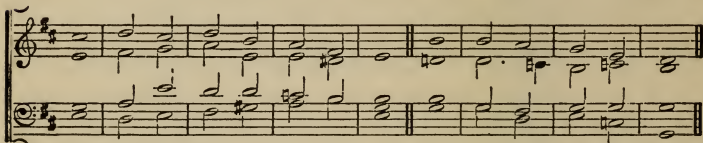
312. *Moderate.*

Westphalia. 86.86.86. **LUTHER.** WALTHER'S *Gesangbuch*, 1525.

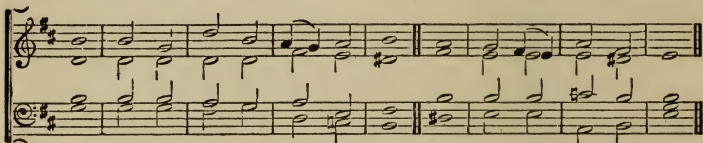
(Or 3 lines, by repeating the first two.)



Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me,



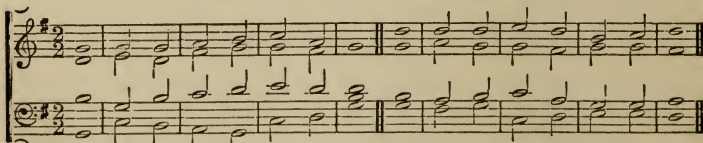
The chang-es that will sure-ly come I do not fear to see;



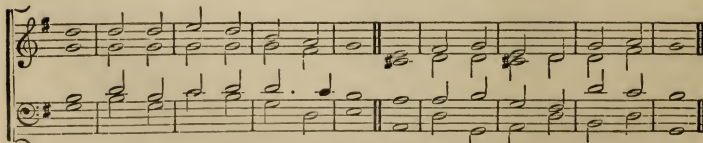
I ask Thee for a pre-sent mind In - tent on pleas-ing Thee.

313. *Moderate.*

Smyrna. L.M. **OLD LATIN.** "Jesu Redemptor omnium."



Who can de-scribe the joys that rise Through all the courts of Par - a - dise,



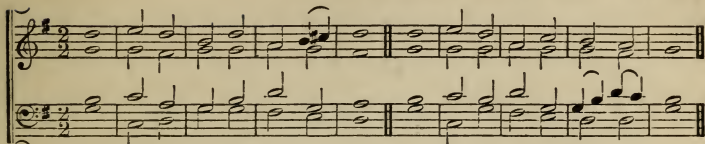
To see a prod-i-gal re-turn, To see an heir of glo-ry born?

314. *Moderate.*

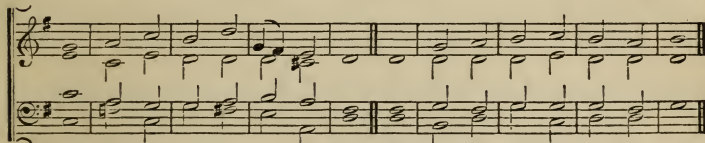
Antioch. 888.888.

OLD LATIN. "Veni Sancte Spiritus."

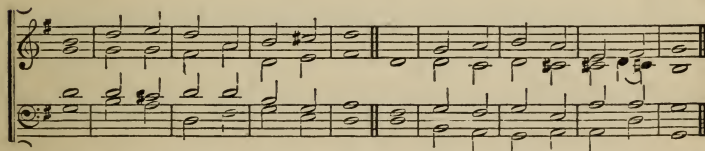
Adapted by LUTHER in his *Eight Spiritual Songs*, 1524.



Ye that de-light to serve the Lord, The ho-nours of His name re-cord,



His sa-cred name for ev-er bless: Where-e'er the cir-cling sun dis-plays

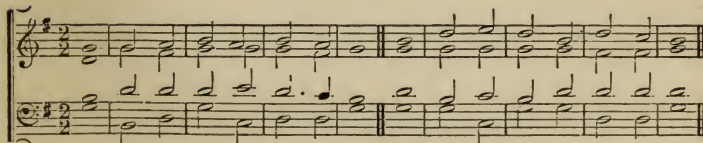


His ris-ing beams, or set-ing rays, Let lands and seas His power con-fess.

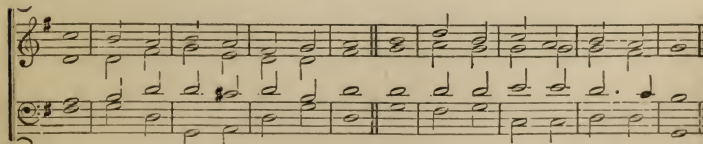
315. *Moderate.*

Nicen. L.M.

OLD LATIN. "Lucis Creator." 7th or 8th Century.



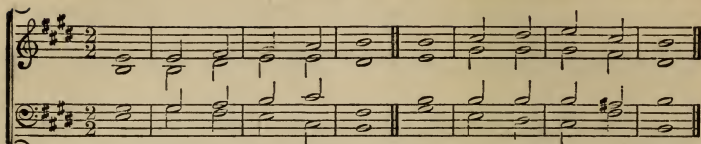
Com-mand Thy bless-ing from a-bove, O God, on all as-sem-bled here;



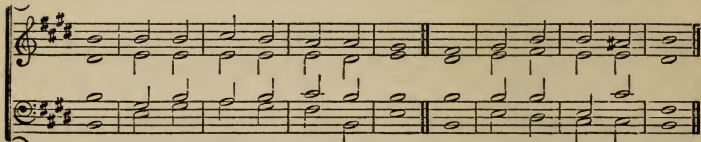
Be-hold us with a Fa-ther's love, While we look up with fil-ial fear.

316. *Bold.*

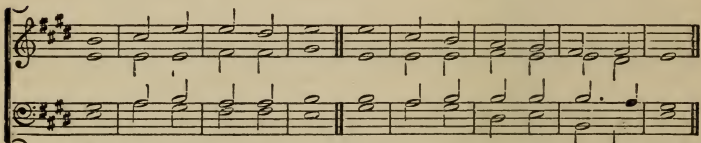
Hilary. 668.668. MAROT and BEZA's *Psalms*, 1561.



The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, And roy - al state main - tains,



His head with aw - ful glo - ries crowned; Ar - rayed in robes of light,

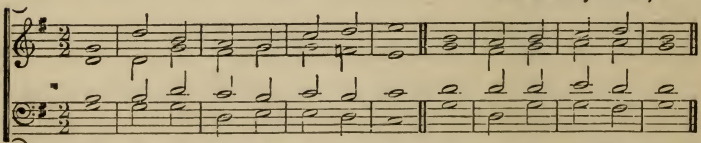


Be - girt with sove - reign might, And rays of ma - jes - ty a - round.

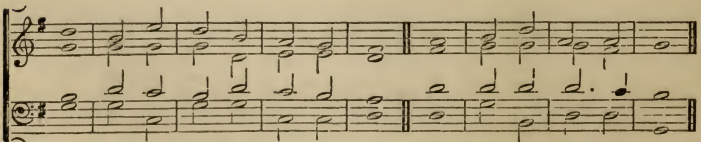
317. *Joyful*

Gloucester. C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S
Whole Booke of Psalms, 1621.



Hap - py the heart where gra - ces reign, Where love in - spires the breast :

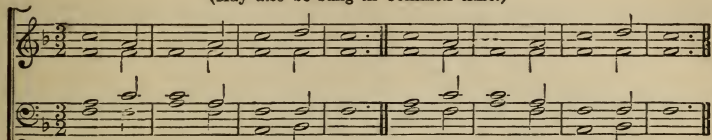


Love is the bright - est of the train, And strength - ens all the rest.

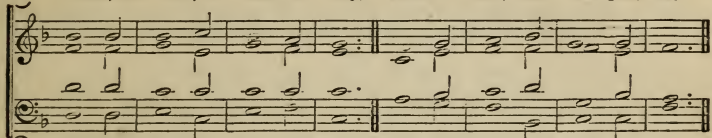
318. *Joyful.*

Arimathea. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
(May also be sung in Common time.)

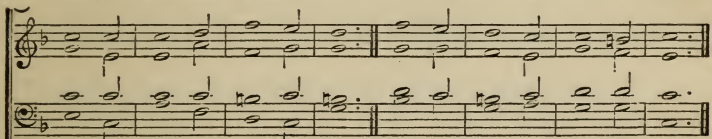
Melody of the 14th Century.
"Resonet in laudibus."



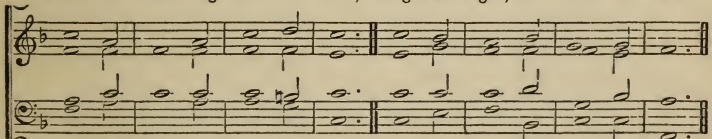
Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Sons of men, and an - gels, say:



Raise your songs and tri - umphs high: Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply.



Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won.

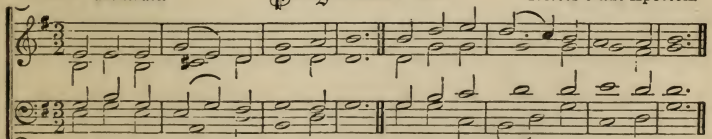


Lo! our sun's e - clipse is o'er: Lo! he sets in blood no more

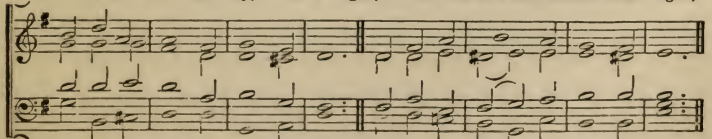
319. *Moderate.*

Pergamos. L.M.

OLD LATIN.
"Tristes erant Apostoli."



O God of mer - cy, God of might, How should weak sin - ners bear the sight,



If, as Thy power is sure - ly here, Thine o - pen glo - ry should ap - pear?

320.

Slow and earnestly.

Bethel. 76.76.77.

H. A. WEDD, 1859.

In the day of thy dis - tress, May Je - ho - vah hear thee;

In the hour when dan - gers press, Ja - cob's God be near thee;

Send thee, from His ho - ly place, Time - ly aid or strength - ening grace.

May thy prayers and offerings rise,
By thy God recorded;
Thine oblations reach the skies,
Graciously rewarded;
Granted be thy heart's request;
All thy purposes be blest!

Thy success our heart shall cheer;
We, with exultation,
In Jehovah's name will rear
Trophies of salvation.

Go beneath His guardian care,
And the Lord fulfil thy prayer.

Vain the despot's haughty boasts,
Fleets or martial forces;
Be our trust the God of hosts,
Heavenly our resources:
Theirs shall be defeat and shame;
We shall triumph in Thy name.

J. CONDER.

321.

Joyous.

Gildas. S.M.

Attributed to PETER ABELARD,
A.D. 1120. "Mittet ad Virginem."

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mour on,

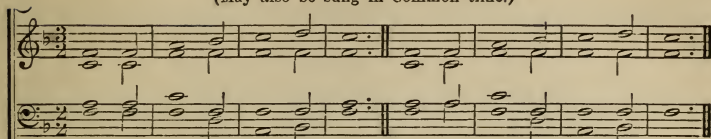
Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Through His e - ter - nal Son.

322. *Joyful.*

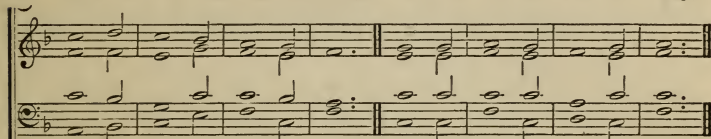
Nativity. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

OLD LATIN. 15th Century.
"In dulci jubilo."

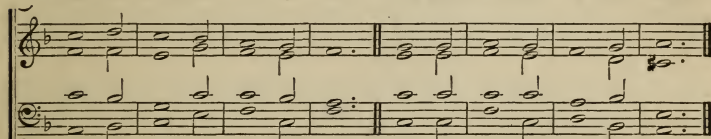
(May also be sung in Common time.)



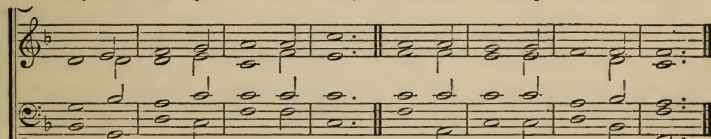
Hark! the he - rald an - gels sing, — Glo - ry to the new - born King;



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con - ciled.



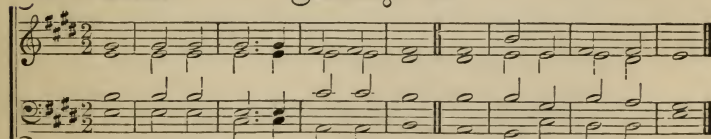
Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise; Join the tri - umph of the skies:



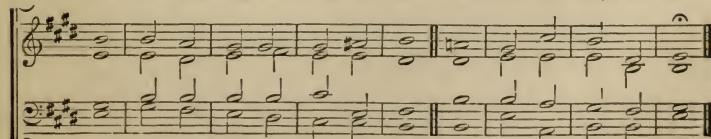
With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, — Christ was born in Beth - le - hem.

323. *Moderate.*

Burmah. C.M.



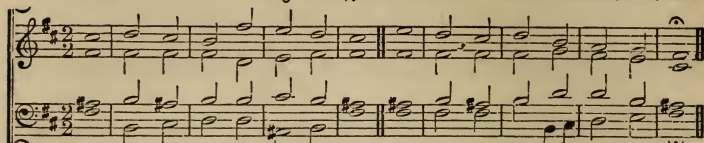
Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see



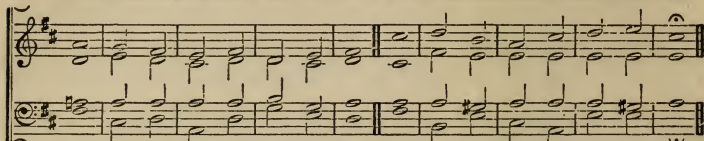
The saints a - bove, how great their joys! How bright their g'lo - ries be!

324. *Slow.*

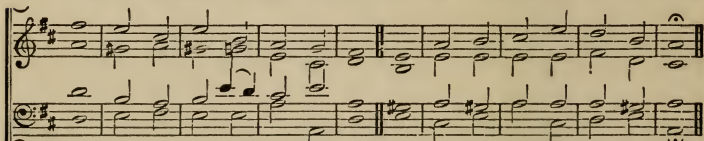
Thuringia. L.M.D.

LUTHER.
KöPHL's Gesangbuch, 1543.

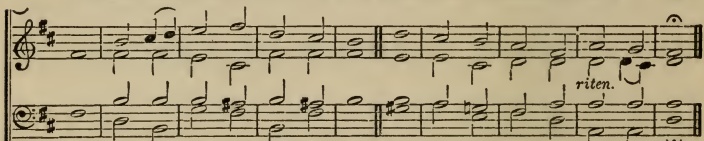
Why should we start and fear to die? What timorous worms we mor - tals are!



Death is the gate of end - less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.



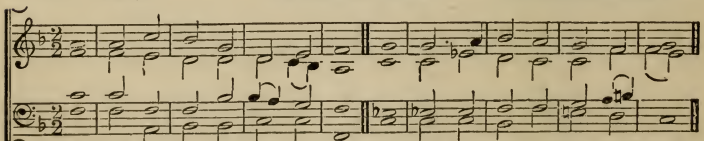
The pains, the groans, and dy - ing strife, Fright our ap - proach - ing souls a - way;



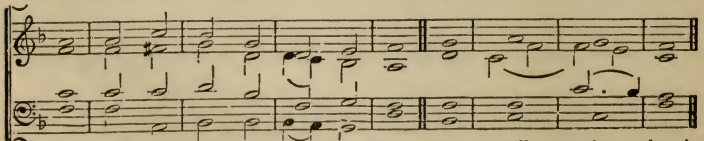
Still we shrink back a - gain to life, Fond of our pri - son and our clay.

325. *Calmly.*

Sarum. 888.4.

J. HULLAH. By permission, from
HULLAH's Tune Book.

My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,

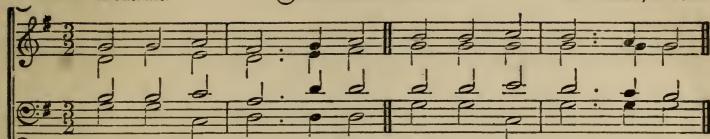


O teach me from my heart to say, — Thy will be done!

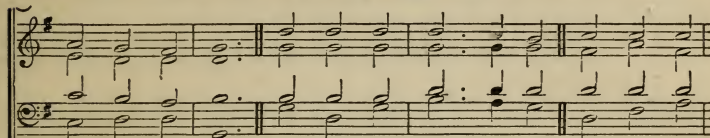
326. *Moderate.*

Albion. 664.6664.

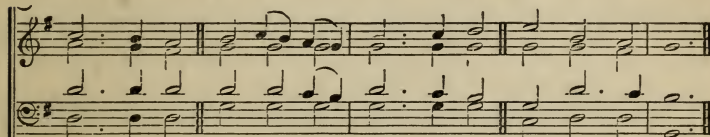
H. CAREY, d. 1743.



God bless our na - tive land, Firm may she ev - er stand,



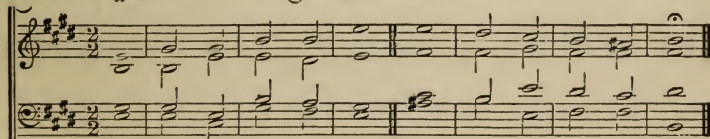
Through storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Ru - ler of



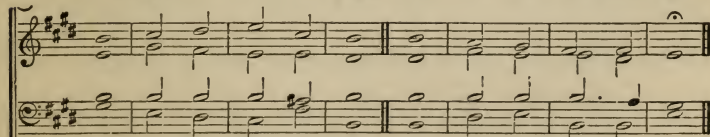
winds and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save, By Thy great might.

327. *Joyful.*

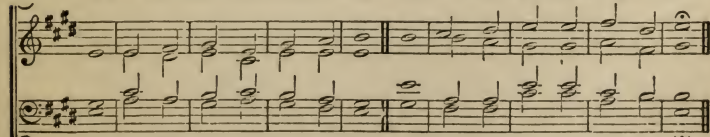
Jona. 66.66.88.



We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love,



For all our com - forts here, And bet - ter hopes a - bove:

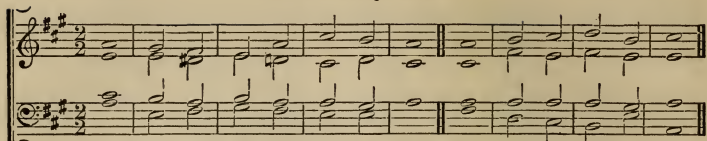


He sent His own e - ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done.

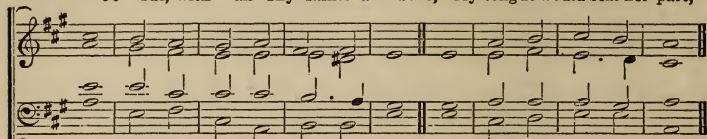
328. *Joyful.*

Norwich. C.M.D.

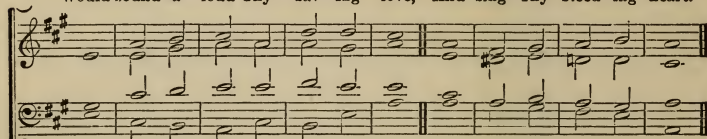
DAY'S *Psalter*, 1563.
(Old 137th.)



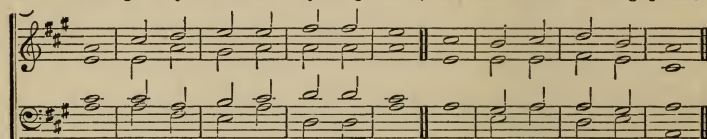
Je - sus, with all Thy saints a - bove, My tongue would bear her part,



Would sound a - loud Thy sav - ing love, And sing Thy bleed - ing heart.



All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb, And nev - er - ceas - ing praise,

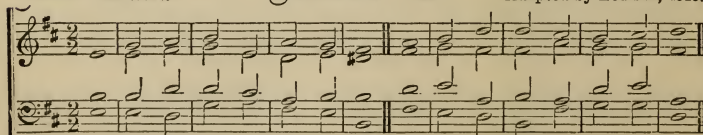


While an - gels live to know His name, Or saints to feel His grace.

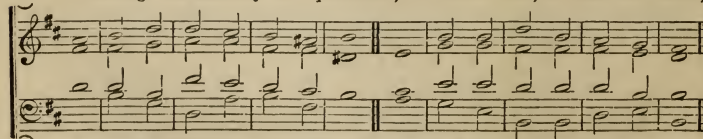
329. *Moderate.*

Rabenna. L.M.

OLD LATIN MELODY.
Adapted by LUTHER, 1525.



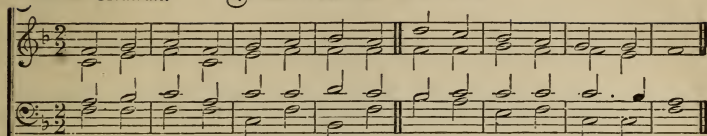
Where high the heaven-ly tem - ple stands, The house of God, not made with hands,



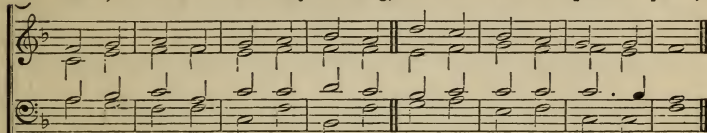
A great High Priest our na - ture wears; The Guard - ian of man-kind ap - pears.

330. *Moderate.*

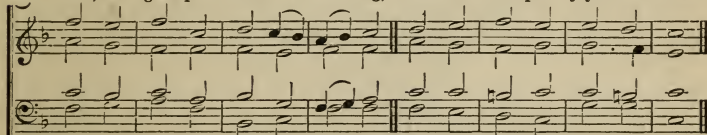
Dismission. 8.7.8.7.3.7.8.7.



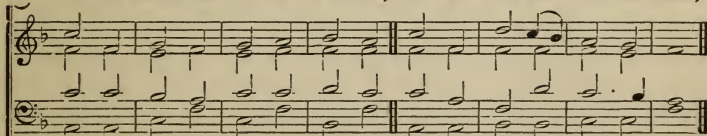
Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Bid us all de - part in peace;



Still, on gos - pel man - na feed - ing, Pure se - ra - phic joys in - crease:



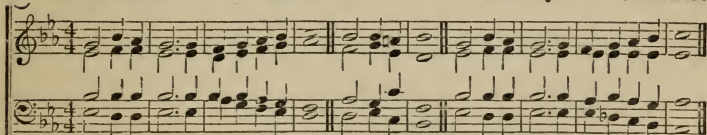
Fill our hearts with con - so - la - tion, Un - to Thee our voi - ces raise;



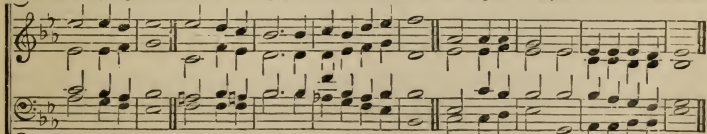
When we reach that bliss - ful sta - tion We will give Thee no - bler praise.

331. *Moderate.*

Oriel. 10.4.10.4.10.10. Words by Dr. J. H. NEWMAN.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on. Then night is dark, and I am far from home.



Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

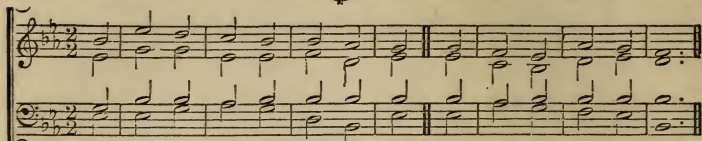
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Should'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till,
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

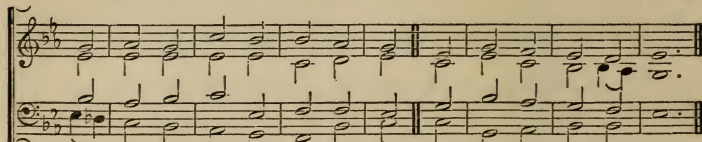
332. *Moderate.*

St. Peter. C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.
Inserted by his permission.



Be known to us in breaking bread, And do not then de-part;

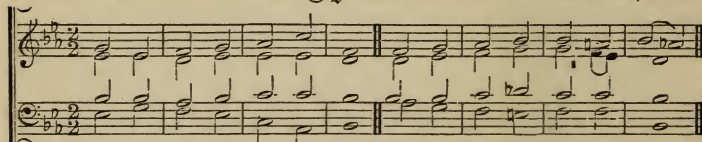


Sa-viour, a-bide with us, and spread Thy ta-ble in our heart.

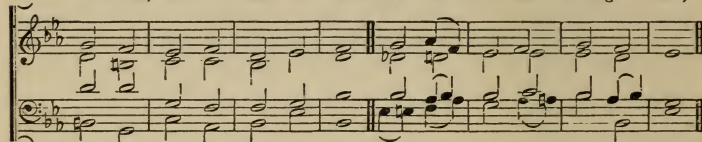
333 *Slow.*

St. Agnes. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

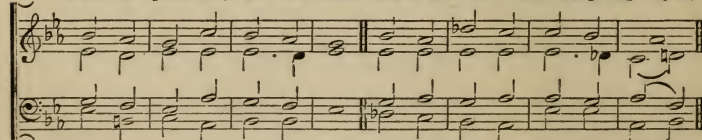
BEETHOVEN, d. 1827.



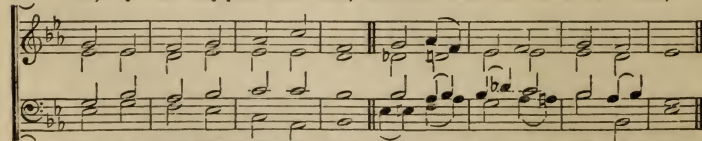
Saviour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the adoring knee;



When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes;



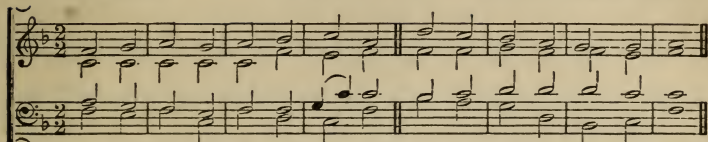
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe, Suffered once for man be-low,



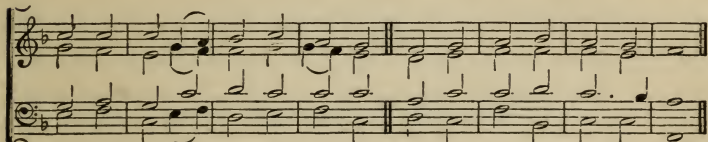
Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our so-lemn lit-a-ny.

334. *Moderate.*

Ellerker. 8.7.8.7. J. B. KÖNIG, 1738.
Harmonized by LUDWIG ERK.

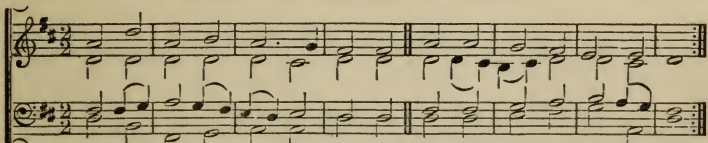


Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

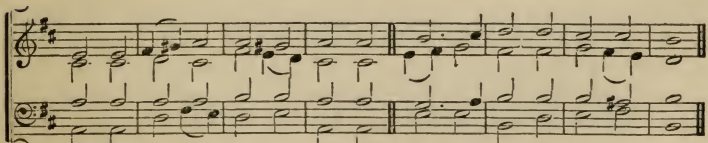


Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

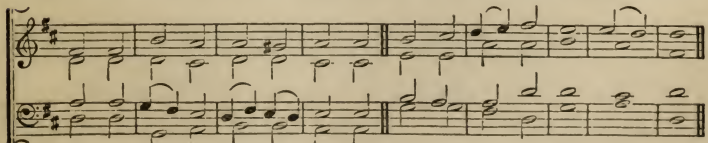
335. *Bold.* Stuttgart. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. (or six lines). J. ROSENMÜLLER, 1650.
Harmonized by BACH.



Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God!
He whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.



On the Rock of a - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

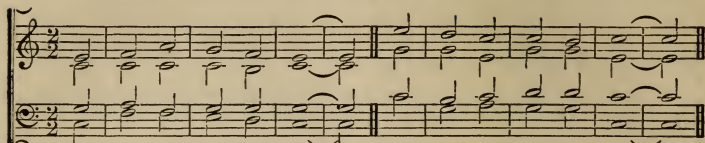


With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

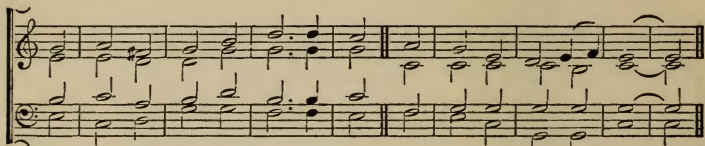
336. *Joyful.*

Ramleh. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill!

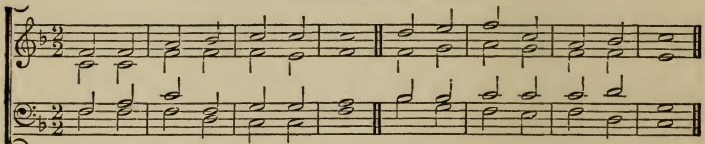


Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

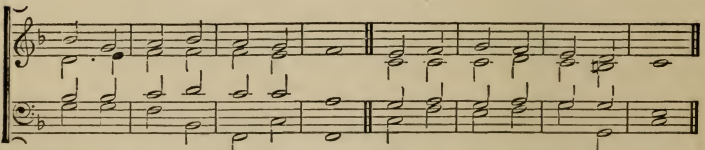
337. *Cheerful.*

Göttingen. 7.7.7.7.7., MICHAEL WEISS, 1531.
Harmonized by Dr. FILITZ.

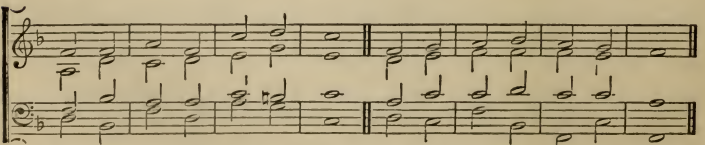
(Or 8 lines, by repeating the first two lines.)



Bless-ed are the sons of God; They are bought with Christ's own blood;



They are ransomed from the grave; Life e - ter - nal they shall have.

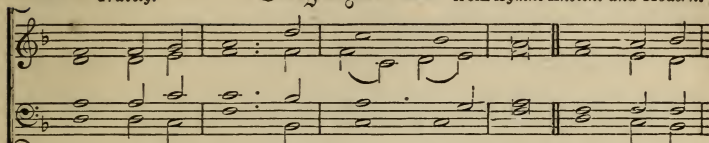


With them numbered may we be, Now and through e - ter - ni - ty.

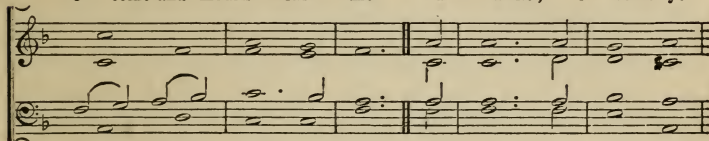
338. *Gravely.*

Golgotha. L.M.

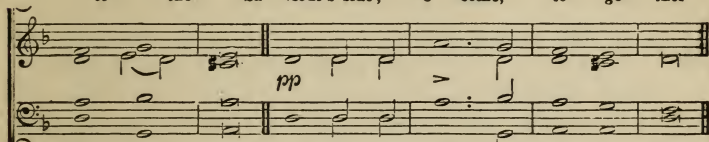
Rev. J. B. DYKES. By permission,
from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.



O come and mourn with me a - while; O come ye



to the Sa - viour's side; O come, to - ge - ther



let us mourn; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with woe;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried

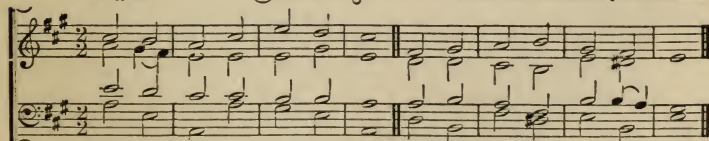
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
The fountain opened in His side,
Shall purge our deepest stains away;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
The broken heart He heals and saves;
For us our Lord was crucified.

F. W. FABER, D.D.

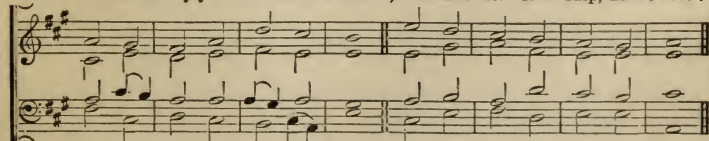
339. *Joyful.*

Liberach.

J. H. KNECHT, 1797.
7.7.7.7. From the *Württemberg Choralbuch*.



Great the joy when Christians meet; Christian fel - low - ship, how sweet!

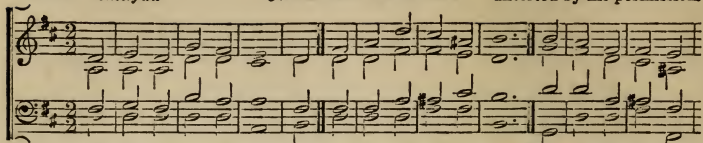


When, their theme of praise the same, They ex - alt Je - ho - vah's name.

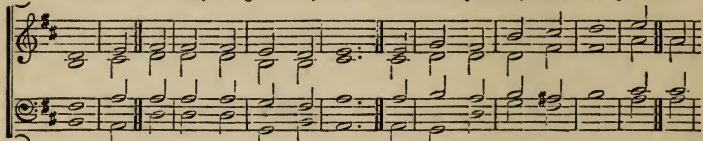
340. *Cheerful.*

Salem. 76.76.76.76.

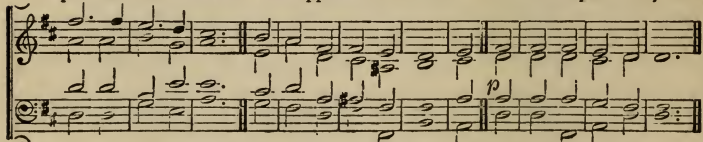
A. EWING, Bishop of Argyll.
Inserted by his permission.



Je - ru - sa - lem, the gol - den, With milk and honey blest ; Beneath thy contem -



pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed. The home of fade - less splen - dour, Of



flowers that have no thorn ; Where they shall dwell as children, Who here as exiles mourn.

Jerusalem, the only,
That look'st from heaven below ;
In thee is all my glory ;
In me is all my woe.

I strive to win that glory ;
I toil to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope is lost to sight.

Jerusalem ! exulting,
On that secure shore ;
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore.

O happy, holy city,
The portion of the blest ;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet balm of all distress.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages,
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction,
Thy ransomed people raise.
And He whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

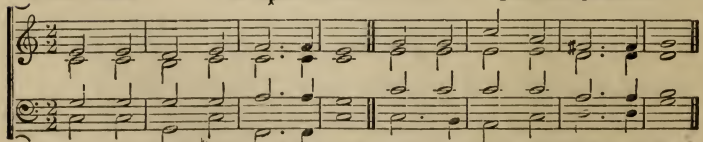
O sweet and blessed country,
When shall I see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed country,
When shall I win thy grace ?
Exult, O dust and ashes !
The Lord shall be thy part ;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Cento from the Rhythm of ST. BERNARD.

341. *Grave.*

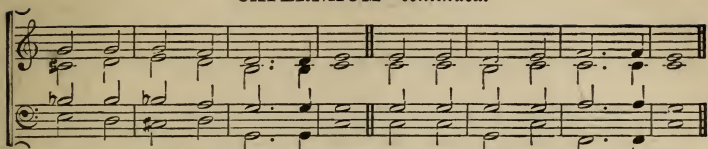
Capernaum. 7.7.7.7.

R. REDHEAD. Inserted by
purchased permission.



When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er - flow,

CAPERNAUM—continued.

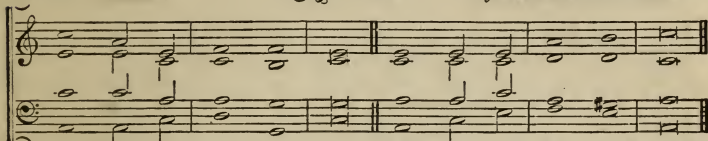


When we mourn the lost and dear, Je - sus, son of Da - vid, hear.

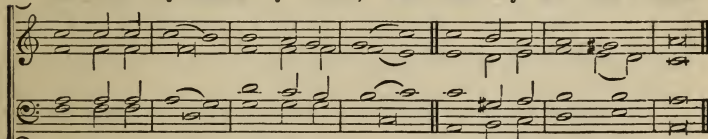
342. *Plaintive.*

Lyte. S.M.

J. B. WILKES. By permission, from
Hymns Ancient and Modern.



Far from my heaven - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast

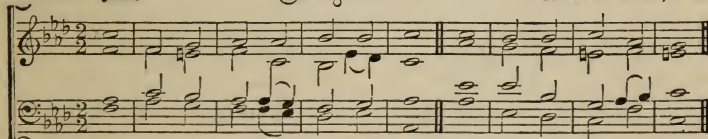


Fainting, I cry,— blest Spi - rit, come, And speed me to my rest.

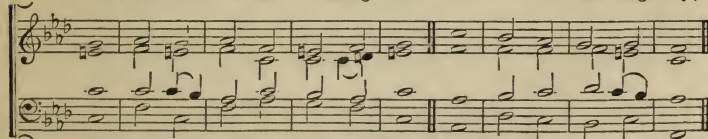
343. *Quiet.* ✓

Arnheim. C.M.

ADAM KRIEGER, 1666.



The sha - dows of the evening hours Fall from the dark'ning sky;



Up - on the fra-grance of the flowers The dews of even - ing lie.

Before Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers,
Before Thy mercy rise.

The brightness of the coming light,
Upon the darkness rolls;

With hopes of future glory chase,
The shadows on our souls.

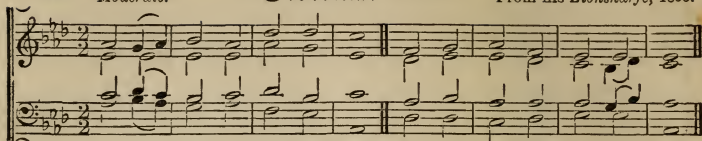
Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.

Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose!

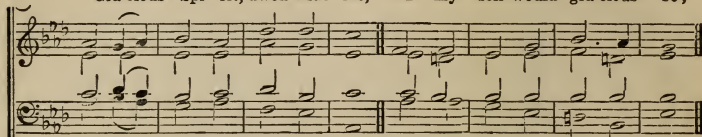
344. *Moderate.*

Tiberias. 77.77.77.

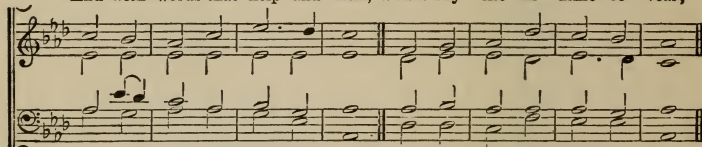
CONRAD KOCHER.
From his *Zionsharfe*, 1855.



Gra-cious Spi - rit, dwell with me, I my - self would gra-cious be;



And with words that help and heal, Would Thy life in mine re - veal;



And with ac - tions bold and meek, Would for Christ, my Sa - viour, speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where, unaided, man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty Love,
Pressing on and bearing up.

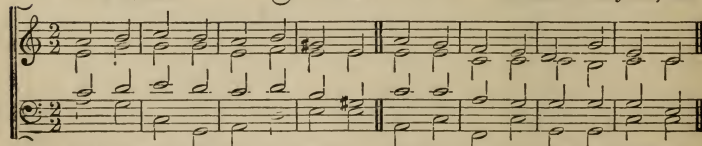
Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him, who gave me Thee.

T. T. LYNCH.

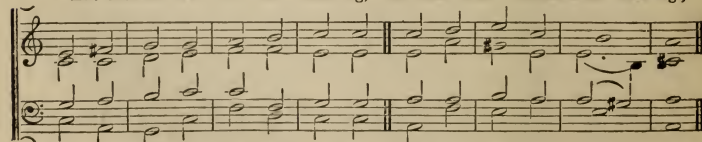
345. *Moderate.*

Boniface. 8.8.8.6.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1693.



Lo! the storms of life are breaking, Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;

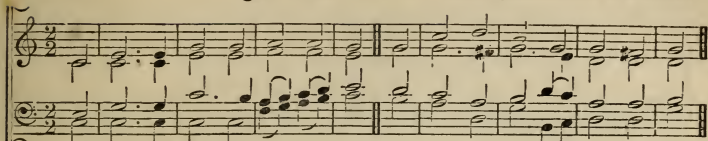


For our suc-cour un - der ta - king, Lord and Saviour, help us.

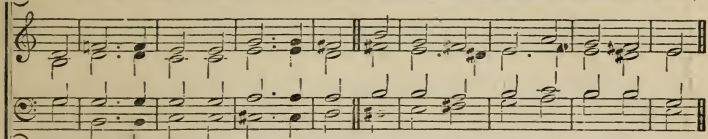
346.

Melita. 88.88 88.

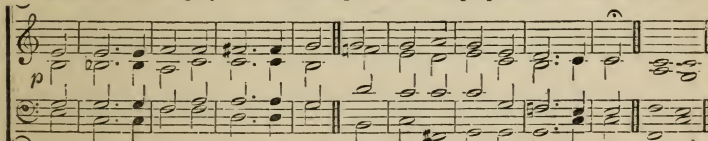
REV. J. B. DYKES. By permission,
from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.



E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,



Who bid'st the mighty o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep:



O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in pe - ril on the sea. A men.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage did'st sleep;

O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit, who did'st brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
- And bid its angry tumult cease,

And give, for wild confusion, peace;

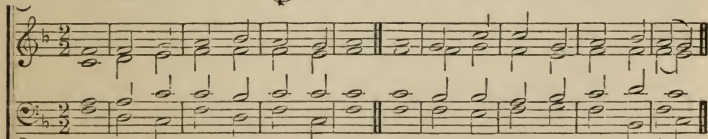
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

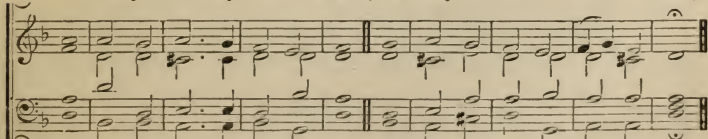
WHITING.

347. *Moderate.*

Patmos. L.M. Latin Melody of the 7th Century.



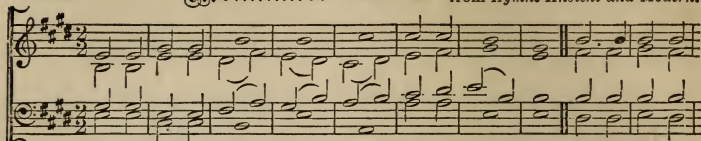
A - way from every mor - tal care, A - way from earth our soul's re - treat;



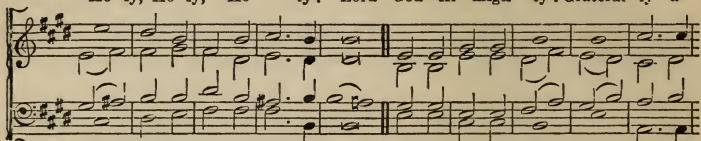
We leave this worthless world a - far, And wait and wor - ship near Thy seat.

348.

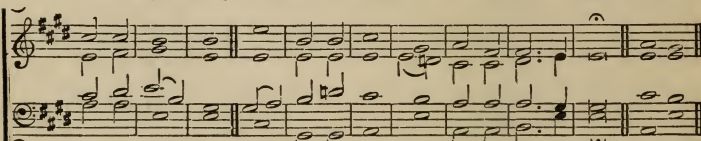
Monkland. 11.12.12.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES. By permission,
from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! Grateful - ly a -



dor - ing, our songs shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, mer - ci -

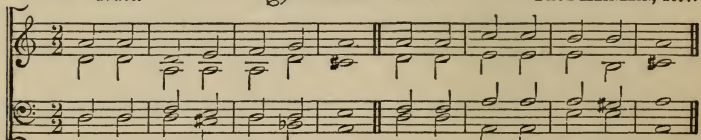


ful and migh - ty; God in Three per - sons, blessed Tri - ni - ty. A - men.

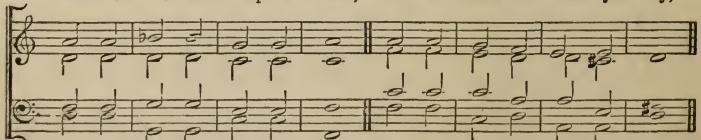
349. *Grave.*

Heinlein. 77.77.

PAUL HEINLEIN, 1677.



When on Si - nai's top I see, God de - scend in ma - jes - ty,

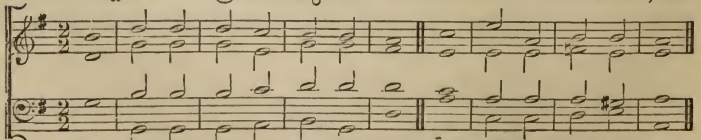


To pro - claim His ho - ly law, All my spi - rit sinks with awe.

350. *Joyful.*

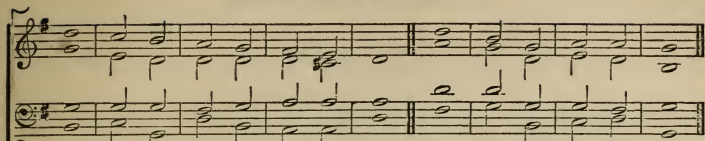
Rabenshaw. 8.6.8.6.8.8.6.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1627.

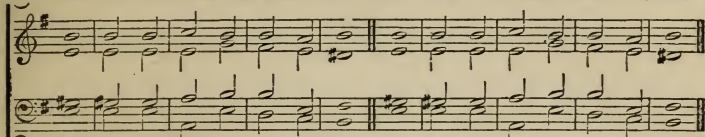


Sing Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer - ful voice;

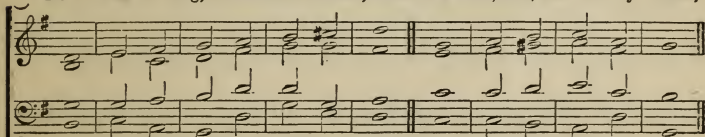
RAVENSHAW—continued.



Ex - alt our God with loud ac - cord, And in His name re - joice;



Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,



Un - til in realms of end - less light, Your prais - es shall u - nite.

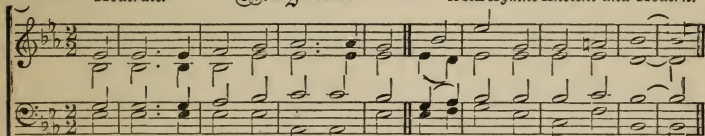
There, we to all eternity,
Shall join th' angelic lays,
And sing, in perfect harmony,
To God the Saviour's praise:

"He hath redeemed us by His blood;
Hath made us kings and priests to God:
For us the heavenly Lamb was slain;
Praise ye the Lord. Amen." SWEETNER.

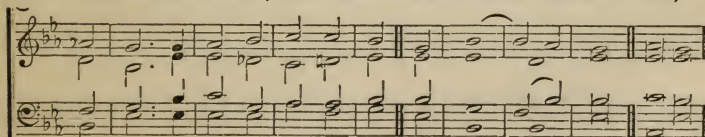
351. *Moderate.*

Magdala. 86.84.

REV. J. B. DYKES. By permission,
from *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*



Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,



A Guide, a Com - fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell. A - men.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each thought, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,

And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

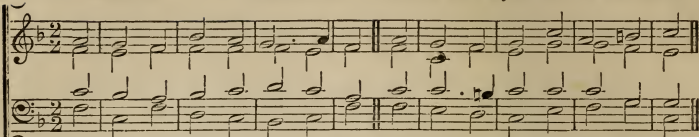
Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;

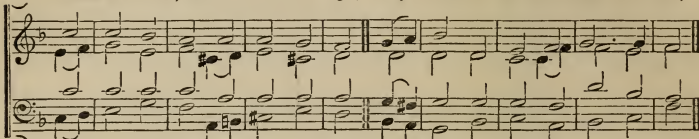
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. H. AUBRA.

352. *Moderate.*

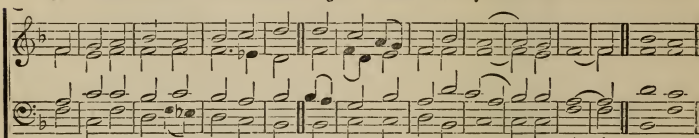
Siloam. 88.88.88. W. H. MONK. By permission, from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.



Sweet Sa - viour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;



And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.



Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - men.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall,
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,

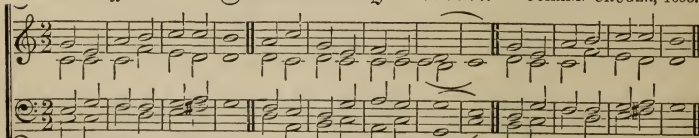
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

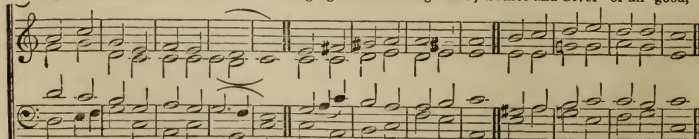
For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all,
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. F. W. FABER, D.D.

353. *Joyful.*

Brandenburg. 77.77.77., or 78.78.77. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1653.

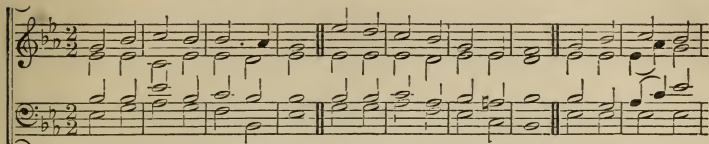


O give thanks to Him who made Morning light and evening shade; Source and Giver of all good,

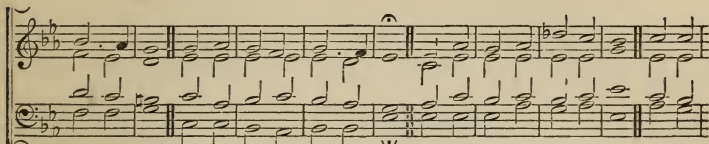


Night - ly sleep and daily food; Quickener of our wearied powers; Guard of our unconscious hours

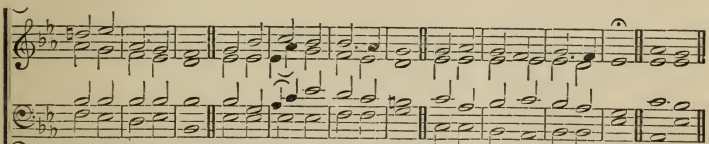
354.

*Moderate.***Hollingside.** 77.77.77.77.Rev. J. B. DYKES By permis.,
from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

Je - su, re-fuge of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near-er



wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high : Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the



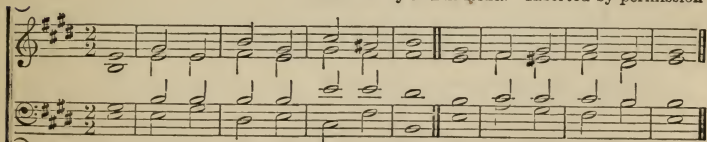
storm of life be past : Safe in-to the haven guide : O receive my soul at last. A-men.

355.

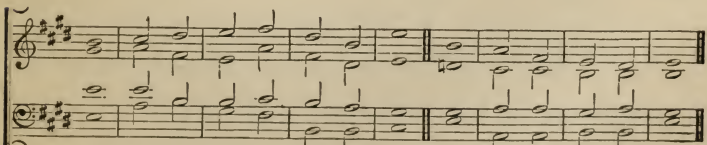
*Moderate.***Cobeney.** C.M.

T. M. WOOD, 1866.

Harmonized by J. BANISTER. Inserted by permission



Christ and His cross is all our theme ; The mysteries that we speak



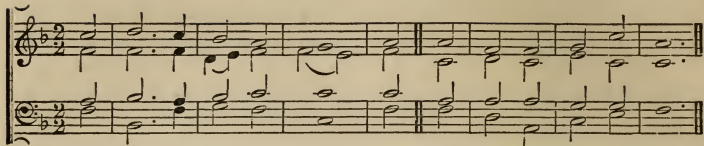
Are scan - dal in the Jews' es - teem, And fol - ly to the Greek.

(167)

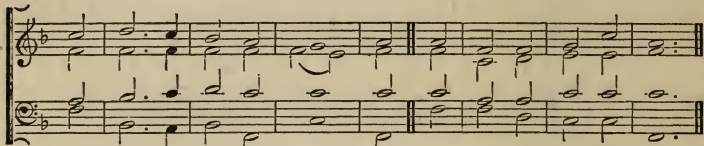
356. *Moderate.*

Lusatia. 76.76.76.76.

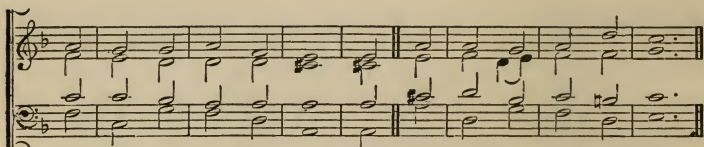
JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640.



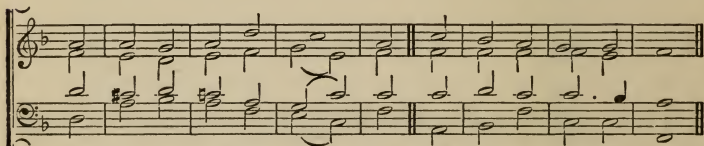
Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed; Great Da-vid's great - er Son!



Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!



He comes to break op - pres - sion; To set the cap - tive free;

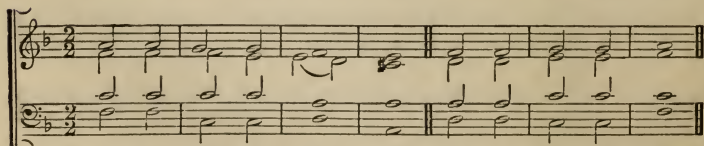


To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

357. *Moderate.*

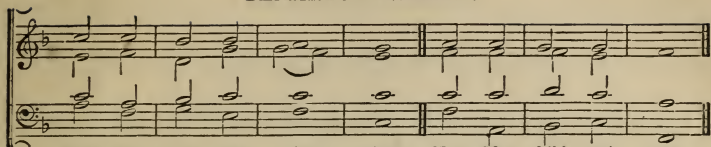
Remerton. 6 5.65.

DR. FRED. FILITZ, 1840.



Je - su, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,

BEMERTON—continued.



Pity - ing, lov - ing Sa - viour, Hear Thy child - ren's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

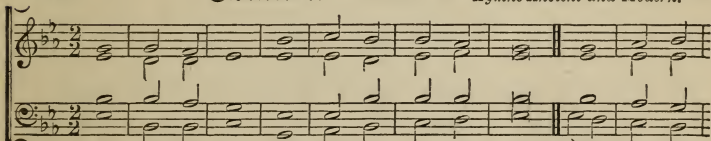
Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.—PRYNNE.

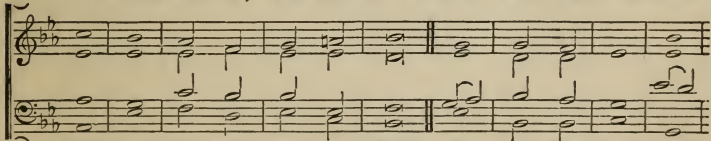
358. ✓

Ebentide. 10.10.10.10.

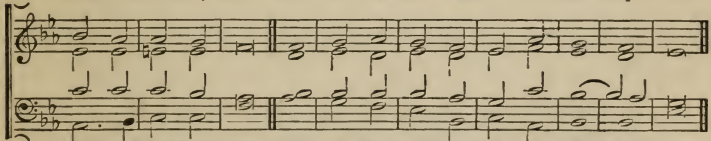
W. H. MONK. By permission, from
Hymns Ancient and Modern.



A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide: The darkness



thick - ens: Lord, with me a - bide. When o - ther help - ers



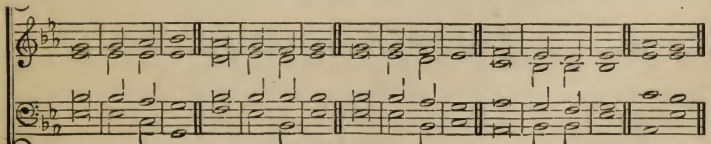
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me.

[OR THIS CHANT.]

359.

Troyte.

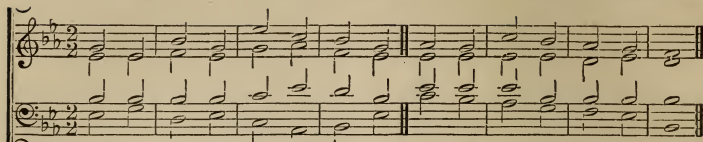
A. H. D. TROYTE, d. 1859.
Inserted by permission.



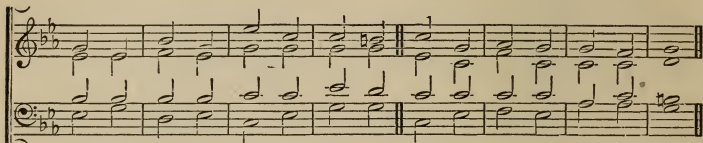
360. *Moderate.*

Nazareth. 8.7.8.7 4.7.

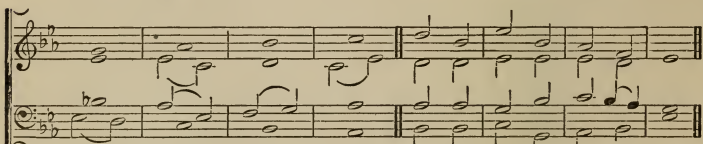
J BANISTER, 1866.
Inserted by permission



Come, Thou soul-transform - ing Spi - rit, Bless the sow - er and the seed ;



Let each heart Thy grace in - her - it ; Raise the weak, the hungry feed :

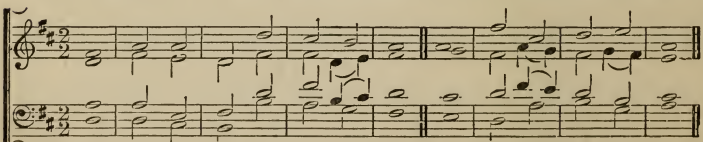


From the gos - pel, Now sup - ply Thy peo-ple's need.

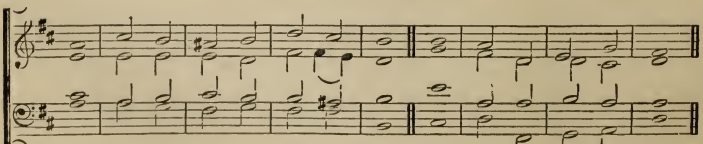
✓
361. *Moderate.*

St. Margaret. C.M.

J. TURLE.
Inserted by permission.



Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,



This will I do, my dy - ing Lord ; I will re - mem - ber Thee.

362. *Moderate.*

Bethsaida. 6.10.6.10.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1866.

Birds have their qui - et nest, Fox - es their holes, and
man his peace - ful bed; All crea - tures have their rest:

But Je - sus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy laden rest,
To bid the sinner live, [breast,
And soothe my griefs to slumber on His
I—who once made Him grieve,
I—who once bade His gentle spirit mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn.
O, why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love
Which would not, could not cease
Until it made me heir of joys above?

Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonized for me.
Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour! in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.
On earth Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin;
O come and take Thy rest,
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

J. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

363. *Moderate.* Saboy, OR Old Hundredthly.GUIL. FRANC, 1545.
(Original form.)

All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:

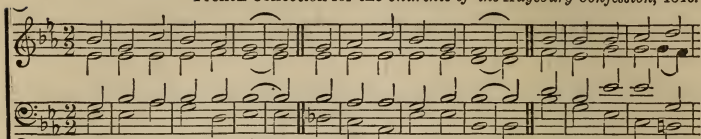
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell; Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice

364. *Moderate.*

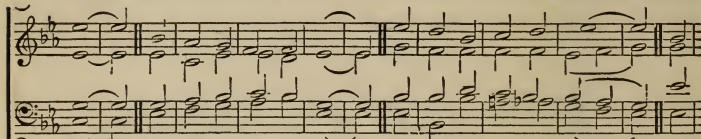
Broadlands.

66.66.66.66. Arranged by DR. RIMBAULT.

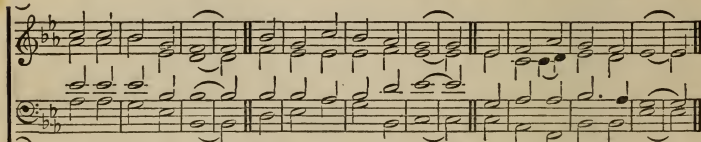
French Collection for the Churches of the Augsburg Confession, 1846.



Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - e - ver dark it be! Lead me by Thine own



hand, Choose out the path for me. Smooth let it be or rough, It



will be still the best, Winding or straight, it leads Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

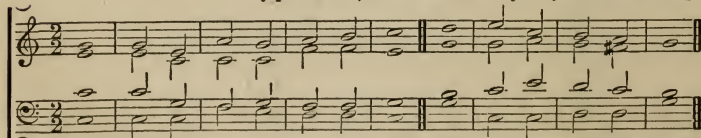
H. BONAR, D.D.

365. *Moderate.*

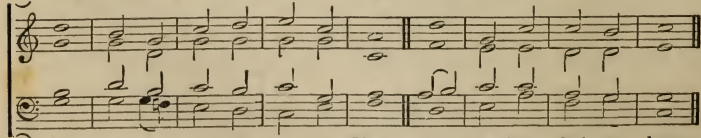
St. Leonard. C.M.

HENRY SMART.

By permission, from *Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship.*



All that I was, my sin, my guilt, My death, was all mine own;

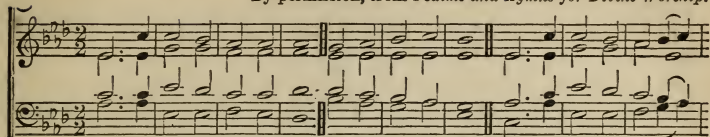


All that I am I owe to Thee, My gra-cious God, a - lone.

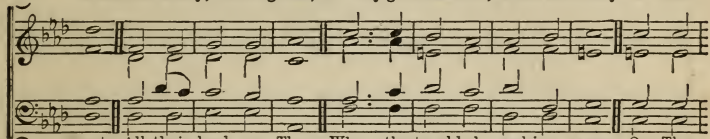
366. *Moderate.* Intercession. 75.75.75.75.88.

W. H. CALCOTT, 1866,
partly from Mendelssohn.

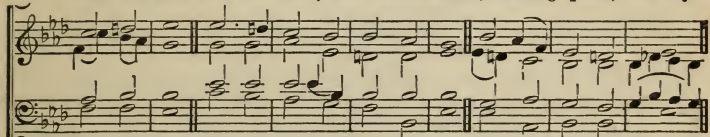
By permission, from *Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship*.



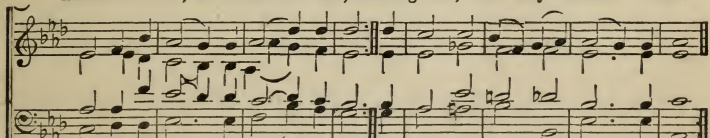
When the weary, seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heavy la - den



cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy



name shall call; When the sin - ner, seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall:



Hear, then in love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learned and the high,

Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy waiting, weeping church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come!
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

367. *Moderate.*

Chertwell. C.M.

J. TURLE.
Inserted by permission.

God is our re-fuge, tried and proved A-mid a stor-my world;
We will not fear though earth be moved, And hills in o-cean hurled.

368. *Moderate.*

Tabor. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

H. KUGELMANN, 1540.

(May also be sung in Common time.)

I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all and
frees us From the ac-curs-ed load. I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To
wash my crimson stains White in His blood most precious, Till not a spot remains.

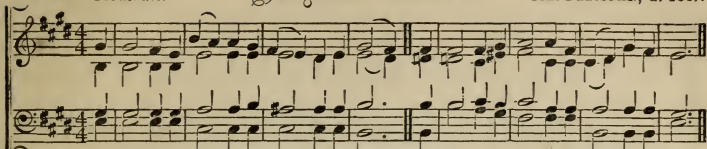
I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
I rest my soul on Jesus;
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.
I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's only child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

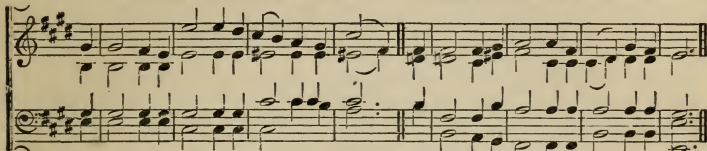
369. *Moderate.*

Hexham. 11.11.11.11.

MENDELSSOHN, d. 1847.



O had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove, How soon would I soar to Thy presence above!

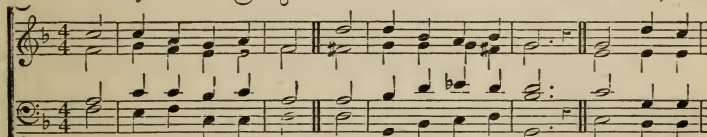


How soon would I fly where the weary have rest, And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering breast!

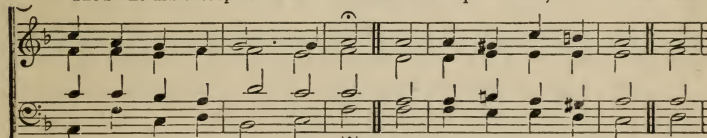
370. *Slowly.*

Bethabara. 6.6.10.6.6.10.

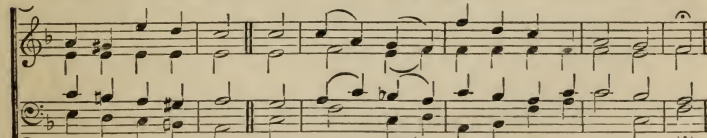
DR. GAUNTLETT, 1866.



Thou who didst stoop be - low To drain the cup of woe, And wear the



form of frail mor - tal - i - ty. Thy bless - ed la - bours done, Thy



crown of victory won, Hast passed from earth,—passed to Thy home on high.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way, [spread?
When clouds and darkness are around it

O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife; 'bowed.
Thine own meek head by rudest storms was

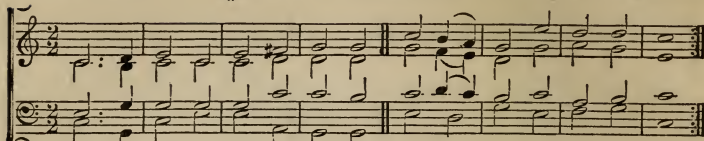
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love,
Beam like a bow of promise thro' the cloud.
'Een through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding-star shall be.
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy path to tread, [to Thee.
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead

371. *Joyful.*

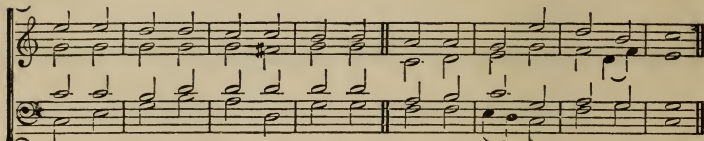
Paran.

8.7.8.7.4.7.; or, without
repeat, 8.7.8.7.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1680.



O'er the gloomy hills of darkness Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the pro - mises do travail With a glo - rious day of grace;



Bless - ed jubi - lee, Bless - ed jubi - lee, Let thy glo - rious morn - ing dawn.

372. *Joyful.*

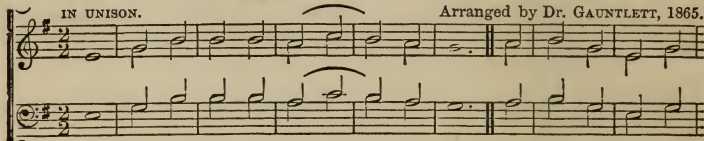
Ephratah.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

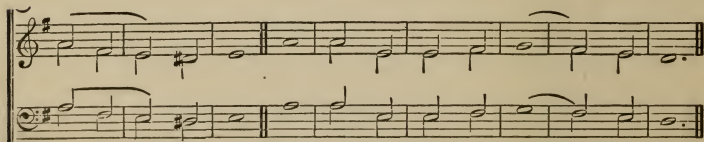
Latin Melody, "Veni, veni,
Emmanuel," 12th Cent.

IN UNISON.

Arranged by Dr. GAUNTLETT, 1865.



O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ransom captive

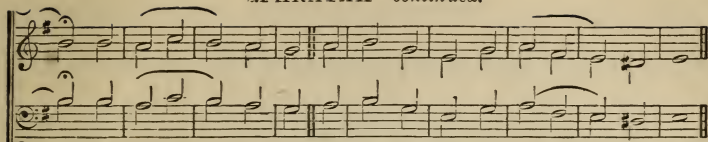


Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,



Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! re - joice;

EPHRATAH—continued.



joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el!

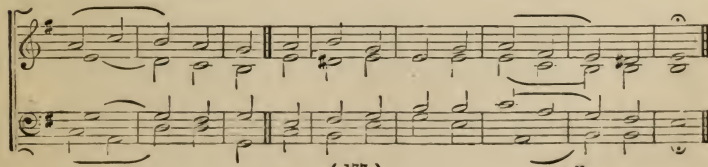
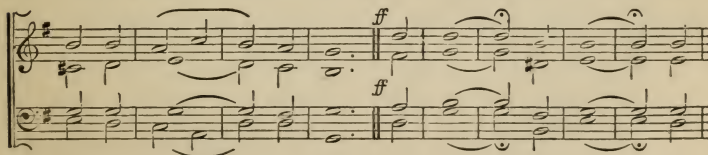
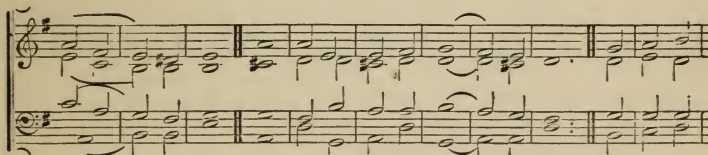
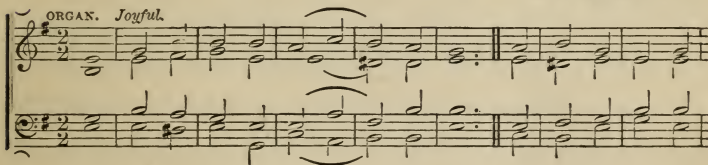
O come, thou rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

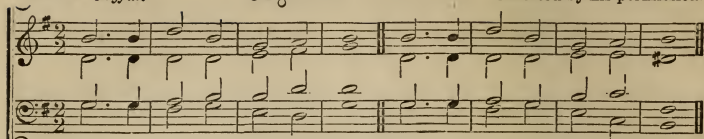
J. M. NEALE, D.D.



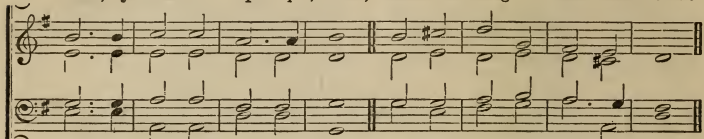
373. *Joyful.*

Sharon. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

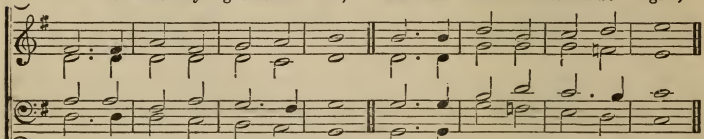
G. J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.
Inserted by his permission.



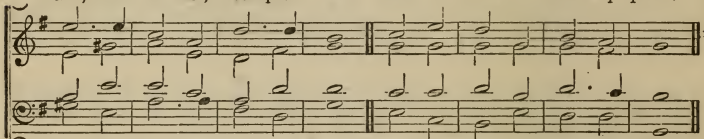
Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home!



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;



God, our Ma-ker, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:-



Come to God's own tem-ple, come; Raise the song of Har-vest Home!

All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Har-vest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His Harvest home:
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;

Give His angels charge at last,
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide;
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

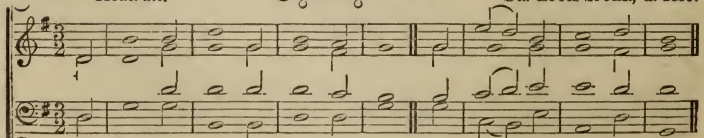
DEAN ALFORD (revised for this work.)

374. *Moderate.*

Cherithy.

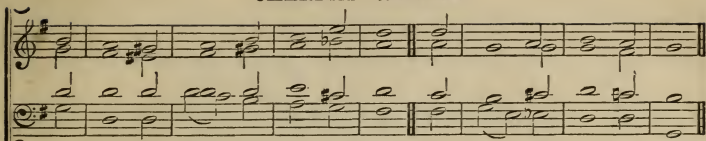
C.M.

DR. LOUIS SPOHR, d. 1859.



O God un-seen, yet e-ver near, Thy pre-sence may we feel;

CHERITH—continued.



And thus in - spired with ho - ly fear, Be - fore thine al - tar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow;
The manna from above.

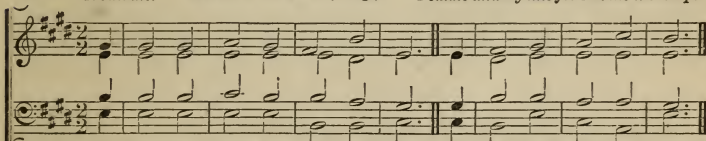
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious blood.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;

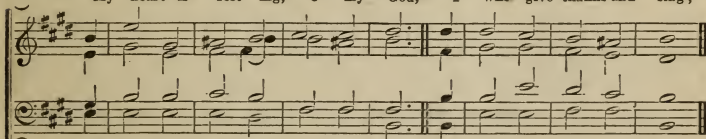
Thus may we all Thy words obey;
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength Divine.—E. OSLER.

375. *Moderate.* **Elim.** C.M.D. (irreg.)

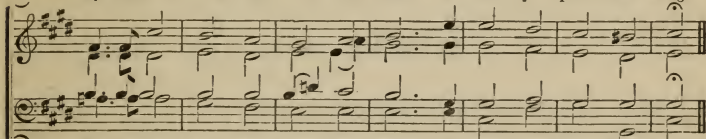
W. H. CALCOTT. By permission, from
Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship.



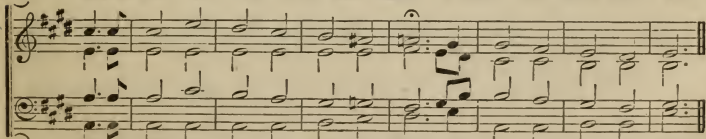
My heart is rest - ing, O my God,— I will give thanks and sing;



My heart is at the se - cret source Of eve - ry pre - cious thing.



Now the frail ves - sel Thou hast made No hand but Thine shall fill.



For the wa - ters of the earth have failed, And I am thirs - ty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,

And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

And a new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known;
And the fear that sends me to Thyself;
For what is most my own.

I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

My heart is resting, O my God.

My heart is in Thy care;

I hear the voice of joy and health

Resounding everywhere.

"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,

Ten thousand voices say,

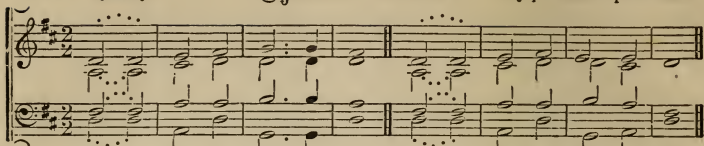
And the music of their glad Amen

Will never die away. A. L. WARRING.

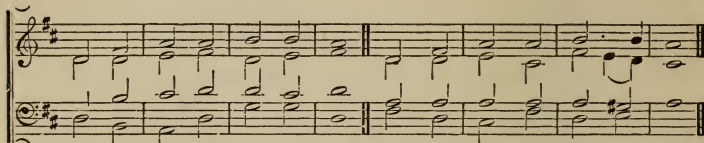
376. *Quietly.*

Ajalon. 77.77.77., or
66.77.77.

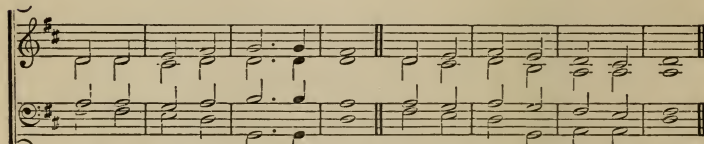
R. REDHEAD. Inserted
by purchased permission.



Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed.



Ev - er may my soul be fed With this true and liv - ing bread:



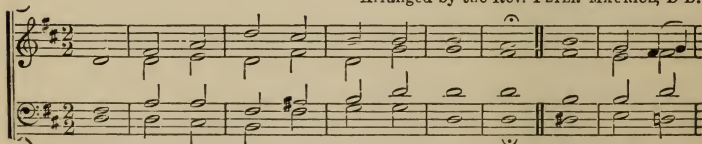
Day by day with strength supplied Through the life of Him who died.

377. ✓

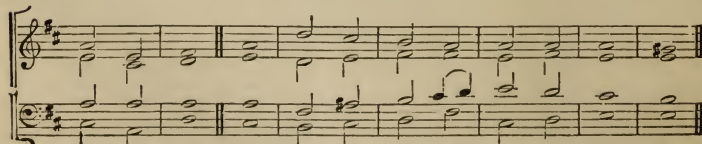
Watford. 96.96.96.96.

GERMAN CHORALE.

Arranged by the Rev. PETER MAURICE, D D.

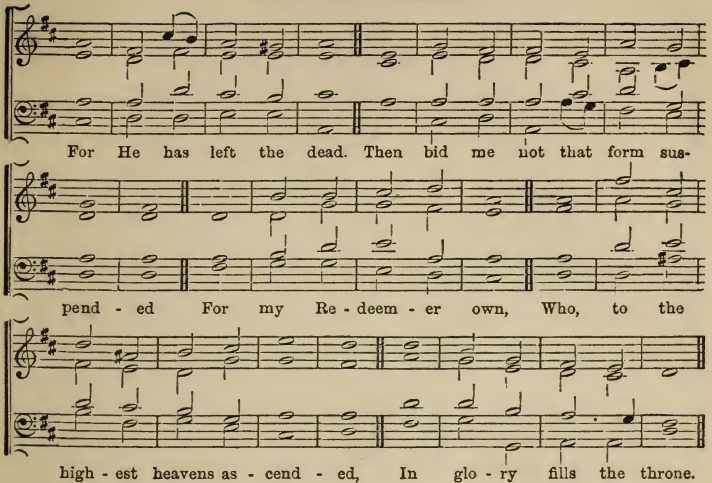


Oh, show me not my Saviour dy - ing, As on the



cross He bled; Nor in the tomb, a cap - tive ly - ing,

WATFORD—continued.



For He has left the dead. Then bid me not that form sus-
pend - ed For my Re - deem - er own, Who, to the
high - est heavens as - cend - ed, In glo - ry fills the throne.

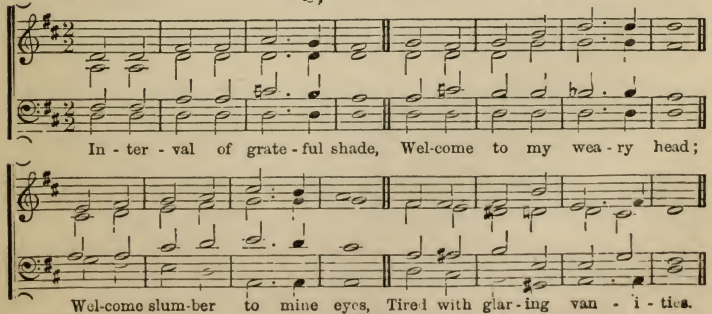
Weep not for Him on Calvary dy'ng;
Weep only for thy sins.
Come see the place where he was lying;
'Tis there our hope begins.
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
Amid the scenes He trod:
Look up and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.
Still in the shameful cross I glory,
Where His dear blood was spilt;
His shameful cross, set forth before me,
Hath cancelled all my guilt,

Yet what 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succour give?—
He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
Therefore His servants live.
By death, He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave:
Rising, the triumph He completed;
He lives, He reigns to save.
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him:
He comes, the Judge of Men;
These eyes shall see Him and adore Him:
Lord Jesus! own me then. CONDER.

378. *Moderate.*

Cyprus. 7 7 7 7.

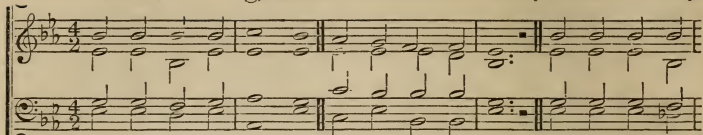
MENDELSSOHN, d. 1847.



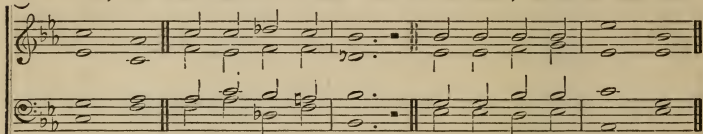
In - ter - val of grate - ful shade, Wel - come to my wea - ry head;
Wel - come slum - ber to mine eyes, Tired with glar - ing van - i - ties.

379. *Moderate.*

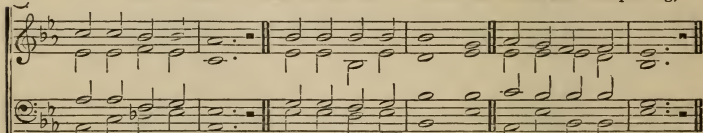
Hebron. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. Melody of the 15th Century.



O, let him whose sor - row No re - lief 'can find, Trust in God and



bor - row Ease for heart and mind. When the mourner weep - ing,



Sheds the se - cret tear, God His watch is keep - ing, Though none else is near.

God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee
Sees thy cares and woes.
Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When by tempests driven.
Heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

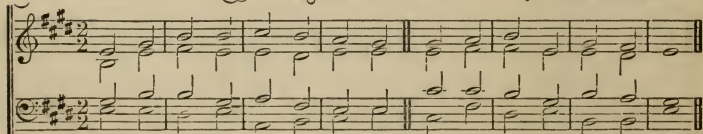
All our woe and gladness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

On Thy truth relying,
In the mortal strife,
Lord, receive us dying
To eternal life.
Jesus, gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour;
Fill us with Thy love.

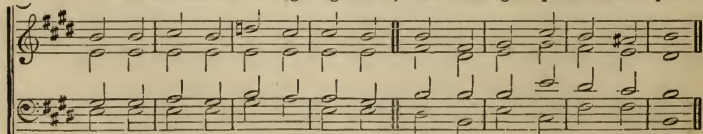
HEINRICH S. OSWALD.

380. *Bold.*

Wannheim. 8.7.8.7.8.7., or German Chorale, arranged
8.7.8.7.4.7. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

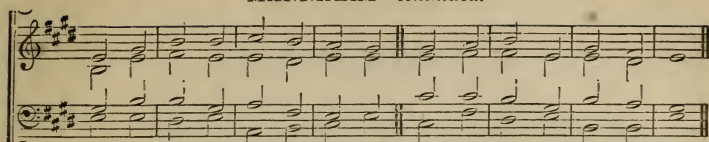


O how blest the con - gre - ga - tion, Who the gos - pel know and prize!



Joy - ful ti - dings of sal - va - tion Brought by Je - sus from the skies
(182)

MANNHEIM—continued.

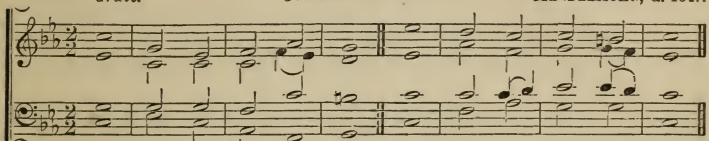


He is near them, He is near them, Knows their wants and hears their cries.

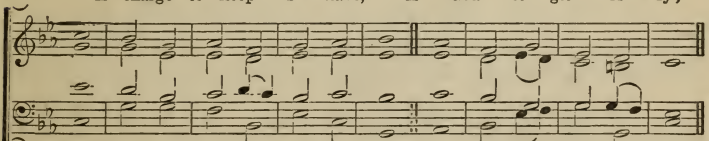
381. *Grave.*

Serbal. S.M.

MENDELSSOHN, d. 1847.



A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;

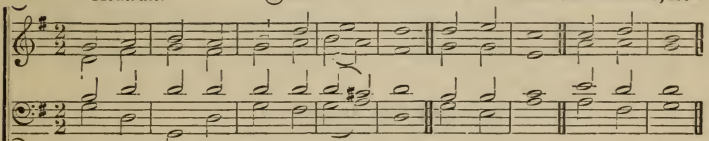


A ne-ver - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

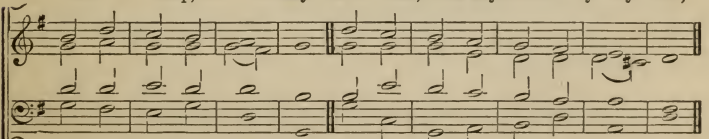
382. *Moderate.*

Altorf.

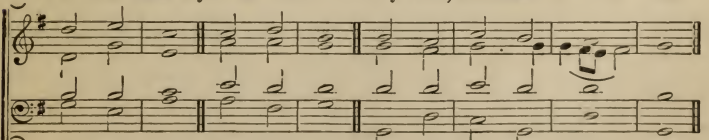
8.3.3.6.8.3.3.6. JOHANN GEO. EBELING, 1662.



Ere I sleep, for ev - ery fa - vour, This day showed By my God,



I will bless my Sa - viour. O my Lord, what shall I ren - der



To Thy name, Still the same, Mer - ci - ful and ten - der?

[illegible]

O Lord, Thy heav-en-ly grace im - part, And fix my frail, in -

A musical score for two voices, Soprano and Alto, set to the lyrics "The Rose Tree". The music is written on two staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody consists of several measures, some with single notes and others with chords or rests. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

con - stant heart; Hence - forth my chief de - sire shall be, To

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of two measures. The first measure contains a treble staff with a G4 quarter note, an A4 quarter note, a B4 quarter note, and a C5 quarter note, and a bass staff with a G2 half note and a C3 half note. The second measure contains a treble staff with a D5 quarter note, an E5 quarter note, a F5 quarter note, and a G5 quarter note, and a bass staff with a D2 half note and a G2 half note. The score is written in a simple, clear style with a single system of two staves.

de - di - cate my - self to Thee. To Thee, my God, to Thee.

What'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy :
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
On Thee, my God, on Thee.

Thy glorious eye pervades all space ;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place :
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing ;
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing :
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

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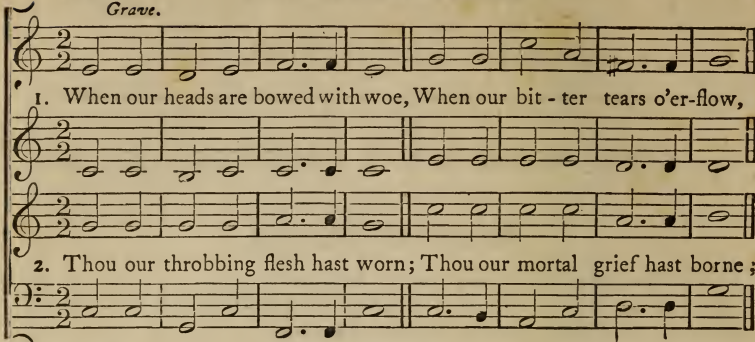
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341

CAPERNAUM.—7, 7, 7, 7.

Grave.


1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,

2. Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn; Thou our mortal grief hast borne;

342

LYTE.—S.M.

Plaintive.


1. Far from my heaven - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast

2. Up - on the wil - lows, long My harp has si - lent hung;

343

ARNHEIM.—C.M.

Quiet.


1. The shadows of the evening hours, Fall from the dark'ning sky;

2. Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven, We kneel at close of day;

3. The sor - rows of Thy servants, Lord, Oh, do not Thou de - spise;

4. The bright - ness of the coming light, Up - on the darkness rolls;

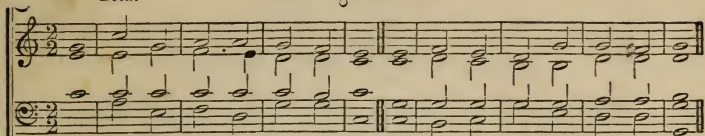
5. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Up - on our souls de - scend;

6. Give us a re - spite from our toil, Calm and sub - due our woes;

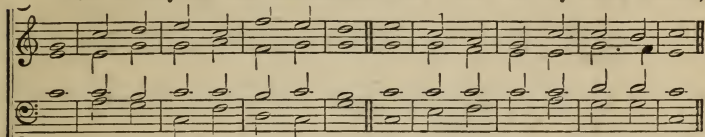
SPECIMEN PAGE—COMPRESSED SCORE.

57. *Bold.*

Winchester. L.M.



How do Thy mer-cies close me round! For e-ver be Thy name a-dored;

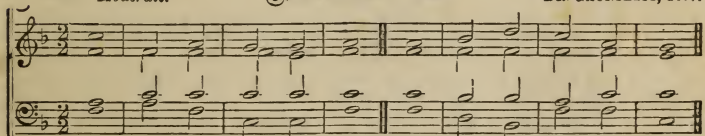


I blush in all things to a-bound; The ser-vant is a-bove his Lord!

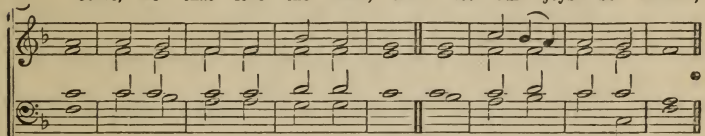
58. *Moderate.*

Newland. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1857.



Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;

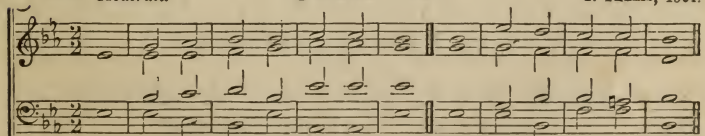


Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

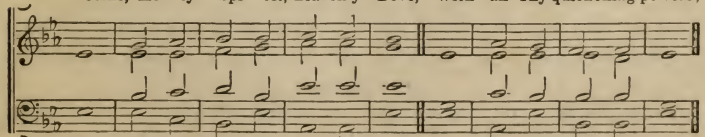
59. *Moderate.*

Tallis. C.M.

T. TALLIS, 1561.



Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;



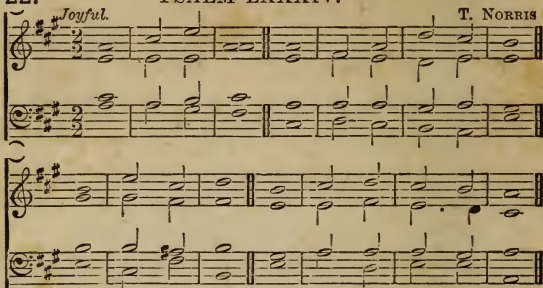
Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

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SPECIMEN PAGE OF THE NEW CHEAP EDITION OF CHANTS, &c.

22.

PSALM LXXXIV.



1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O | Lord of |
hosts ! || My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth | for the |
courts - of the | Lord :

My | heart - and my | flesh, || Crieth | out for - the |
li. . ving | God.

2 Yea, the sparrow hath | found a | house, || And the |
swallow a | nest for - her | self,

Where she may | lay her | young, || Even thine altars
O Lord of | hosts, my | King - and my | God.

3 Blessed are they that | dwell - in thy | house : || They |
will - be still | prais...ing | thee.

Blessed is the man whose | strength - is in | thee ; ||
In whose | heart are - the | ways of | them.

4 Who passing through the valley of Baca | make - it a |
well ; || The rain | al...so | filleth the | pools.

They go from | strength to | strength, || Every one of
them in Zion ap | peareth be | fore | God.

5 O Lord God of hosts, | hear my | prayer : || Give |
ear, O | God of | Jacob.

30

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